

AUGUST SHORT STORY NUMBER

COMFORT

*The Key to Happiness and Success
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes*

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*"Suffering Caesar,
what does it all mean?"*

*They were executing some
very graceful steps.*

*"I happen to be,
yes," she replied
with terrible frigidity.*

*Were they married?
Why, of course!*

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Van Allyn stroked the kitten for some time.

Van Allyn's Circus Nightmare, See Story on Page 3.

COMFORT

EDITORIAL

THOUGHTS THAT BREATHE AND WORDS THAT BURN

Frenzied Economy and Miserly Hoarding Rank Next to Wanton Waste in Evil Consequences

THE great crusade against waste is making a profound impression and serving a most beneficial purpose, but some of the war-economy propaganda is so injudicious and even mischievous in its tendency that a warning against the danger of frenzied economy and miserly hoarding seems to be in order. Wastefulness, especially of food, is a sin any time and in the present exigency of the world war is unpardonable. Make every scrap of good food count. Waste nothing that is useful and avoid extravagance but do not be penurious. There is no economy in reducing the quantity, variety and nourishing quality of the food allowance to yourself and family below the requirements of health and strength. Such curtailment would result surely in weakness and inefficiency and probably in sickness. Tuberculosis preys on the underfed while pellagra finds its victims among those whose diet is unbalanced through lack of sufficient meat, milk and eggs. In order to feed our soldiers and our allies we must economize food by eliminating waste, but to produce the necessary munitions will strain the energies of our entire people, and insufficient nourishment would impair their efficiency as disastrously as it would that of our soldiers.

Our government has also assumed the stupendous undertaking of financing this war not only for ourselves but as well for our allies who are near the limit of their financial resources. The money has to come from our people through loans and taxation, and in order to bear this burden every line of productive industry must prosper. Everybody must be kept busy producing, earning and, what is equally necessary, spending the normal proportion of their earnings so to consume the products of industry and keep money in circulation. If the people stop buying business will stagnate, industrial products will accumulate, factories will shut down, workers be thrown out of employment, earnings cease and the result will be general business depression and hard times.

We shall feed our army and have a surplus of food to supply the needs of our allies by producing larger crops and eliminating waste without scanting the diet of our own people. With the present prospect of a larger harvest than last year of all principal crops, especially potatoes, food prices are dropping.

Likewise if the people do not get panicky in their notions of economy and penurious in their expenditures the country will prosper amazingly, for there will be a paying job for everybody that wants work and a market for every product of farm, mine and factory. Money will be plenty—there never was so much money in this country—but the need is to keep it moving. The war taxes and the money raised by the Liberty Loan will be expended and the larger part of it will find its way back to the pockets of those who have labor or products to sell. In a recent message on this subject President Wilson said: "It is evident to every thinking man that our industries on the farm, in the shipyard, in the mines, in the factories, must be made more prolific and more efficient. We need prosperity in war time even more than when we are at peace. Business depressions are always bad, doubly so when we have a fight on our hands. The declaration of war can have no real effect upon business. What bad effects are apparent are purely psychological and largely of our own foolish making, for our markets are the same in April as they were in March. We need more business, not less. There is real danger in hysteria! Indiscriminate economy will be ruinous! Now is the time to open the throttle. The Council of national Defense gives excellent advice when it says: 'To prosecute a war successfully requires money and lots of it. The only source from which money can be obtained is from the people who have it.'

"The only way people can get money is by producing something whether the product be that

of brain or brawn and exchanging that product for money. Then the use of that money to purchase something which somebody else produces keeps it in circulation, encouraging production and furthering business activity.

"A single dollar in active circulation contributes more towards promoting general prosperity than the entire wealth of this nation if allowed to remain dormant. There is more money in the country today than ever before in our history. The government is preparing to raise several billions of dollars, but that does not mean that these billions are to be withdrawn from circulation. Every man supplying his own wants makes it possible for another man to supply his wants. No nation whose people confine themselves to the bare necessities of life ever became rich or prosperous.

"The Council of National Defense then exhorts us to 'Live as we have lived, clothe ourselves, build homes, keep our factory fires burning, keep our men employed, buy implements and machinery for the farms and to build our roads as busily as always.'

That is excellent advice and only as we follow it can we avoid disaster and win the war. This is not a mere theoretical conclusion, for the identical course here recommended has been tried out by our neighbor Canada with eminently satisfactory results during her three years of active participation in the great war. Canada, with a population ten times smaller than that of the United States and with less than that proportion of wealth, has raised and equipped nearly half a million soldiers for this war and has sustained her full share of the financial burden. The same ratio would mean an army of five million men from the United States. Yet, because of her moderate system of taxation and wise financial and industrial policies, Canada has experienced a continually increasing measure of prosperity since the beginning of the war. In the light of Canada's brilliant achievement like results can be confidently predicted for our own country in this war.

All Suffer from the Effect of the Liquor Traffic

IT has often been pointed out that nobody can escape his share of the burden imposed on the nation by the liquor evil. Directly or indirectly the enormous loss and damage reaches and affects everybody in innumerable ways. One way, that few would think of, recently came to light in the testimony of J. D. A. Merrow, of the Pittsburg Coal Producers' Association, before the Interstate Commerce Committee of the U. S. Senate. Mr. Merrow said: "Eliminate strong drink from the coal producing States and coal production can be increased twenty-five million tons a year with an adequate car supply. Alcoholic liquor is one of the worst enemies of the miners in western Pennsylvania. It is impossible to get men to work more than a few days a week even when the car supply permits. The same trouble exists in Illinois and Ohio."

The entire country is, and during the past year has been, suffering from the scarcity and high price of coal. Not only have the people felt the pinch in their homes but in many instances the shortage has been such as to shut down factories for a time and seriously interfere with the operation of railroads and steamships and thereby caused an interruption of business and even threatened a food famine in certain sections last winter. The present shortage foreshadows like distressing conditions next winter. Herein is another strong argument in favor of a national prohibitory law to prevent these coal-producing States from imperiling the health, comfort and safety of the people of other states by permitting the sale of liquor. The country at large has a vital interest in having an adequate coal supply which at present is menaced by the inebriety of

these miners and has a right to protect itself by appropriate legislation. It was hoped that Congress would give us nation-wide prohibition as a war measure to promote the general efficiency of the nation and to conserve for much needed food purposes the eighty-five million bushels of grain that it takes to make a year's supply of beer and whiskey, but present indications point to a victory for the liquor interests.

It is understood, of course, that not all coal miners are slaves of the drink habit; there are many sober, industrious men among them. Neither do the coal miners constitute the only class of laborers among whom the excessive use of intoxicating liquor is prevalent to a degree largely injurious to their own welfare and that of the nation.

Vice Protected and Crime Unpunished through Official Corruption

THAT vice and crime commercialized and organized are rampant in all our larger cities is a national scandal that has become notorious through numerous exposures which in recent years have become so common, following one after another in rapid succession, that they attract little public attention and rarely arouse any concerted public action to mitigate the evil. Such a condition cannot exist without the corrupt connivance of the officials whose duty it is to suppress it. Through the indifference or protection of local authorities the white slave trade flourishes despite the efforts of the Federal Government to break it up.

It is but a few years since Lieutenant Becker of the New York police paid the death penalty in the electric chair for instigating a gang of "gun men" to murder a gambler who had set out to inform against him. But his fate and the general shaking up consequent on the investigation of his case appear to have made no lasting impression on his fellow officers, for the investigation of the recent murder of Ruth Cruger, an innocent girl of tender years by a lecherous brute in human form, has brought to light a horrifying prevalence of vice in New York that has again subjected the police of that city to renewed suspicion and started an official inquiry.

According to complaints on file more than 800 girls between the ages of ten and twenty years had disappeared from their homes in that city between the first of January and the twentieth of June. How little attention was given these complaints is shown by the fact that the police had no accurate figures as to how many of these missing girls had returned to their homes. Presumably those of the missing girls that were not otherwise accounted for had fallen victims to the white slave traders. The business being thoroughly and systematically organized the regular practice is to hurry the girls, as soon as captured, to a distant city beyond the range of search by their friends and relatives.

German People Tired of Autocracy

RECENT food riots in German cities and other public demonstrations of unrest indicate that the German people are tired of military despotism, but Prussian bayonets and the hope of victory through a separate peace with Russia have enabled the war lords to keep them in leash. Now that this hope has been blasted by the brilliant victory with which the Russian army has initiated its resumption of hostilities the peace party has become insistent in demanding that the people be given a voice in the government, and the Kaiser has offered some concessions. This is a gratifying development tending toward an early ending of the war.

COMFORT'S EDITOR.

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Each message had touched the baby lips; each prayer was sent out across its downy head.

The Message

Anna S. Ellis



The sleet stung him; he shook his head to clear the icy drops from his eyelids.



He was alone with God.

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LONG after he had left her she sat motionless in the home that was now only a house, for he was gone—gone forth as did the men of old, to fight for home and country.

Tensely she sat listening. The sound of cheers came to her from the distant streets, crowned by martial music, triumphant as though victory were already won. The cheers and shouts of the people who drowned sorrow with noise, was as a dull background for her new and awful outlook on life, pierced by the lightnings of the bugle's call.

She was very bitter; for years each had struggled alone to bring about the perfection of their home together, and now this juggernaut of war had blighted it. Love had shown a gentle God to whom it had been easy to pray, but this grim reaper of death was a stern Presence to whom a puny, individual, human soul was lost in the onrush of horror. No, she could not pray to the God of war. She was left quite alone.

Strangely still it seemed as though the world held its breath in silent suspense. She started and looked wildly around. No sound came now from the empty streets; the tramping feet were moving on—on toward the line of fire. They were not going to go; they were gone, beyond love's recall. He was gone! Great God in heaven, he was gone, gone to fight with death, and she was left alone.

She reached out her hands to the empty world, and the moan, so long suppressed, escaped her tortured lips. For a moment she seemed to see again his boyish face, then the darkness came.

When life struggled back, and those watching feared remembrance, a great light shone in her gray eyes; she had remembered her child, the

little, loved one who was to come to bless her lonely days, and make the empty house a home again. Remembering she forgot the bugle's cry in the hope that held, like a single thread, her trust in God.

A month later her boy was born. She fought her own great battle with death on woman's common battlefield, and the victory was hers; she held in her weak arms his son. Could her full heart but bridge space and let him know! Hour after hour she thought of him; through the long nights she saw him fighting amid a rain of fire; she heard his moans as he lay dying, untended, on the field of battle; she saw him dead and cold and alone. When the sun shone she saw him doing wonders with his brave young life, his face aglow with victory. Out into the unknown she reached blindly, wildly for news of him. Only her dreams answered her dreams. There was no news from the front.

As she grew stronger her tireless hands found work to do for some brave man, perhaps for him who was more than man to her, the keeper of her heart, the father of her boy. Day after day she knitted the homely, warm, woolen socks so scorned at home, so welcome in the field, and in each sock she put the same message:

"John Brewster Winter:
"I hold our son in my arms while I wait for you. Keep brave for Tanette."

As she pushed each slip with its message of cheer deep into the toe of every sock, she sent into space toward that mighty force called God, a prayer. Perchance He might rest for a moment from looking at death, and catch the little cry as it sped through the air. Each message had touched the baby lips; each prayer was sent out across its downy head. God had revered motherhood.

Knee deep in half frozen mud stood John Brewster Winter in a trench at the front, his eyes lined along the gun he held in his red,

chapped hands, too numb to sting with the biting cold. His brown hair was matted, the bristles of unshaven beard an irritation, not a protection to his weather-worn face. The sleet stung him; he shook his head to clear the icy drops from his eyelids, the better to see to kill. His gun barked; a peeping head crashed down. John Brewster Winter smiled grimly; his cracked lips bled as he moved them. He lined the gun again, but before he cold pull the trigger there came between him and the rain-soaked wretches waiting for "honorable death," a picture, Tanette, little Tanette. For a moment she stood before him as he had left her, trying bravely to smile, then through a darkness he could see her tossing in her pitiful agony. Great drops of perspiration stood on his half frozen face as he seemed to see her silent and cold, the tossing over, the brave little heart gone away into unfathomed mystery. Could he ever find her again amid the thousands who passed, unshriven, through the narrow gate of death? He only thought of her, Tanette. He had forgotten the child.

Half blinded by misery, he bleared along the line of his gun, and it spoke; another soul crowded among its fellows in the silent road to eternity. Could he bear another day like this? Darkness came early this November night. The wind shrieked above the trenches; the sleet turned to snow that cut as it fell. It sank into the trodden, reddened mud, and blushed to find earth so foul. Other soldiers came to save their country with dying souls, wrecked lives, buried hopes, the glory of war, the honor of a nation. John Brewster Winter limped painfully away to rest, if rest there might be for body carrying its own pains, and soul full of anguish.

The word went round that supplies had come. There were forced mirth and rivalry, wild betting and rough jokes.

"Me for the silken hose," cried a Beau Brummel. "What's your color, old man, orange or rose?" He pointed to the box of clumsy, warm

socks of every hue save white. John roused for a moment. Warmth to a soldier on a frozen battlefield is one of the little voices of God. He reached out his hand.

The Beau had chosen a mauve some artistic maid had wrought.

"Some blawsted maid with an eye knit yon foot-warmers, bless her heart!" he cried. "What say you to the crimson?"

"Brown for mine," answered John.

They looked so warm, like a jolly, little brown dog. Tanette had loved brown. John ran his bruised fingers along the long, soft length of them. How good they felt! How they reminded one that women still lived in this soul-tortured earth; that women still cared; that there were still homes to fight for, that God must still dwell on high. With misty eyes he held them closer. Around the curve of the heel his numb fingers crept. It was like touching a woman's hair. He was still human, still a living man. Perhaps Tanette still lived; perhaps—it was then he touched the toe; his fingers lingered; into his somber eyes a wonder crept. He turned aside to draw out the slips of paper. With assumed carelessness he swung toward the faint light; no man should chaff over these notes from some woman's hand. His heart beat thunderously; no battle had shaken him like this. No, oh, no, he hoped nothing, but some woman from the world of women had spoken across the line of fire, and from that raging hell he reached out his hand, and found:

"John Brewster Winter:
"I hold our son in my arms while I wait for you. Keep brave for Tanette."

There were no battlefields for him; no comrades of the night. He was alone with God, and Tanette held "our son" while she waited.

Van Allyn's Circus Nightmare By Joseph F. Novak

See front cover illustration.

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VAN ALLYN stretched luxuriously, and picking up the flaming circus poster, he looked with boyish interest at the pictures emblazoned thereon. For some time he studied the sheet by the blinding light of the camp-fire. Behind him stood the tent, tinted in the ruddy light, behind it rose the tall, silent trees, their shadows the blacker because of the firelight. "Say, Gordon," he called softly, to a supine figure almost lost in the shadows. "Ah-m-m-yaw-m," was the vague response. "Gordon!" He gently kicked the soles of a pair of shoes lying at his feet, then his eyes followed the line of khaki trousers which ended at a leather belt. The rest of the man was lost. "Ah-m-m-yaw, oh, don't bother me," mumbled Gordon.

"Let's row across the river to the circus tomorrow, shall we?"

"Yaa-s, anything you like, only don't disturb my dreams," Gordon yawned.

"I've a good notion to wait and see the circus come to town," continued Van Allyn. "Will you stay up?"

"Not me," answered Gordon, more promptly than a presumably sleepy person would answer.

"Did you ever meet Miss Leonora Galesworthy, Tommy? The golf champion, I mean?" inquired Van Allyn after a moment of silence.

"Naw," answered Tommy Gordon inelegantly. "What makes you mention her?"

"Because I understand she's camping around here somewhere," replied Van Allyn.

Gordon grunted.

"Well, I think we ought to try and meet her," persisted Van Allyn.

"Oh, don't bother me!"

"Well, if you're so stupid and sleepy and don't want to talk, go to bed. This night air is pretty heavy."

Gordon sat up with a sudden spring and rubbed his eyes.

"Coming too?" he inquired.

"No, I'm going to enjoy the lovely night and look my fill of that aggregation of stars," Van Allyn replied.

"This is a wonderfully lovely mid-summer's night. Why, I wouldn't be a bit surprised if a drove of elves and fairies didn't visit me and tell me wonderful stories."

"Better be careful that a mob of imps don't fill you full of malaria germs," laughed Gordon.

"Just see the heavy dew on the grass, and look at those fireflies! Did you ever see them so thick? It looks as if there is an electrical rain over the river. Good night, I'll leave you to your dreams," and he went into the tent.

Van Allyn stirred the fire a bit, and it snapped and cracked into a brighter blaze. He put on another log from the supply near-by, and when it flamed, he turned his attention to the poster again.

It was one of the old-time wood-cut affairs. A dozen splendid horses stood tirelessly upon their haunches, an immaculate ring-master cracking his whip above them. A dainty equestrienne stood on tiptoe on the flank of another splendid example of horse-flesh. A be-painted clown thrust his head through a paper hoop, another was rubbing his star-laden pate, the aforesaid stars being caused by still another clown who had just landed a slap-stick upon his colleague's head. Up in the air above all this, trapezists of both genders in gaudiest of tights and fleshings, indulged the wildest sort of aerial flights, with proudly smiling faces.

"The best part of it is that they do exactly what they picture here," mused Van Allyn, as he

looked at the bewildering lay-out.

He leaned back and stretched full length, his head resting on his hand on an elbow bent akimbo. The firelight lit up his handsome tanned features and dark curling hair thrust carelessly back from a fine forehead and temples.

As he lay thus, a faint meow came to him. He roused up a bit and in a not particularly inviting voice called:

"Come, kitty."

"Kitty" responded to the invitation, and nestled up. This feline wayfarer, a yellowish creature of mongrel breed, had strayed into an adjoining camp that day, and the children had adopted it temporarily. "Kitty" was now evidently seeking new pastures.

Van Allyn stroked the kitten for some time, when suddenly it said:

"Petting is extremely well for kittens, but now that I am grown up, it is hardly befitting. I am a lady and it isn't according to Dame Grundy for you to caress me, even if you are a human."

Now, if a little mongrel kitten should suddenly grow up to a full-sized female tigress and almost before your very eyes, wouldn't it be enough to make you use your favorite ejaculation? It was for Van Allyn, and he exclaimed:

"Suffering Caesar! what does it all mean?"

"If you wish to know, sir," the lady tigress answered, "it simply means that we have captured you and you are to be a part of our circus. I am your trainer."

"Great heaven, have I changed into a beast?" he exclaimed. He looked at himself, but he was still clad in his gray shirt, whip-cord trousers and tan leggings, and he was still, to all appearances, human. Then he looked up at the lady tigress, and she regarded him as if he were a handsome colic.

"I don't think I'll put you through your act today; you look as if you were a little tired. Besides, I want to talk to Tessie, the lioness. She has been having trouble with her human."

And with the words, the lithe creature rose up and started off. Van Allyn rose to follow her, but she shook him back sharply, opened a barred door deftly with her paws, and sprang out. The door locked automatically behind her.

"Well, this is certainly a pretty mess," mused Van Allyn. "Am I truly penned up?"

Indeed, he was, he discovered. But his cage was furnished most tastily. There were plenty of comfortable chairs about, a table, smoking set, cigars, matches and a bottle of seltzer. He sprang to the bars in protest, and railed angrily.

At this, the tigress came forward, but being a tender-hearted creature, she did not brandish a whip, but merely said:

"Now, behave yourself, Mr. Arthur Van Allyn. If you raise a fuss, the manager may order you flogged, a thing I wouldn't like to see. Take example from our species 'American Guide' across the way."

"This is splendid, being penned up by wild beasts and commanded to do their bidding. But what—as I live, I won't stand for that!" for across the way in a cage was Sam Billings, their guide, being whipped by a leopard.

"Quit that!" Van Allyn roared.

"Please stop," said the lady tigress angrily, "or I shall be obliged to do likewise."

Just then, Sam Billings began trowelling the air beautifully, in the manner Van Allyn had seen him do time and time again on the river, whereupon the leopard condescended to hand him a cigarette and an encouraging pat.

"Well," thought Van Allyn, "either I've gone crazy, or the coming circus has gone mad, or else the world is turned upside down. Changes are occurring before my very eyes, and seem plausible. Well, well, who'd ever think it?"

He turned and walked to the end of his cage. Just obliquely from it was another, and looking through the bars, he saw Gordon reading a magazine.

"Gordon," he called.

"Good morning," that gentleman greeted, as if it were perfectly proper that human beings should be penned up and under the care of jungle beasts.

"Talk gently," continued Gordon, "and we'll get along all right. My trainer doesn't pay any attention to me if I talk low or sing softly." The trainer in question was a noble-looking lion.

"Suffering Caesar, Tommy, what does it all mean?" Van Allyn demanded.

"Mean? Why simply that these beasts came along and captured us to exhibit us to the denizens of the wilds, even as we show them off in our circuses. We're all properly labeled, though I can't read mine. You are designated 'Society Man of Leisure.'"

"Society Man—" began Van Allyn, but sure enough, he was clad in immaculate evening clothes!

"But Tommy," he protested, "I just had my camping outfit on a minute ago."

"Artie, don't growl so loudly. You'll be disciplined," was Gordon's reply.

"But Tommy how did we get here?"

"How did we get here? We were lassoed in regulation fashion and caged up."

"That's downright scandal, Tommy! This cage just grew up around me, that's all. I was sitting by the camp-fire when all of a sudden I found myself encircling a bloodthirsty tigress. I swear, it's a shame."

"Well, this has its compensations," returned Gordon philosophically. "I had a charming conversation with a pretty girl whom they have labeled 'Society Girl.' I understand you've got to fox-trot with her."

"Yes, for the edification of the beasts of the jungle. But tell me, what am I labeled?"

Van Allyn leaned up against the bars of his cage and glimpsed the sign on Gordon's.

"You're labeled 'Successful Lawyer.'"

"They got my profession, didn't they?" Gordon laughed. "Say, Artie, I believe that here're going to have you do a little practicing. Here comes the girl."

Van Allyn turned his eyes in the direction Gordon indicated. A cage door had been opened, and the daintiest of girls stepped forth. She was dressed in a gown of shimmering white, over which was thrown a cloud of flimsy gauze. A wide girdle of rose silk encircled her waist, and she wore a great cluster of pansies. A big sun hat, adorned with a few rose-buds and streamers of deep-rose velvet, rested lightly on hair the color of dull gold.

Altogether she was a most charming picture, a girl of dreams.

She walked proudly and came toward Van Allyn's cage, the door of which was presently opened, and she entered. The tigress came in, so did the big white polar bear, who was the girl's keeper.

"How do you do?" she greeted. "I hope you don't think me unconventional, but I'm afraid we're obliged to cater to these beasts, who wish us to fox-trot and do others of the present day freak dances. Do you dance, sir?"

"Somewhat, Miss ——" he hesitated.

"I am Leonora Galesworthy," she laughed merrily.

"The golf champion?"

"I have that honor," she responded.

"I am Arthur Van Allyn. So sorry that this thing has occurred—that is, sorry for your sake that we must obey these creatures."

"I don't seem to mind when I have you nearby," she said naively.

"Thanks," he returned, and just then as the order to dance came, Van Allyn held out his arms.

Miss Galesworthy seemed to float into them, and in a moment they were executing some very graceful steps to the great admiration of the circle of beasts who crowded around outside, and who commented on the performance.

When the dancers finished, these beasts engaged each other in conversation.

"Have you heard anything from your uncle who is with Ting-a-ling Bros.' Circus?" asked one elephant of another.

"Not recently," was the reply.

"My two sisters and three of my brothers are with Farnum & Halley's," chimed in another elephant. "They are horribly provoked. Those enterprising humans are an ungrateful lot. My brothers and sisters were formerly the stars of Farnum's. Now they managed to capture some stranger and brought him to Farnum & Halley's, claiming he is the biggest elephant in captivity. All he does is simply march around the arena in the Grand Entree, wearing a glittering cloth of gold blanket and a gilded howdah on his back, in which three painted humans lounge. My brothers and sisters were mighty angry and for a while refused to do their tricks, for they can do things that humans do in their daily life."

"What did Dandy of Bells Brothers' Show write, Lioness?" queried a black bear.

"Oh, he's got so accustomed to his lot that he doesn't mind it. At first he used to rage and tear about and he almost killed his keeper on several occasions. But now he says that the fire of youth is leaving him and he is content to just sit in his cage. He's well fed and can sleep as much as he likes. It bores him somewhat to be stared at all the time, but now and then he gets a little thrill when he observes how his frightful visitors. He says he is the most popular creature in the whole menagerie as that he always has a bunch of humans admiring him, so his life isn't as bad as it might be," said the lioness.

"Well, it is nearly time for the afternoon performance, so I suppose we'd better get ready. I expect the whole jungle will turn out! Gracious! What is that noise?" exclaimed a zebra.

The giraffe stretched his long neck above all, and sniffed superciliously. "Oh, it's that bunch of human freaks. Because they are placed on pedestals in the side shows of Ting-a-ling Brothers', Farnum & Halley's, and other circuses, they fancy they are our equals here. I wonder what they've been scrapping about?"

Van Allyn looked out of his cage. Sure enough! There were a couple of Midgets, the Giant, the Blue Man, the Circassian Beauty, the Albino Couple, the Bearded Lady, the Legless Wonder, Zow-Zow, the strong man, and several others.

These freaks burst out laughing as they beheld the human menagerie.

"Hang it!" exclaimed Van Allyn. "I don't propose to be sneered at by any freak. And I'll be hanged if I'll let any animal have dominion over me, any longer. I'm going to rush those creatures and get out even if they tear me to pieces!"

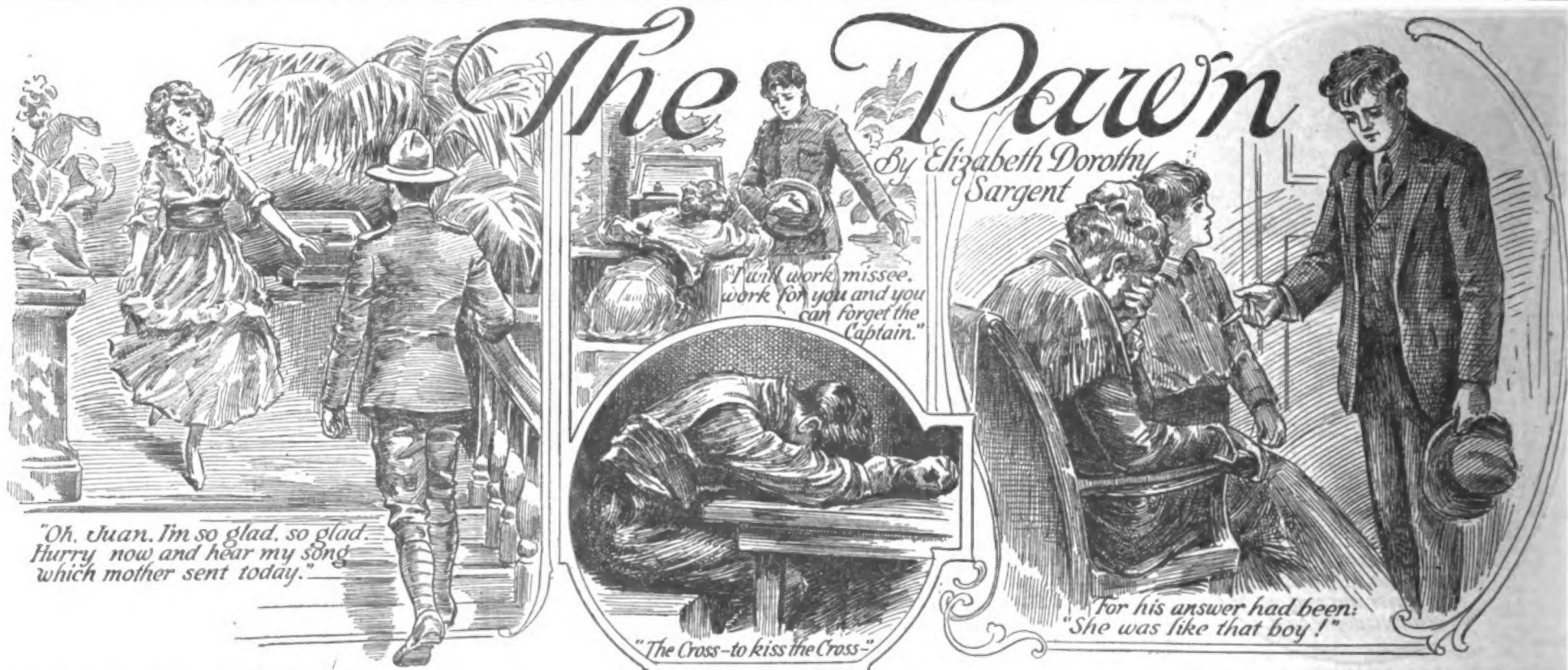
"Oh, Mr. Van Allyn!" Miss Galesworthy screamed. "Please don't leave me!"

"You'll come along too. There, they're opening the door!"

He sprang up, seized the girl in his arms, and fled toward the door. A wild howling arose, screams and shrill shrieks of: "The Society Man! The Society Man broke loose! Head him off!"

Van Allyn fought his way. With one arm he

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 4.)





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Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting money contributions or donations of any sort. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitles you to such a notice. See postal request notice in another column.

We cordially invite mothers and daughters of all ages to write to COMFORT Sisters' Corner. Every letter will be carefully read and considered, and then the most helpful ones chosen for publication, whether the writer be an old or new subscriber.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address all letters for this department to Mrs. WHEELER WILKINSON, CARE COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

JUDGING from the letters received from farm women who are doing their bit by working in the vegetable garden, or even helping with the larger crops, it will not be a hardship for them to turn their overalls or otherwise appropriately garbed persons to the flower garden and devote a little of their time and newly acquired muscles to the planting of bulbs for next summer's flowers. Next month, September, seems to be the best time for this work as the early planting enables the bulbs to make the necessary root-growth before cold weather and insures earlier blossoming in the spring. Old barnyard manure is the best fertilizer and should be used liberally, thoroughly mixing it with the soil. One sister asks about her tulips and narcissus, and these bold leading place in most gardens though hyacinths and various others are close seconds. The tulips and hyacinths should be set about five inches apart and about four inches under the surface, while the narcissus should be set at least seven inches apart and four inches under ground. Personally I prefer keeping the different colors of tulips and hyacinths separate but a bed of mixed colors is such a delight to the eye and heart that the most methodical person can but approve.

SHILOH, MICH.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:
I was much interested in Northern Spy's letter for I never could understand why it was all right for my brother to go to public dances, etc., and yet my parents said they were not fit places for me to attend.

I wish some of the sisters would tell me what to do for my narcissus and tulips. They grow all to foliage and do not blossom. Do they need taking up? If so, should I replant them at once or wait until fall? Perhaps some of you have had the same trouble and can tell me how to make them bloom.

I was a primary teacher before my marriage but for nearly five years I have been a farmer's wife and like housework and farm life better than teaching.

I will be glad to hear from some of the sisters and will try and answer all letters.

Best wishes to you all, Mrs. R. H. MIKESSELL.

MISSOURI.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I want to join this interesting circle and see if I can help a little.

There is just husband, baby and I in our family and, of course, to us baby is the most interesting little creature ever seen. She is now twenty months old, fat and chubby with rosy cheeks and a wealth of dark hair, which I keep bobbed. She can talk very plainly for her age. I have a very quiet, Christian husband. He is kind and attentive to baby and I think we have a happy home.

To the sister who wrote for a baby outfit, I want to tell her what I made for my baby before she came. First I bought two silk wool skirts, then enough Shaker's flannel half wool and half cotton to make two petticoats which I made one yard long, with opening on shoulders so if one got soiled I could remove it and put on a clean one without removing the dress. I got ten yards of bleached cotton flannel to make twelve diapers. I had two tablecloths made from cheese-cloth that I cut up into twelve little bands, twenty by six inches (straight). I also had a band pattern with straps over the shoulders. I made four of these from long cloth. I made three flannelette gowns, cut in one piece and opened in the back. Then I made a nice dress and petticoat, of white blisse and trim with lace and insertion. Instead of hemming the bottom of the dress I scalloped it and put a lace ruffle around the scallops. The underskirt I made somewhat the same way only I did not scallop it around the bottom. I made two plain white dimity dresses for everyday wear and out of the tablecloths I made squares eighteen inches wide to use for diapers the first three days so they could be burned. As for hose, cap, coat and such, wait until later before buying these. Have good pure soap, plenty of wash rags and bath towels and vaseline, camphor and talcum also. For yourself have a good-sized roll of absorbent cotton, a small vial of carbolic acid and plenty of soft, sterilized cloths. This is as good an outline as I could give an inexperienced person.

Mrs. H. L. Holder, if you will have the child that your baby bites, bite him until he cries, he won't attempt it any more. I've seen this tested with good results.

Mrs. L. T., if your disposition were like mine you would soon show Mr. L. T. who would boss the placing of the furniture, no matter what he said. I fear you are too good and easy.

Foodstuff in Missouri is scarce and dreadfully high. I wonder if it is that way everywhere.

I hope my letter will find its way to that expectant mother.

Yours as ever, "Willie."

Willie and others. The U. S. Dept. of Labor in a book on Prenatal Care gives a list of supplies needed if the confinement is to take place at home, as follows:

Two to four pounds of absorbent cotton.
One large package of steril gauze (25 yards).
Four rolls of cotton batting.
Two yards of stout muslin for abdominal binders.

Twelve old towels or diapers.

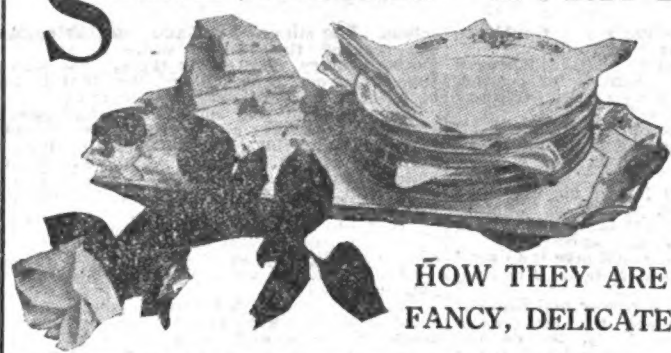
Two old sheets.

Two yards of bobbin, or very narrow tape, for tying.

From these supplies the mother or nurse may make the necessary pads and bandages, which should then be sterilized, in accordance with directions which follow. Other things that may be needed are:

One hundred bichlorid of mercury tablets.
Four ounces powdered boric acid.
One bottle of white vaseline.
One pound of castile soap.
One quart of grain alcohol.
One douche pan.
One stiff hand brush.
One slop jar or covered enamel bucket.

SANDWICHES—EVER POPULAR



NOTHING
SO GOOD FOR
MANY OCCA-
SIONS AND
PURPOSES

HOW THEY ARE MADE—PLAIN,
FANCY, DELICATE, SUBSTANTIAL

TO make thin, even sandwiches, use bread baked the day before and be sure it is fine grained. Cream the butter with a spoon in a warm bowl so it will not break the bread while spreading. Cut off the end slice and then butter the loaf before cutting the slice from the loaf. Make a cloth damp by wetting one half in cold water and wringing dry as possible and then fold over the dry half and roll and wring together which should make the whole cloth just damp. Keep this cloth thrown over the sandwiches while making and when finished wrap around them till ready to serve. Cut sandwiches either in rounds, square or three-cornered.

CHEESE SANDWICHES.—Mix together equal parts of cream cheese and finely chopped walnuts and season with salt and a dash of cayenne pepper. Moisten with just cream enough to make the mixture spread evenly. Either sweet or sour cream can be used. Spread between buttered slices of graham bread.

SANDWICHES IN BASKET.—Anyone desiring a change from the usual way of serving sandwiches and coffee,



SANDWICHES IN BASKET.

particularly for party lunches, will find the above suggestion of interest. Arrange the sandwiches and little cakes on dolly, either cloth or paper, in basket tray.

GRAHAM SANDWICHES.—Cut bread in rounds with cake cutter, large size, and spread with any desired filling.

BAKED BEAN SANDWICHES.—Mash cold baked beans to a paste, season, add a little chopped celery and spread between thin slices of buttered brown bread.

VEGETABLE SANDWICHES.—Mix raw tomatoes, cucumbers, chopped tops of green onions and small pieces of bacon with cottage cheese and place between slices of bread.

MARMALADE SANDWICHES.—Take very thin crackers of any kind, spread one with orange or peach marmalade and the other with cream cheese and press the two together. Spread both marmalade and cheese thinly.

SHRIMP SANDWICHES.—Mix half a cup of shrimps with one half cup finely chopped chicken, half a red pepper and quarter of a Bermuda onion. Chop all together and mix with mayonnaise dressing. Spread on slices of brown and white bread, putting the slices together and cutting into fancy shapes.

SARDINE SANDWICHES.—Take graham bread, cut it in small rounds, fill it with a paste made from hard-boiled eggs and sardines, mashed together. Cover it on the top with a slice of hard-boiled egg and crossed sardines on the top.

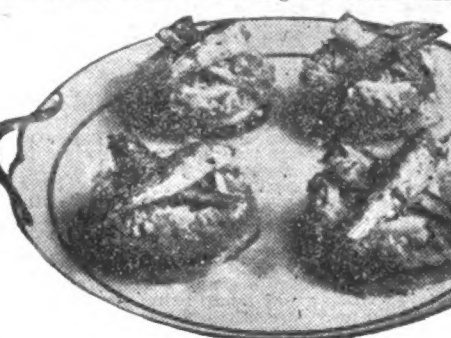
MARY H. NORTEND, Salem, Mass.

APPLE SANDWICHES.—Slice tart apples very thin, spread with salad dressing and put between buttered slices of white bread. Make just before serving.

BOILED SALAD DRESSING.—Melt three tablespoons of butter with one teaspoon of mustard, one scant teaspoon of salt, one tablespoon of sugar and a dash of cayenne pepper. Cook in double boiler five minutes and pour over three well-beaten yolks of eggs; add one half cup of hot vinegar, one cup of rich milk and the beaten whites of eggs. Return to double boiler and cook till mixture thickens, taking care it does not cook long enough to curdle.

False Economy of Leaving Out Sugar in Canning Fruit and Berries

Again we urge our readers to can a liberal supply of all kinds of fresh vegetables, fruit and berries, but do not make the mistake of putting up fruit and berries without sugar. There is no economy but there is positive disadvantage in leaving out the sugar. It is strange how inconsistent people are and how they go from one extreme to the other. Following the recent mad



SARDINE SANDWICHES.

rush of the housewives to buy and hoard large quantities of sugar in anticipation of future scarcity and higher prices comes the talk of canning without sugar in order to save expense.

There cannot be any saving in leaving out the sugar now unless sugar should happen to be lower in price next winter when you come to use your canned fruits and berries. As there is small prospect of sugar being much, if any, cheaper during the war, and it may go higher, you take a speculator's or gambler's chance on that, for the sweetening, if omitted now, must be added when the contents of the cans are eaten.

Just stop and reckon how little would be saved by canning without sugar in case the price should drop later on. The requisite quantity of sugar varies according to the kind and ripe-

ness of the fruit, but the average is less than half a pound to the quart jar. At the present writing (July 6), the retail price of sugar in twenty-five pound bags ranges, according to locality, from eight and one half to nine cents per pound. If the price should drop two cents a pound next winter the saving would be only one cent per quart jar.

Some people seem to think that at the present price of sugar they cannot afford to put up much fruit and berries nor make much jam, jelly or marmalade. Sugar is fuel, producing animal heat and bodily energy, and even at the present price is one of the most economical forms of this class of necessary nutrients. Sugar in goodly allowance is recognized as a necessary constituent of the army ration, and jam is one of the mainstays of the soldiers in the trenches of the Allies and the Germans.

Five years ago sugar sold at the exceptionally low price of five and a half cents per pound. Even now at nine cents it costs only one and three quarters cents more per quart can of fruit or berries.

Jam, jelly and preserves can be used to a considerable extent as a satisfactory, wholesome and nourishing substitute for butter now retailing at forty-five cents or more per pound.

Fruit and berries put up without sugar are never so good. Sugar has much to do with keeping the fruit flavor and preserving the fruit. Fruit and berries canned without sugar are so inferior, and as there is nothing saved in the end by leaving out the sugar, we advise the use of the usual proportion of sugar in canning, unless you happen to be unable to obtain it; in such case, of course, it is better to can without sugar than not to can at all.

CANNED PEACHES.—Wipe peaches and put in boiling water long enough to loosen skins. Remove skins and cook fruit in syrup made by allowing one third weight of fruit in sugar and two and three quarters cup of water to each pound of sugar. Boil this ten minutes to make a thin syrup; then add peaches and cook. Fill sterilized jars with fruit and add syrup to overflow. Put on rubbers and fasten sterilized covers on. Let stand till cool and again tighten covers.

CANNED PEARS.—Pare fruit. Remove stems, cut in quarters and core. Follow directions given above for canning peaches. A little lemon rind cooked with the syrup, improves the flavor of the pears greatly.

CANNED PINEAPPLE.—Remove skin and eyes from pineapples; cut in thin slices and then into cubes. Follow directions for canning peaches. If the pineapple is to be used for sherberts, etc, it may be shredded and cooked in one half its weight in sugar, adding no water, and then sealed in jars.

CANNED QUINCES.—Wipe, quarter, core and peel equal amounts of quinces and apples. Follow directions for peaches.

TOMATO PRESERVE.—Cover two pounds of tomatoes with boiling water and let stand until skins may be removed easily. To this add two pounds of sugar and let stand overnight. In the morning pour out syrup and boil till thick; skim and add tomatoes, four ounces of preserved ginger and three large lemons, which have been sliced and seeds removed. Cook.



GRAHAM SANDWICHES.

CARROT MARMALADE.—One dozen raw grated carrots, one cup of sugar to each cup of carrots, juice of three lemons, and three quarters teaspoon each cloves, cinnamon and allspice. Mix carrots and sugar and let stand overnight. In morning add lemon juice and spices. Cook three quarters of an hour.

RASPBERRY JAM.—Clean and wash six pounds of raspberries. Put on stove with just enough water to keep from burning and boil half an hour. Add one pound of raisins, strained and cut into small pieces, and three and one half pounds sugar. Boil until thick. Blackberries may be used instead.

PICKLED PEACHES.—One peck of peaches, one quart of vinegar, one quart of water, two quarts and a half of sugar and a few cloves. Wipe the peaches carefully with a clean cloth and divide into two parts. Bring the water, sugar and vinegar to the boiling point and add one half the peaches and boil for one half hour; remove and put in other half and cook same length of time. Stick a clove into each peach, put peaches into jars and cover with the boiling syrup and seal at once. Do not use peaches that are too ripe. The skin should be removed.

SWEET PICKLED PEARS.—Remove the blossom end from five pounds of pears, not quite ripe, and cook in boiling water till tender. Remove fruit and strain water. To one pint of this water add one pint of vinegar, two and one half pounds of sugar and one quarter cup pounds of sugar and one quarter cup of mixed whole cloves, allspice, cinnamon and mace. Boil for half an hour and then add pears. When well scalded remove and pack in glass jars. Boil the syrup down to just enough to cover fruit, pour over and seal.

WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE. (Requested.)—Ten large ripe tomatoes, five medium-sized onions, three sweet green peppers, one tablespoon cinnamon, one tablespoon allspice, one tablespoon salt, one tablespoon ginger, one tablespoon mustard, one cup sugar, one quart vinegar and a little celery if desired. Boil slowly one and one half hours. This makes about five pints.

MRS. W. A. HAYNES, McClure, N. Y.

CANNED PORTER APPLES.—Wipe, pare, quarter and core Porter apples. Make a syrup by boiling one third their weight in sugar with water, allowing two and one half cups to each pound of sugar. Cook apples in syrup, until thoroughly done, doing a few at a time after they are done, then boil syrup ten minutes, putting the apples back in syrup and heating them to a boiling point. Fill jars and seal.

GRAPE JELLY.—Pick the grapes over, wash and remove stems. Mash a few in the bottom of preserving kettle using a wooden potato masher. Heat to boiling point and boil thirty minutes. Strain through coarse strainer, then let juice run through a double thickness of cheese-cloth or a jelly bag. Measure, bring to boiling point, and boil five minutes; add an equal measure of heated sugar, boil three minutes, equal measure of heated sugar, boil three minutes, equal measure of heated sugar. Place in a sunny window and let stand twenty-four hours. Cover the top of glasses with paraffin and keep in a cool, dry place.

Three pottery or agateware basins, one 16 inches, and two 11 inches in diameter.

Pitchers, at least three, holding one quart and upward.

One and one half yards of rubber sheeting, at least 36 inches wide, or

One and one half yards of white table oilcloth, to protect the mattress.

One two-quart fountain syringe.

One medicine glass.

One medicine dropper.

One drinking tube.

GREENVILLE, PA.

DEAR EDITOR:

Some time ago I wrote to you about a wheel chair for my little girl who had been helpless since a baby. She was then four years old. I sent in several subscriptions and the reason I did not send more was because the Lord gave her strength and she now walks. She still has the lump between her shoulders and walks like all who are in her condition but she walks and can get along with the rest except in the game of running. She had whooping cough a year ago last June and was sick until September. Then she began to get stronger and in October walked. I am sending you a small snapshot showing her with her baby doll and carriage, given her by one of the nurses at the hospital where my husband is employed. Mothers, don't let younger children carry the babies around in their arms. I have been careful since little Eria got hurt and oh, how I wish I had been careful before. A neighbor's girl who dearly loved babies but who was not accustomed to handling them used to hold her every chance she could get and did not support her back and let her fall, causing her lameness. She is now six years old and is very bright. She will sign her name to this letter. She says to tell you to hurry along with the next COMFORT as she wants to see the Dapperlings. She delights in hearing the little stories and we all enjoy the paper and read it from cover to cover.

If any kind person sends in subscriptions for her wheel chair just credit them to some other unfortunate. With best wishes,
Mrs. J. G. MCCOY.

Mrs. McCoy. If it were at all possible I would like to print little Eria's picture and reproduce her well-written signature, so the sisters could see what a smiling faced, intelligent child she is, but since that cannot very well be done perhaps they will take our word for it.—Ed.

KITTY HAWK, N. C.

MY DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Just as soon as I receive my paper I sit down and read it.

I was very interested in the letter written by Mrs. H. B. B. about adopting little orphan children. She surely knows about the wistful eyes when someone comes to adopt an orphan. I lived in an Orphan's Home for nine years and I can truthfully say the happiest moment of my life was when the superintendent called me into his office and told me he was sending me down to North Carolina. I cannot recall the nine long years I cannot recall one loving face of any teacher or matron but can distinctly remember much cruel abuse and hard punishment. My mother had never whipped me when she was living. I was nearly seven years old when she died of tuberculosis and I suppose I was quite spoiled and I received my first whipping the second day after my arrival and not until then did I miss my mother. I have two little girls of my own, eleven and seven years old and how I love them, but I hope they never will have to go where people try to raise children by the wholesale or by the tap of the bell and where they are dressed alike (like prisoners) and their hair clipped close to their heads. My husband, who is twenty years my senior, does not earn a large salary but I had rather stint myself over and over again than to think they would ever be in an orphanage.

And now sisters that we've discussed all kinds of problems in our corner, let's hear how many different ways we are trying to cut down expenses during these terrible war times. I am working out in the fields every day just like a man, trying to raise vegetables to eat and to sell and my little girls help too. For with only one dollar a day to spend on a family of five (we have given a poor, crippled old man a home) and with four one dollar and five cents a sack, it surely takes the sleep from your eyes to find ways and means to feed us. I wish some of the sisters would write to the old man we have given a home to; he has been crippled for thirty years and although he is able to wait on himself he is not able to work. His name is "Uncle" Charlie Hayman and if the sisters think more of their Uncle Charlie than we do of ours they are loving him some. So please all of you write some cheering letters to him. His address is Kitty Hawk, N. C.

I will close, with best wishes to all of our sisters,
Mrs. W. H. MIDGETTE.

Mrs. Midgette. Keep up your courage and have faith that some way will be provided to care for you and your family. Your goodness to the crippled old man deserves a reward.—Ed.

BROOKFIELD, MO.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have just read a letter from a soldier boy. They are having a great many hardships and I am wondering how much the women are doing to help out in the war. A few brave women are taking active part by going as Red Cross nurses and some sad mothers are sending their boys to fight. That is well enough, and maybe they are doing all they can to make their boys as comfortable as they can but are the rest of us doing very much? We are in the midst of a work unfinished. Who knows but what every son, husband and brother may be called to help fight for our liberty so let us be prepared to feed and clothe them. Let us get busy now before it is too late to do any great amount of good. Now is the time for us to lay our fancy work aside. I would suggest that we organize canning clubs instead of embroidery clubs. A reliable canning outfit for the entire neighborhood (one that would can vegetables as well as fruit) would cost about fifteen dollars and they are indeed a great time and labor saver. The high cost of canned goods would soon enable a neighborhood to pay for their outfit with the surplus vegetables and it is the duty of everyone to have one on their farm this year. And why couldn't we have just as much fun at a canning club.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 8.)

HOME CANNER

Many are making \$15.00 and up per day, canning Fruit and Vegetables for market, neighbors and home use with a

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Made better, last longer, no waste, gives best results, uses less fuel, easy to operate. Prices, \$2.30 and up. We furnish cans and labels. Write for FREE BOOKLET.

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Write National Emergency Food Garden Commission
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Nerine's Second Choice

By Adelaide Stirling

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CHAPTER XXI. (CONTINUED.)

MRS. SIMPSON looked at the door with a nervous shudder. "Yes; but I can't bear going to bed in it. There's a broken window, and I always think," speaking very fast, "that if my husband were to come at night and try to get in, he would try the bedroom window first, and I wouldn't be able to keep him out. I keep the door locked, so that he can't surprise me in the daytime."

"Why are you so frightened of him?"

"You'd be frightened of him if you knew him. He's a bad man, Simpson, for all he's a gentleman and has manners like a lord. And he's terrible angry with me now for something I did the last time I was on a spree—" She pulled herself up sharply. "Oh, I didn't mean to tell you. You'll never come near me again if you think I drink. Drink!" Her voice rose wildly. "You'd drink, too, if you were all alone in the world, but for a husband who hated you and a brother he'd ruined. I'd go mad if it wasn't for drink sometimes—and if it wasn't for Snap!"

Nerine put a quiet, gentle hand on the rose-pink satin shoulder.

"You poor soul!" she said. "You won't need to drink while I'm here to come and see you, will you? May I go into your room and see if there isn't a sofa I could bring in here for you? I could draw it close by the fire, so that you could put on coal without getting up. It would keep you more cheerful in the evening."

"You couldn't move the sofa," doubtfully, "do you think you could? Oh, you don't know what last evening was like, sitting here in the dark! The night before—with a sullen sort of shame—I was drinking, and I didn't care; but last night I sat here and listened till I thought every sound was him trying the door."

Nerine shuddered herself as she thought of the woman sitting alone all those dark hours, clutching the dog to her for warmth and protection, while she listened, lame and helpless, for the coming of the man she feared.

"You ought not to be left alone," she said, indignantly. "Don't you think I could get some woman who would stay with you?"

Mrs. Simpson shook her head.

"They're afraid of me about here. They say I'm violent, but I'm not—only sometimes, when I get excited. But don't you be afraid, miss, will you?"

"If you frighten me I shall go away and not come back again," smiling. "But I don't think there is much danger."

Nerine unlocked the bedroom door as she spoke, and went in. It was as untidy as the sitting-room, with clothes, brushes and combs, boxes and bottles. A pane of glass had been completely smashed in the window, and the chilly spring air blew unhindered through it. The bed was just as it had last been slept in, but it looked rather clean, and Nerine approached it gingerly, but when she laid her hand on the blankets they were soaked with damp. It had rained in the night and the wet had blown on the bed.

A sofa stood at the other side of the room, and, being out of range of the window, was perfectly dry. Miss Lispenard wheeled it briskly into the sitting-room. "Your pillows are damp, and so are your blankets," she observed. "But if you will tell me where to find a rug, some of these cushions will do instead of pillows." She picked up a once gorgeous cushion, covered with dirty red satin.

"There's a new elder-down quilt in one of the boxes there, I bought it when I was in London. The key's in it." Mrs. Simpson was sitting erect, rocking with pain, for the effect of the strong liniment had worn off a little.

"If you will help me, I'll lie down now," she said. "I feel sick."

"I'll bandage your foot properly in a moment," the girl said, when the transfer to the sofa had been completed with some difficulty.

Going into the bedroom, she knelt down by the trunk which had the key in it, and pulled out from the very top a down quilt covered with common silk. When it was out, she gave a choke of mingled horror and surprise, which was nearly being a shriek; the next thing to the new bed covering was her own black-and-purple brocade skirt, rolled up into a ball.

Nerine, on her knees beside the open trunk, fell to trembling. No wonder she had seemed to recognize Mrs. Simpson, and no wonder the woman had thought her figure familiar, as she bent over the fire; for that was the very way she had been leaning over the bag when the chloroformed handkerchief had been put over her mouth.

Her old wild horror of the woman came back to her. For a minute it was all she could do not to seize her skirt and fly from the house forever. She clinched her hands on the edge of the trunk, while she drew her breath hard.

"No, my good Nerine, you won't run away," she said to herself, grimly. "You've got to the edge of a mystery, and when you've got to the bottom of it, you can run away—not before."

Oh, how she wished for Agatha to help her through. Should she go and confront Mrs. Simpson now, skirt in hand, or should she wait? She felt less angry with the milk girl for her impertinent giggle; no wonder no woman would come and look after Mrs. Simpson if that was the sort of person she was!

CHAPTER XXII.

MR. FAIRFAX OFFERS SOME ADVICE.

A call from the other room brought her back to the present moment; decided her too—oddly enough—on her course of action. The words were nothing, the voice that of a woman in miserable pain.

"Can't you find it?" Mrs. Simpson repeated.

"I'm coming," Nerine answered quietly, putting the cover of the box down on her own gown, as if it were nothing out of the way to find it there, and rising to her feet. She felt curiously stiff and tired, as though she had been kneeling there for a long time. As she looked about the room, for something to tear up into bandages, the hand with the quilt in it shook like Mrs. Simpson's own; she felt glad of the cool air from the window. She picked up the first linen garment which came to hand, a clean but ragged petticoat, with remnants of lace on it.

"I suppose I may tear this?" she asked, and Mrs. Simpson only nodded; the moving to the sofa had jerked her foot and she was speechless with pain. Nerine, to her own wild surprise, as she remembered the first time she had ever seen Mrs. Simpson, found herself kneeling by the side of her enemy, binding up the aching foot with the careful fingers of a born nurse.

"That's better, isn't it?" she inquired when she had tucked the elder-down around her patient and put another cushion at her back. "I think you will be as comfortable there as if you were in bed."

"It's like heaven," weak and grateful tears running down her pale face. "I can't bear to think of the likes of you doing all this for me."

Nerine surveyed Mrs. Simpson curiously through her long black lashes, while she went about the room arranging it for the night. She found oil, and filled the lamp, and put it with some matches on the table by the sofa; and then filled the coal box with lumps easily thrown on by the not too fastidious fingers of the invalid.

"I've put you very close to the hearth; I hope you won't catch fire in the night," she observed. "I think you will have to manage with milk and biscuits for the night," putting them within reach, "and I will be over early in the morning. If your foot aches, you can take off the outside wrapping, can't you, and pour some liniment on the bandage?"

"I didn't think I would ever be so comfortable

again," with a sigh. "But don't you trouble to come over early, it's so far," wistfully.

"Oh, I don't mind walking," Miss Lispenard felt rather guilty at being thanked for coming, when wild horses would not have kept her away after that discovery of the skirt.

"I wonder if I can't get her to tell me all about it," she pondered as she locked the bedroom door and made all fast in the kitchen. "I will try to make her."

"There, now you are all locked up, and here are your keys," Nerine said, putting on her well-worn coat and gloves. "I could bring you a book tomorrow—if you like reading," uncertainly.

"I've a book over there, if you'd give it to me," eagerly. "I brought it from—London. I'm fond of reading."

Nerine found the book in a corner and brought it without a syllable, though her self-control was stretched nearly to breaking, for on the cover, in a well-known and odious handwriting was "C. Mayne."

She was getting nearer to the mysterious robbery by every minute she was in the house. But she felt, somehow, that she must act shrewdly if she wished to come at the real truth.

"Good by," was all she said. "Oh! and you'd better let me have the front-door key, so that I can get in tomorrow morning. I will come in time to get your breakfast."

She drew herself out of the unused front door, escorted to the threshold by Snap, and locked it after her, greatly to the astonishment of a solitary individual who was slowly approaching across a field. Nerine was so wrapped in her own thoughts that she did not see him till he vaulted over a stile into the lane just in front of her.

"How do you do, Miss Lispenard?" said a familiar voice, as she looked up sharply. "I hope I did not startle you!"

"No, no! Not at all."

Absently she shook hands with Fairfax, who turned and walked beside her. He was saying something about the stuffing of Tommy, but she did not listen, only surveyed furtively his strong, but clean-cut face, and the pleasant expression of his mouth. He looked trustworthy.

"Tell me"—she cut in ruthlessly on his account of the beautiful and lifelike appearance Tommy was assuming—"you live near here; do you know anything about that woman?"

Fairfax hesitated.

"Not much," he said at last. "She is not one of the village people, but a stranger, though she has been here for a good while. I've heard she was somewhat dissipated."

The last was a mild statement, and he felt rather proud of it.

"If you want to know about her, I could ask the vicar; but I believe you'll find her rather a difficult subject for district visiting," he concluded, dryly.

"I don't district visit," she hotly responded; "and I banged into the cottage one day when I was caught in the rain."

Fairfax looked at her lovely face, flushed with the hard work and excitement of the afternoon, and thought of the unpleasant tales he had heard of the occupant of that lonely cottage.

"If you will forgive my saying so, I don't think you ought to go there alone. I don't see how you got in at first, for I hear she has a pleasant way of threatening to shoot strangers."

Nerine nodded gravely.

"She was going to shoot me at first, but when she saw I was inoffensive, she let me in, and gave me tea."

"What!" Mr. Fairfax was surprised into standing quite still in the middle of the road. He had known, from personal observation, that Miss Lispenard had a good courage of her own, but there are not many even courageous girls who would go into a lonely cottage and take tea with a woman who had threatened the moment before to shoot them.

"Yes," Nerine, quite unconscious of his opinion of her courage, stood still, too, and looked at him with lovely gray eyes. "And I think she quite liked me, for she asked me to come again. And I came today, and found that she had hurt herself and had had nothing but biscuits to eat, and no one to do anything for her, ever since Sunday."

She blushed suddenly at the thought that she was pointing out her good deeds, also that Mr. Fairfax had stopped, of course, to bid her good by, and that she was keeping him.

"Oh, your gress is not so bad," she said, lightly. "Don't let me keep you; you were going the other way."

"I am going to walk home with you, if I'm allowed. Miss Lispenard, you will take some one with you if you go to that house again, won't you? Or perhaps you're not going again."

"I am going in the morning," he blurted out, he was marching along beside her. "Oh, I couldn't take any one! It would be no use my going if I did."

Fairfax marveled in silence.

"But a nurse, or some one, could be got to look after her. I could manage that," he suggested at last.

Nerine turned on him with a sharp touch of that imperious manner to which she had treated the milkmaid.

"I would rather be alone with her."

"As you like, of course; but it is not safe for you," obstinately. What a high and mighty, self-reliant young woman this was, to be sure, and how prettily her determination became her. "If you are so set upon visiting your unpleasant protegee," he said, smiling, "I may as well show you the short cut across the fields to Combe Farm," pointing to the stile just ahead of them.

Nerine looked doubtfully at the young grass; "Perhaps I ought not to tramp over the fields," she said.

"Oh, I think so. They are my fields, you know," laughing.

He gave her a hand over the stile, and the two walked on through the fresh spring fields in the quiet sunshine of the late afternoon. It was not far to the farm, but to Fairfax it seemed the shortest walk he had ever taken.

"I am afraid you have a long walk home," he said, as he bade her good by.

"No, only a couple of miles or so, and my solitary dinner is a movable feast. I expect Tommy tomorrow," smiling; "I suppose I may restore him to his owner when he arrives."

"You have been very kind about him," with friendly, sweet eyes meeting his. "But you won't bring him till the afternoon, will you? Because the children are going into the village with nurse in the morning, and I shall be visiting Mrs. Simpson."

"You are incorrigible with your Mrs. Simpson," he said, as he shook hands with her. "Well, then, Tommy shall arrive in the afternoon."

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE MISSING KEY.

As Miss Lispenard surmounted the second stile on the way to Mrs. Simpson's abode, the next morning, she stood gazing over the sunny landscape, her dark, slight figure sharply defined against the sky. Mr. Fairfax, from a distant post of vantage, shut up his field glass with the air of a man who has seen what he expected.

"That girl possesses uncommon qualities," he said, and filled his pipe in preparation for a long and idle morning. He was taking an uncommonly vivid interest in this determined slip of a girl. As he sat smoking in the sun, he explained to himself that it was because she was so unlike other women he had met. He fancied Lady Satterlee tying up old women's ankles and lighting their fires, and laughed to himself. It would not be precisely in dearest Dora's line.

Nerine meanwhile marched on quite uncon-

scious. She slipped her hand into her pocket as she reached the cottage door, to see if her mother's diary were safely there. She was getting to have a superstitious idea that it would be unlucky to go anywhere without it.

Mrs. Simpson was better. She had passed a good night, without any nervous tremors, she informed her visitor, and ate a better breakfast than she had eaten for many a day. She made many protests as Nerine proceeded to tidy the room, and put fresh bandages on the greatly improved ankle.

"How long are you going to stay at the farm?" she asked presently. "I suppose you will be going away soon, and I'll never see you again."

"I'm not going for a week or so. Why? Will you miss me?"

"I'll be just lost without you," earnestly. "You've been as kind to me as my own daughter could have been, and you a born lady."

Gratitude and soap and water had made her look a very different woman from the dirty virago who had threatened to shoot her visitor on that wet day last week. Her eyes followed Nerine as a dog's might who had been lost and found again.

"I was thinking last night I'd like to give you something to remember me by," she said suddenly. "If you wouldn't be affronted by me offering it."

Nerine surveyed her.

"The best thing you could give me would be that case of whisky to throw out," she said. "And then to know that you were going to leave this lonely place, and go to your friends in London, where you would have something to do, and people to see."

She was a little frightened at her own boldness, but Mrs. Simpson did not go into a fury, as might have been expected. Instead, she sat perfectly quiet.

"Don't you think I'm right?" Nerine asked at last.

"I know you mean me kindly," with a choking voice, "but I told you the truth the other day. I haven't a friend in all the world but the dog, and what's London better than this, if, after you have walked the streets and bought things, you've no one at home to show them to? And Simpson would never send me another penny if he thought I was leaving this place. He'd be frightened of my getting to know people in London, and talking. He knows there's no fear of my telling on him here. No, no," wildly, "the best for me to do is to stay here and drink myself to death. Heaven knows my life's no pleasure to me."

She began rocking herself to and fro, crying.

"Oh, if I'd only had a child, I might have been better. I'm not bad, I'm not indeed; only when I've been drinking I get fits, when I'd do anything to get money or to be revenged on Simpson. I'm his wife; I've my marriage lines, and I don't show them; for if ever I do, he swears he'll ruin Jim, and put me in an asylum. So he lives like a lord, with his nieces and nephews, and I live here like a pig."

"What does he know about your brother, that you're so frightened?"

With steady gray eyes which would not be denied fixed on her, Mrs. Simpson had to answer: "Manslaughter!" she said in a sickly whisper. Then, as Nerine started back, "No, no, it wasn't murder," she almost shrieked. "I tell you Jim couldn't be hanged for it."

A thousand thoughts were whirling through the girl's brain; she sat down rather dizzily on the nearest chair.

"Tell me, could you live without the money your husband gives you?" she said after a time.

"No, I'd starve in the gutter; or I'd have left here long ago." She was utterly outspoken once she had begun, and she went on with a horrible frankness. "If I have no money, and the craving comes over me for drink, I'd do anything to get it. I don't want to leave here only to die in jail." Her excitement died away as suddenly as it had come. "Oh, it's no good talking," she said, wiping her eyes; "I've been like this for many a year; it's too late to change things. I suppose you won't take what I want to give you, now you know what a bad lot I am."

"I don't want you to give me anything, unless you would really like to." Her kind soul was unwilling to hurt the feelings of even a woman like Mary Simpson. "I wish—" She stopped abruptly; it did not seem time to introduce the subject of the skirt, or to tell Mrs. Simpson that she had indeed seen her before. She must find out something more first.

Mrs. Simpson misunderstood her silence.

"You don't want to take anything from me," she said, bitterly.

"It's not that," Nerine quickly replied; she did not want Mrs. Simpson so excited again.

"Well, then, it isn't," only half mollified, "would you just give me that box over there?" She pointed to a leather case on a shelf, and the girl brought it.

As she took it down, Mrs. Simpson said slowly: "It's funny that your back should seem so familiar to me, and I don't recollect your face at all."

Nerine, from the midst of her preoccupation about the skirt, laughed outright.

"Perhaps you've seen my back oftener," she said, putting the heavy case down on the sofa, and narrowly observing if her hostess' forgetfulness was real or assumed.

"Perhaps I have." The answer was really unconscious. "There!" opening the box; "you see I've a few things left that I haven't sold."

A few things! Nerine gasped. Certainly there were not many ornaments in the box, but they were gorgeous indeed. Diamond rings winked at her, a string of lovely pearls stood out milky white against the crimson-velvet tray, all tangled up with barbaric Indian ornaments of carved gold and emeralds.

Mrs. Simpson held up a ring.

"Would you believe that ever fitted my finger?" she said. "It did once, and I had as pretty a hand while I took care of it as any lady, Simpson used to say. But these aren't what I meant for you; they're not good enough!"

She lifted out the tray.

"There!" triumphantly, "what do you think of that?"

She held up a far more beautiful ring than any Nerine had ever seen. Lady Satterlee wear, which was saying a good deal. It was a half hoop of five huge pearls, beautifully set in fine gold wire, and Nerine sat staring at it.

A horrid thought possessed her. How had Mrs. Simpson obtained all these fine things? With a sick shudder, she remembered the chloroformed handkerchief clapped so firmly over her own face.

"I know you wouldn't want to have any things Simpson ever gave me, and I wouldn't give them to you either; they might bring you the bad luck they did me." Mrs. Simpson was looking hard at the ring and did not see Nerine's pale face. "But Simpson had no part in this; it was before ever I saw him. You wouldn't think, would you, dreamily, 'that I ever was a dancer at a theater? Well, I was, and a good one, too, and I was going to be married to a man who gave me this.' She paused, holding the ring tenderly. "He died just before we were to have been married, and I was wild, just wild! It was after that I fell in with Simpson. I had to go on and dance the night he was buried."

"But are you sure you want me to have a thing you value so much?" The woman was telling the truth about the ring, Nerine could see that; and, indeed, with all her sins, Mary Simpson was no liar.

"No one has been as good to me as you since he died," she rejoined. "And if I had to burn it, Simpson should never get it."

She leaned forward to put it on the girl's slim

finger, but Nerine, with wide eyes, was staring into the box.

What was that little silver key lying among the trinkets?

Her hand fell to the pocket of her dress and clutched her mother's diary.

"What a funny little key!" Her voice was amazingly calm and natural to her own ears. "What does it open?"

"It's none of mine; it was among some rubbish of Simpson's I took to provoke him. I don't know why I put it in here; it must have been here for ages," she added, indifferently.

"I wish you'd give it to me."

"Take it if you fancy it. It's a pretty little thing. Look at them two stones set in the handle of it!"

Nerine, with a wildly beating pulse, and in dumb astonishment, felt her fingers closing on the key of her mother's diary. For that it certainly was; the work on the key was the same as on the silver clasps of the book and it was exactly the size and shape to fit the odd keyhole of the diary.

"You'll have the ring, too," Mrs. Simpson said; "that trumpery key's nothing."

Nerine shook her head.

"I would rather have just the key." Then she continued, as she saw the other woman's keen disappointment. "But before I go, if you still want me to have it, I will take your lovely ring. Only don't make me take it today."

"Well, perhaps you're right; you might lose it knocking around a farmhouse. But you take it for good by when you're going!"

"If you still wish me to."

"Who would I rather give it to?"

Nerine rose, and began to see after her hostess' dinner. The morning had been getting on, and by the time she had heated some soup, and got Mrs. Simpson to eat it and some potted meats and biscuits, she put on her coat to go home. She was aching to get out into the fresh air and unlock her mother's book; the problem of Mrs. Simpson's connection with Mayne had faded out in comparison with that. She had brought out a parcel of books, and she put them within easy reach of the invalid, promising to come back the next day.

"Or I might even come this evening, but I must go now."

She cast a glance at the jewel box as she turned away. It did not seem a safe possession for a woman in such a lonely place.

"Hadden't I better put that away for you before I go? I suppose you want me to lock you up as usual."

Mrs. Simpson laughed.

"Put it under my sofa; I'll take care of it." And she reached over to a small table just behind her. The top lifted up, and her hand, and Nerine saw a small shining revolver. "I told you I could shoot any one who meddled with me. How do you suppose I've kept Simpson's hands off those things all this time?"

She spoke simply, and as a matter of course, but Nerine shuddered.

"Do be careful," she entreated. "But I know you wouldn't use it. Good by; and if I come again to night I'll knock at the window. I wouldn't like you to make any mistake, and imagine I was Simpson!"

She hurried out of the house, and ran as hard as she could to the stile that led into the fields. When she reached it she was dizzy with excitement; she leaned breathless against the stile. Her mother's book was open to her at last; but it was not that which made her heart beat at getting so plain in her mind, growing fast from a suspicion to certainty. Could Mayne be Simpson? And, if so, what difference would it make to her?

She mounted the stone stile and took her book from her pocket. The key slipped in, and the covers sprang apart. The book was full of loose papers crammed between the thickly written leaves.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE CONTENTS OF THE BOOK.

Fairfax, from his seat beyond the cottage, saw the girl come running from the house, and saw how blindly and dizzily she stood leaning against the stile.

"That beast of a woman has frightened her," he said to himself. "I knew it wasn't safe for her to be there alone."

He was glad he had come to keep an eye on Miss Lispenard's safety, and he strode down through the fields to the stile, to see what the trouble was, with a comfortable "I told you so" sort of feeling eminently masculine.

Nerine had her back to him; and as she reached her he saw that she was crying; for she turned her head sharply on his approach.

"My dear Miss Lispenard," furious within himself that he had not taken up a post nearer to the cottage and looked after her properly. "What has that wretched woman been saying to you? I'm afraid she has frightened you horribly."

Nerine shook her head, making a desperate plunge for her handkerchief.

"Oh, don't say that; you mustn't say that!" rather wildly. "It was not that she frightened me, only—" She held out an old-fashioned leather book with silver clasps. "That is my mother's book, and I found the key to it at Mrs. Simpson's," incoherently.

Fairfax stared at her. She was trembling, and her cheeks were wet with tears.

"I don't understand," he said, quietly.

"Neither do I," he did, do you think I should be sitting here, crying with rage?" she exclaimed, with angry impatience. "Oh, I wish Agatha were here! I don't know what to do, and I want some one to help me."

Fairfax sat down beside her on the roomy stile.

"Will you tell me, and let me help you?" he asked with a slow diffidence very foreign to him. "That is, if you feel like trusting me?"

Nerine looked at him through her wet eyelashes.

"Oh, it would bore you," she said, wretchedly. "And yet—oh, I don't know! I must talk to some one."

"Nothing which concerned you would ever bore me."

Something in his eyes, in the very quality of his voice, told her he was in earnest.

She pushed the book and the loose papers into his hand.

"Read those—the papers and these leaves," she said, "and tell me what you think is in them."

Fairfax looked up after a long period of silence, more puzzled than ever at the girl's excitement. He thought it extremely odd that she should find the key of her mother's book in the possession of a perfect stranger.

"I see that you and your sister were baptized twenty-two years and six months ago, and your brother Maurice just a year later, just before the death of your father. And this," holding up a paper, "seems to be the certificate of Mrs. Lispenard's marriage with your stepfather, when you were four years old."

"And my stepfather has always said that Agatha and I were twenty this year, and Maurice nineteen. And we have been of age, all of us, while he has been living in our house, and grudging us the bread we ate. Oh, why did I not find it out before?"

"You are sure?"

"Sure that I have often gone without proper food, and have been cold in winter, while Carance Mayne stayed on, knowing he was no better than a thief! Oh, indeed! I am sure," she exclaimed.

"Well the sooner we get him out the better."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)

The Sign of the Corner

By W. W. Hatfield

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SIGNS and hunches were the guiding stars and compass by which George McMahon always steered his course. He believed in them firmly, and no matter where they led, there he followed. More than once they led him to see and hear and do strange things.

On this particular evening he brushed the unromantic dust of the Walker Manufacturing Company from his hat, bought an evening paper, and boarded a city-bound car of the folding door type. A conductor with a nervous disposition highballed the car and shut the doors hastily—so hastily that McMahon's paper was caught between them. In extricating it a little irregular strip was torn from the corner of a page.

McMahon, somewhat peeved, paid his fare and sat down. He had the typical American spirit in regard to his daily paper—he wanted the news all there. Consequently, the first thing that commanded his attention was the corner of which he had been partially defrauded. The mutilated item was of one paragraph, and, boldly headed, ran thus:

\$1,000 REWARD.

Herman Spatz, famous book collector, states that the "Dante's Inferno" which he recently secured has been torn without doubt the most valuable extant. He put it upon his shelf by the next day had disappeared its intrinsic value is small contains important secret worth. One thousand dollars offered for information "Dante's Inferno" to re

McMahon read it twice, and after due deliberation decided that it was one of those prognostications of fate which were the basis of his philosophy. For some good and sufficient reason which was hidden from him the goddess had seen fit to destroy a portion of this intelligence. Possibly it was with a view to arresting his attention. Possibly—but there was nothing to be gained by questioning her motive. It was enough that she had shown him the sign.

A newsboy boarded the car at the next stop, and McMahon drew some change from his pocket with the intention of buying another paper. But he replaced the money, guided by the hunch that fate, if she had wanted him to read the entire item, would never have torn the corner from the page.

So on the way home he occupied his time by filling in words to complete the meaning. This was not difficult. It was apparent that a book, "Dante's Inferno," had been lost by, or stolen from, Mr. Herman Spatz, and just as clear that a thousand dollars was offered for its return. Also, he easily divined that the value of the volume lay not in its market price, but in the mysterious secret contents.

Now McMahon was a book fancier of sorts himself. Many an evening, in fact all of them for the last week, he had spent in the little second-hand bookstore of old Levi Levi, browsing around among the dusty volumes, eventually emerging with an episode of Nick Carter or an adventure of Sherlock Holmes. In addition to these, he had during the past week purchased six volumes of the works of Mary J. Holmes. You are right, he was in love. The disease had attacked him in its most virulent form, that subtle, insinuating, untractable variety commonly called love at first sight.

But even such a tremendous occurrence as this will not lead a man whose literary taste runs to Poe and Diamond Dick to enjoy himself reading different versions of the story of the false scrub girl and the beautiful duchess. McMahon had not bought them to read. He had bought them, primarily, on account of that intangible, evanescent odor of violets. That was the sign which fate had used to point out the girl. Incidentally, when the young lady had left the shop with the dime old Levi had given her for her dog-eared book, McMahon had become aware of the shy, half-recognizing glance; aware, too, that in spite of her worn, commonplace, factory-girl clothes, and her pinched, starved cheeks, there was something ineffably tender and appealing about her—something that was trying a bang-nail on his heart-strings. So, in the absence of any other tangible clue, he had bought the book, and taken it to his room at the Cosmopolitan Hotel.

The novel, however, contained nothing enlightening on the subject, or object, of his heart's desire, beyond the intangible odor of violets. The inscription on the fly-leaf had been carefully erased.

The next evening McMahon had gone back to the bookstore and undergone a replica of the previous night's experience. In short, the scene had recurred each evening of the week, with no change in the relative standing of the actors, beyond the possible exception that the nightly glance which she bestowed upon him had gradually assumed an expression as near to scornful hauteur as her poverty-stricken appearance would permit. And from his six volumes of duchesses and scrub girls he had elicited only one fragment of information. An erasure less thorough than the others had enabled him to trace the letters of her first name, "Mary."

This evening, being Monday, he had not seen Mary for two whole days, although he had spent the entire Sunday searching for her according to the most approved methods of Sherlock Holmes and Nicholas Carter. Therefore, on reaching the Cosmopolitan Hotel, which was an ordinary lodging house filled with commonplace people, drab, uninteresting all, from the quiet little lady with housekeeping privileges in the attic room just above him to the fat, garrulous dressmaker in the first floor front, he was not slow in changing his clothes and setting out for his self-appointed rendezvous.

It was two hours before she came. She was a little paler this evening, and laid her book down for Levi's inspection with such a tired, resigned air that McMahon wanted to pick her up in his arms and carry her home. He tried to speak to her, but just then a hot flash came over him, a lump of his heart jumped up into his throat, and locomotor ataxia developed in his knees. By the time he had recovered she was gone.

McMahon, when his violet-struck wits had re-assembled themselves, picked up the book which she had brought. Involuntarily an exclamation of surprise arose to his lips. He checked it, trying to appear calm and unconcerned, as though casually inspecting an ordinary book. Just because it was a Dante's "Inferno" one had no right to assume that it was the Dante's "Inferno." But when he had turned a few pages he came across a slip of colored paper, and shut the book with a snap, fearful lest the other should see it too.

"How much?" the query trembled on his lips in spite of himself.

"Seventy-five cents," answered Levi, craftily. McMahon tossed him a dollar, muttered something about keeping the change, and dashed out upon the street with his prize, leaving the old Jew staring after him in wide-mouthed amazement. The girl had already disappeared, and although McMahon made hurried trips around all the adjacent corners, and thoroughly scoured the vicinity for an hour thereafter, he found no trace of her.

At length he gave it up and went to his room. A thorough, painstaking search of the book, leaf by leaf, brought to light ten of the colored slips. McMahon got his paper and read again, carefully, the lines:

"Its intrinsic value is small * * * contains important secret * * * worth. * * *"

"Holy mackerel!" he ejaculated. "Important secret! Donner und blitzen! No wonder Mr. Herman Spatz wants his book back! No wonder he's willing to pay a thousand dollars for it!"

He placed the precious bits of paper in his wallet, thrust the book into his pocket, and went out, muttering to himself:

"Well, me for that little old thousand dollars, anyway, just as quick as a directory can tell me where to find this man Spatz."

His objective was a drug-store a block down the street. Halfway there he came to a dead stop, scratching his head in perplexity. In the excitement of his important discovery he had for the moment forgotten the girl.

Privation, no doubt, had driven her to the theft. As a mere book, it was a petty thievery which might have passed unnoticed, but viewed in the light of his own startling discovery, her crime had assumed ominous proportions. He would in all probability have to furnish information as to how the book had come into his hands. This would bring about a cross-examination of Levi, which would result in the arrest of Mary.

McMahon stared thoughtfully into the window of a delicatessen store. It was useless, he decided, to attempt to reason out his proper course. According to his theory, there should be a sign to indicate his next move.

It came to him, after several minutes of gazing at a roast chicken in the window, that he had had nothing to eat since noon. Could anything be more evident? Not accident, but design had halted him before this window. His path was clear as day. Besides, that roast chicken gave him a hollow feeling clear down to his toes. A spread in his own room would be a welcome change from the fare of the local beareries.

Ten minutes later he was back in his room laying out the feast. Besides the roast chicken, there were spring onions and all the appropriate trimmings, everything from canned soup to pickles and peach pie and a fresh newspaper for the tablecloth. From a bureau drawer he resurrected a tin teapot and an alcohol stove. While the water was coming to a boil he engaged the teapot in conversation.

"Well, old tin-face," he expostulated, "who cares if she did steal it? I reckon if you were as near starved as she was, you'd have done worse than that. Thief or no thief, the next time we come together, there'll be arrangements made for a wedding."

As the pot made no answer other than a gurgle indicating that the water was boiling, he threw in a handful of tea and set it aside to steep while he washed the onions.

"What's a feast without an onion," he muttered blithely as he placed his favorite delicacy upon the table. Then he stared ruefully. "And what's an onion without salt? I wonder what made me forget salt. Could it be—?"

McMahon broke off and gazed interrogatively at the teapot.

"It is," he decided. "It's a sign. But where am I to get the salt? Not outside for the tea will get cold. I'm to borrow it of someone in the house. But who? Let's see, only two house-keeping roomers in the shanty, the first floor front and the attic."

He drew a coin from his pocket.

"Heads up, tails down," he said as he flipped it.

The coin fell heads. "Me for the attic," grinned McMahon, as he felt his way up the dark stairway. "Wonder if she'll have me pinched."

How to Make an Iceless Refrigerator

By Ella Gordon

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A VERY useful convenience for the farm home where ice is not obtainable is the iceless refrigerator, and may well be called a companion convenience to the fireless cooker for hot summer days. To be a conservator of every bit of food is becoming a household rule throughout the country, and here the iceless refrigerator can serve a war purpose.

There are many ways of lowering temperature by utilizing the fact that water when evaporated draws off heat from surrounding objects. Every



ICELESS REFRIGERATOR.

nurse is taught that if a pitcher of water be wrapped with a cloth which is kept saturated and exposed to a draft of air, the temperature of the water in the pitcher will be lowered by several degrees, and this is exactly the principle upon which the iceless refrigerator is operated. Any one can easily construct this refrigerator, and the preserving of supplies, and the keeping of left overs and unused portions until they are needed will be made easier.

CONSTRUCTION.—A wooden frame is made forty-two inches high, with a solid top and bottom sixteen by fourteen inches. The door is made to fit closely, fastened onto the frame with brass hinges and kept closed with a larger wooden button. Make adjustable shelves of strips of wood three inches apart. These rest on side braces placed at desired intervals. A covering of white cotton flannel, smooth side out, or of white duck is fitted to the frame; one edge on opening down the side where the door is not hinged, and

"Come in," a soft voice sounded in answer to his rap.

Somewhat doubtful as to the propriety of his act, he opened the door. The dim light of the flickering gas jet showed him a woman seated at a bare table across the room. She started up, frightened, as she saw him standing there.

"I beg your pardon, madam," he stammered. "I live in the room below you. I came up to see if you would lend me a little salt."

"Certainly," she smiled. "I thought you were the landlady when you knocked, or I would have come to the door. Nobody ever comes to see me but the landlady," she added with the bitterness known only to those who find difficulty in raising their rent money.

The woman had crossed the room toward him with the salt-shaker. McMahon noted that her dress was tattered, and that she walked unsteadily. She would have fallen if he had not caught her arm to support her. And then, his nostrils were filled with the delicate fragrance of Johnny-jump-ups and the hangman's noose in his heart-strings had tightened to a throttling hold.

"Mary," he whispered, almost unconsciously.

Mary looked up at him with the expression of one who has heard the voice of her Prince Charming after she has given him up. Then she smiled.

"Yes—George," she answered.

McMahon almost let her fall in his surprise.

"You know me, Mary," he exclaimed wonderingly.

"I've lived here for a year," was the smiling reply, "and until a week ago I worked for the Walker Manufacturing Company, where I saw you every day. Then I fell sick and lost my job and I—I've been living on the ten cents a day that I got for my books," she finished weakly, closing her eyes.

McMahon did not answer—in words. He picked her up bodily, carried her down to his own room, and deposited her in a chair which he had drawn up to the table.

"Now," he ordered gruffly, as he poured her a cup of tea, "when there's nothing left of this chicken but the bones, you can talk—no sooner."

The warm tea and wholesome food soon brought color to her cheeks and sparkle to her eyes. To McMahon, as he watched her, the world seemed filled with great possibilities and Johnny-jump-ups. Words are inadequate here. It is worse than folly to attempt to describe a picnic dinner on the altar of Isis, with Cupid shooting shafts through the holes in the doughnuts. I can only say that, though those ready-roasted delicatessen store chickens at a dollar thirteen per acre might seem small, a wing and the neck was still left when Mary promised to be Mary McMahon.

"Why not?" she said. "I've made eyes at you for a year. And you," she pouted, "you never even looked at me."

"I never saw you," McMahon confessed, "until you came into Levi's last Monday evening."

"Oh, my books," she sighed. "That was the worst of it. It was like parting with my old friends."

"There they are," he pointed to a row of books upon the mantel. I bought every one of them as soon as you got out of the shop."

Mary ran over to them with a little cry of delight.

"My poor, dear friends," she said. "They were all that I was able to save when father died, two years ago. Everything else was taken for debts. Everybody thought that father had money, but he was such a poor business man. He made all sorts of foolish speculations, and when they got his affairs untangled there wasn't a penny left." Here she broke off and stared wistfully at the books.

"Didn't you get—the other one—the last one?" she asked in a strained voice.

McMahon had forgotten it. He drew it from his pocket now like one performing an unpleasant duty, and handed it to her in silence. He wondered what she would say.

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"It nearly broke my heart," Mary was saying, "when I sold my own books. But this one—it was like committing a crime. It was the only thing of his very own that father left me. And I never read any farther than the first page."

"What?" exclaimed McMahon, "you say your father left you that?"

"Yes, I always kept it in the bottom of my trunk, wrapped in—"

McMahon did a war dance about the room.

"You little goose," he fairly yelled in his excitement. "Living on ten cents a day with—look here! This is what I found in your book."

He extracted the slips of paper from his wallet and thrust them into her hands.

"Each one of those slips," McMahon went on, "is a certificate for one hundred shares of Bay Lynx gold mining stock. Two years ago you could have bought it for a dollar a share. Today it's selling for a hundred. A hundred thousand dollars in the bottom of your trunk, and you living on ten cents a day!"

Then there was a heated discussion about who owned the money, and as neither would take it, they decided to spend it together, in the plans for which the evening passed rapidly.

It was late when they separated for the night.

McMahon, left alone, gazed reflectively at the teapot.

"Well, old tin-face," he interrogated, "where do you suppose Mr. Herman Spatz comes in on this?"

As the teapot maintained a discreet silence, McMahon set about to clear away the remains of the repast. He was in the act of wrapping up the remnants in the newspaper which had served as a tablecloth when this paragraph, in the corner of a page, caught his eye:

\$1,000 REWARD.

Herman Spatz famous book collector states that the "Dante's Inferno" which he recently secured has been tested and is without doubt the most valuable cure extant. He put it upon his corn, which by the next day had disappeared. While its intrinsic value is small, the fluid contains important secrets of medicinal worth. One thousand dollars' reward is offered for information of a corn which "Dante's Inferno Corn Remedy" is unable to remove. Get it at any drug-store.

"Well, well, old tin-face," McMahon mused as he restored the teapot to its hiding place in the bureau drawer, "signs are funny things, ain't they?"

LYNCHINGS LAST YEAR.—Records of the Tuskegee Institute at Tuskegee, Ala., show that 54 persons were lynched in the United States in 1916. Fifty of the persons put to death in this manner were colored and three of these were women. Forty-two of the 54 victims were charged with offenses other than assault. In 1915, 67 persons, 54 colored and 13 white, were lynched. In 1914, the record was 52. In the past 30 years about 3,600 persons have been summarily executed by lynchings.

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The Doings of The Dapperlings

By Lena B. Ellingwood

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CHAPTER XI.

A SURPRISE IN GARDENING

"NOW we have our two sets of garden tools," said Pittysing one day, "we've got to make some gardens. 'Cause, what good are they if we don't use 'em?"

"We could play with 'em," suggested Simmie-Sammie.

"It's rather late in the season to commence a garden," said their father. "This is August, and frosts may come next month. Seeds are usually planted in the spring."

"I guess maybe they could SPRING up 'most any time, couldn't they?" asked Pittysing. "They'd grow a little while, and 'twould be fun to watch 'em. And, don't you see, we'd learn something about it, and be all ready to do it good next year? Have you got anything we could plant?"

A search of the house brought to light corn, peas, beans, radish seeds, and, for flowers, sweet peas and nasturtiums.

Out in a corner of the vegetable garden there were some empty beds where radishes and lettuce had been growing earlier in the season, and here the children set to work. Shovels, hoes and rakes were plied with a will, and when the beds were smooth and soft, the seeds were planted.

Pittysing planted some of all the kinds she had, putting them very close together, so if some didn't grow there would be sure to be plenty to make a good showing.

Simmie-Sammie planted mostly beans, secretly hoping that they might spring up in a night, like Jack's in the shivery story his Christmas book told about.

"Now we must water the gardens every single day it doesn't rain," said Pittysing.

Next morning Simmie-Sammie ran out early in his little pajamas to look at his garden, and came in with a disappointed face.

"Mean old things!" he said. "My beans didn't gwoed any yet."

"Well, what did you expect?" asked his sister. "That they'd be up this morning?"

"Jack's did," Simmie-Sammie declared. "Way up—big, big! An' he climbed up on 'em!"

Pittysing looked at him pityingly, then smiled in a grandmotherly way. "When you're six years old, going on 'most seven," she told him, "you'll know better than to believe such things. Mamma told you it was only a story when she read it to you. We'll have to wait days and days before our things grow, so you might just as well be patient, and think of something else. Bring your clothes, and I'll help you dress, so you'll be ready for breakfast when mamma calls us."

Every day the children watered the gardens with the little green watering-pot, and every day Simmie-Sammie dug up his seeds to see if they were growing. When the beans swelled and began sprouting, he pulled them apart to see the tiny leaves inside, then jammed them down into the earth again. Of course, as might have been expected, the beans refused to grow at all after such treatment.

After a few days, nasturtiums and beans pushed up through the soil in Pittysing's garden, followed soon by radishes and corn. She was delighted, but Simmie-Sammie didn't enjoy it.

"Tain't any fair!" he complained. "You had the best garden, an' the best seeds! You taked your choose, an' left things for me what wasn't any good."

"'Twas just because you dug them up," Pittysing told him. "You'll understand better what to do next spring. Or maybe you could plant some more things now," she added, watching his unhappy little face.

A bad little thought came into Simmie-Sammie's mind, but he didn't say anything about it.

That night, after supper, when Pittysing was helping mamma with the dishes, he softly called to Gyp, and together the little boy and the puppy dog went out into the garden.

And the next day, when Pittysing, carrying the little green watering-pot full of water, went out to her garden, what do you think she found? Her beautiful little garden bed all trampled and spoiled; every little seedling, every tiny green leaf, scratched up and killed. It didn't take her long to decide what enemy had been at work.

With fast-beating heart and flashing brown eyes, she ran back to the house.

"Mamma, mamma!" she shrieked. "Oh,

"Oh, hear how he fibs!" cried Pittysing, sitting up and showing a face all red and smeary from crying. "After he promised me, too, he'd be a good boy so I wouldn't have to watch him! And I was going—she went on, her voice trembling, "I was GOING to give him the very first radish that was big enough to eat, out of my garden, 'cause I was so sorry he'd spoiled his!"

"Now, Simmie-Sammie," said his mother firmly, putting her arm around the little boy, "I want you to tell me the truth. Look up here. Leave your shoe-strings alone—you're tying them into hard knots. Now, what did you do



NO WONDER PITTYSING WAS ASTONISHED AT WHAT SHE HAD FOUND.

WHAT do you think that naughty boy has done now? Spoiled my lovely garden, every last speck of it, just 'cause he'd spoiled his own, and didn't want me to have one!"

Then she threw herself face downward on the couch, and lifted up her voice and wept.

Simmie-Sammie's face was very red, and he stooped over and began tying up his shoe-strings.

"Oh, Samuel," asked mamma sadly, "did you really dig up the things in sister's nice garden?"

"No, I never!" declared Simmie-Sammie. "An' there ain't any Samuel here. Papa's Samuel. I'M Simmie-Sammie!"

to Pittysing's garden?"

Simmie-Sammie couldn't look up in his mother's face. He did manage to raise his eyes to the pin in her collar, but they wouldn't go any farther.

"I never pulled up her plants," he said. "I— I just planted something else in her garden."

"What do you mean?" asked his mother.

"I'm afraid, oh, Simmie-Sammie, I'm afraid I shall have to put you to bed until you can tell me the truth."

"Wait—wait!" cried Simmie-Sammie; "I AM a-tellin' the twoth! I planted some STICKS in her garden, an' Gyp digged 'em up! He must have spoiled her plants when he scwatched for

the sticks. Gyp's a bad puppy dog. MAYBE you better punish him."

"Yes, and who told him to scratch and dig? It's had enough to spoil folks' gardens, but it's a good deal worse to try to have a poor little puppy dog punished when you're to blame your own self!" Having said this, Pittysing buried her face in the sofa pillow and went on crying. "Don't you think," said their mother, "that you ought to do something nice for Pittysing to make up for your part in it? Gyp didn't know any better, but you did."

Simmie-Sammie thought a while. He was sorry for what he had done. He hadn't thought Pittysing would cry so over it. But he didn't like to say so.

At last he climbed up into his mother's lap and whispered, "I'll make it all wight. You'll see."

Then he kissed Pittysing's ear, which was the best he could do, with her face buried like that, and her hair tumbled all about.

"I'll twy not to be bad to you any more," he promised. "I'll give you half my hen, an' I'll take the milk over to Gwandma Bwown's all the nights for a week, an' I'll—I'll—I know! I'll wipe the dishes in the morning, two mornings, so you won't have to."

Then he went out and watched his hen a while, wondering which half of her he would give away, and thought that if Pittysing wasn't satisfied with his peace-offering she must be hard to suit.

In the morning, Pittysing was swinging in the hammock, while Simmie-Sammie wiped dishes, as he had promised.

"Guess I'll go and look at my garden," she thought. "I can smooth it out, and have it all ready to plant seeds in next spring."

Five minutes later, she rushed into the house, more excited than she had been when she found her garden spoiled.

"Mamma! Simmie-Sammie!" she shouted. "Oh, come! come quick!" Then she darted back again toward the garden, her mother and Simmie-Sammie following.

Simmie-Sammie was dragging the dish towel after him as he ran. Of course Gyp thought it was for him to play with, so he seized it and ran off under the barn with it, and what became of it Simmie-Sammie never knew.

No wonder Pittysing was astonished at what she found. So was her mother. And so was Simmie-Sammie. Not even Jack, whose beanstalks grew so tall in a single night, had a greater surprise.

For there—maybe you won't believe it—but there, all around Pittysing's garden bed, were some pretty, round stones for a border; next to the stones a row of dainty maiden-hair ferns were growing; there were six pansy plants, with large, velvety purple and yellow pansies all in bloom; and in the very center of the bed, a clump of tall scarlet poppies were nodding gaily.

Of course you've guessed who had prepared the beautiful surprise. Yes, the Dapperlings!

Skippywink had been skipping around, and had heard all about the children's gardens. When Nattie learned from him how badly Pittysing felt over her spoiled plans (and plants) she coaxed the other Dapperlings to help her, and all in the silent night, with only the starlight and glowworms to see by, they had made this beautiful garden.

They didn't expect any thanks, but did it just out of the kindness of their Dapperling hearts.

Of course the tiny ferns grew in the woods, and the round stones could be picked up almost anywhere, but don't ask me where they got the pansies and poppies, for I know no more about it than you do.

The next chapter tells how dreadfully frightened the Dapperlings were when Pittysing found them all having an open-air concert and she caught little Nattie about held her. What do you think she did to Nattie? What happened to the others?

Don't miss September COMFORT which will tell all about it. Watch for the nice Cubby Bear story coming in October.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

as we could at an embroidery club? Unless the war stops very soon, our women will rest the responsibility of caring for the aged and feeble. Let those of you who live in the city remember this and begin right now to organize sewing circles and make useful garments for the poor little children who need them. The money spent for embroidery material would buy almost enough clothing but most of you have out-of-date clothing that will do very well. Try this and I am sure you will be a thousand times happier and better satisfied with your day's work.

Those of you living on ranches where fruit and vegetables do not grow and who wish to be of service to your country, and to make money besides, can raise a few more sheep.

That will help to supply the 200,000 pounds of wool that is needed for soldiers' uniforms.

I would be pleased to hear from all the crippled girls from twelve to twenty-five years of age.

Sincerely, MISS EDITH SCHERER.

SERASCO, MAINE.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS: Will you admit a sister from "way down in Maine"? I have read COMFORT ever since I was a small girl and used to borrow Grandma's. I enjoy the letters about children as I have two, a boy nearly five years old and a girl three years of age. When they cry and pout I don't scold them but say, "I wish my good little boy (or girl) would come. I don't want a naughty boy." In a few seconds I hear, "Here I is, Mamma, I've come."

I live in a small fishing village and for about two months have been a shut-in. I haven't any folks or friends here and I live quite a distance from any other house so sometimes it is weeks that I never see a person except my husband and the children. My husband goes to work in the early morning and doesn't get home till night and I get very lonely here. I am praying as I write that this will be published but I cannot write an interesting letter for I never had the privilege of securing even a common school education. I am the oldest of twelve children. We lived a long distance from the little schoolhouse and when I grew old enough to go I had to go to work. My parents were poor and sometimes it was impossible to make both ends meet. By studying nights after my work was done I learned to read and write and spell a little. I also studied arithmetic and that study was the only one I could manage to make much headway in alone. At the age of eighteen I was broken down from hard work and when a young fisherman offered me a small home and his care I was glad to accept, but my health was ruined and I can truly say that in the

seven years I have been married I have never felt well one day. Have been in the hospital for a serious operation. Do I believe in large families? No, unless there is plenty of money (and good health on the part of the mother) for in poor families the oldest children are always sacrificed for the younger.

I will close by asking the sisters to please send me reading matter or anything that will help pass away the long, lonely days and will you pray that I may have better health to care for my little ones.

Mrs. Wilkinson, may the Lord bless you and may you live many long years to carry on the good work you have begun.

Very sincerely, MRS. ADA PERRY.

MONTANA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS: I have been a reader of COMFORT two years and think there is no other paper like it. I find so much in it and I have come for help today and I feel sure I will get it.

I have been married four years to a "dear Jack" and we have a baby girl two years old whom we both love dearly. Jack is good to me and kisses me good by when he goes to work and when he returns but here is my trouble—he has been married before but his wife lived only two months. He has told me hundreds of times that he loves me more than he loved his first wife and has told me all about his past life and I believe him. But he has three sisters living near who seem to think the world of me and I know would do anything for me but at times they will tell me how happy Jack was with his first wife and that no man ever thinks so much of his second wife and things like that and it nearly breaks my heart. Sometimes I fancy I cannot endure it to think my husband loved another woman. Do you think he ought to go to them and talk to them about it? I have told him that and he says it would be no use for they don't know anything about it and they did not live with him at the time. He was only nineteen then and twenty-eight now. I often think why shouldn't he love me better? We have lived together longer and have a dear baby to love and we are so happy together. Will someone who is a second wife give me her idea of it. With love to Mrs. Wilkinson and all the sisters.

MRS. J. M.

Mrs. J. M. I think maybe that Jack of yours ought to administer a spanking to you the next time you show signs of doubting his love. Now be sensible and ask yourself which is the more lasting, the love of a boy of nineteen or a man's love at twenty-eight? How lasting were your own love affairs when you were sixteen or seventeen years old? Of course he reverences the memory of his dead wife but there is every reason

why he should love you more. What do the others think?—Ed.

CLEATON, KY.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS: I have been married eight years and have three boys, Lois, seven years, Otto, five years, and Marion, three years. Also a baby girl, Bertha Grace, five months old. We live with my father and baby sister, Nettie, six years old (my mother has been dead over two years), so you know that I am very busy and the sisters' letters and helps are always interesting. We live on a small farm in the western Kentucky coal fields. Most all farm and garden produce finds ready sale here.

Now sisters I am going to say a few words on a subject which I have never seen in our corner—the high cost of living. Try to reduce the high cost of living by raising all for your table at home, and canning your own fruits and vegetables in their season when they are best and cheapest. A very small garden, rightly cultivated, will be a great help. A small back yard (if you can't do any better) has its possibilities. A row of tomatoes or beans along the back fence will more than pay for their trouble if you do not keep chickens. A pig, kept in a pen if necessary, fed the table scraps and enough corn and bran to keep it growing steadily is a paying proposition at killing time.

For last winter we canned about seventy-five gallons of fruit and tomatoes and lost only three or four gallons. We also put up dried peaches, sulphured peaches and apples, canned beet pickles, salt cucumber pickles, sweet and Irish potatoes, cabbages, dried peas and beans and some meat and lard. Some of you will say, "You live on a farm so that is easily done." No, it is not easily done, but it is worth while. Another suggestion and I will stop, sisters, teach the little folks their alphabet and how to read and spell some before you start them to school and it will save the teacher a lot of work and worry and give the children a better start, too. A set of letter blocks are a great help.

Long live COMFORT and all its staff.

I cannot answer letters. MRS. PEARLIE GRAHAM.

Mrs. Graham. Your recipes for canning fruits and vegetables would be a great help to the sisters and I hope you will favor us with a few of them. In a recent number of COMFORT the editor has spoken of the possibilities of the home garden and I can only agree with him—and you.—Ed.

MONROE, LOCK BOX 570, N. Y.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS: I received so many letters in reply to my letter in February COMFORT that really it was impossible for

me to answer all of them, some two hundred or more. However, I answered all who enclosed stamp. I received many kinds of seeds and will plant all of them and to those to whom I haven't sent the hollyhock seeds—it is because my supply ran short and if you will write again, about August or September, and enclose a stamp, I will send you some of all the kinds I have. These who asked other questions, if they will write again and enclose stamped envelope for reply I will answer their questions. One person asked about chickens but I could not make out what the name was so couldn't answer. But if you will write to Dept. of Agriculture at Washington, D. C. and to the capital of your state, they will gladly send the bulletin on chickens, artificial brooding, etc. These farm bulletins are free. I don't want money for any information I send to anyone. We are all sisters and brothers through Christ and I think it a very small thing not to willingly give any information I may know, whether it be about the climate, chickens, farms or historic places.

I am an Episcopalian but I trust I am broad minded enough to be a friend with all, no matter what their faith may be. All we think we are right in our belief and are striving to live the right kind of a life and hope to reach the same goal with the same reward for all who come in His name.

I thank all who sent me pieces for my quilt. I am making it "Old Fellows' Chain" in all kinds of calico; with the heavy goods I am making it "Uncle Tom's Cabin." All colors are appreciated, light or dark.

To the sister from Harrisburgh, Nebr., I lost your letter. If you will write again I will answer.

Since I wrote my last letter to COMFORT I have moved and am now on a very large farm and expect to raise lots of pigs, calves and chickens. I have two helpers now, and one cow, one pig, one horse and two hundred chickens. I just love the great outdoors and am now in perfect health.

Some of you thought I was too happy and had no cares. Ah, you didn't know that for the past three years I had been in miserable health. I used to sit in the house and sew or embroider and my health was very poor. But since I moved up here, right under the mountains, almost, I have been out of doors almost ten hours out of the twenty-four. I haven't lung trouble now, and can laugh at most any trouble. I always think everything happens for the best, so why question God's superior wisdom. I almost radiate and my friends wonder why I am so healthy looking. Good health is the foundation of all beauty. Anyone can make the most of their looks, whether ugly or pretty, if their health is good. Women ride too much. Instead, walk one or two miles, or more, a day. There is no better exercise than walking. It is the best exercise for the expectant mother. Don't stay in the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 15.)



LEAGUE RULES: To be a comfort to one's parents.
To protect the weak and aged.

To be kind to dumb animals.
To love our country and protect its flag.

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COMFORT for one year and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 30 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome.
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ADDRESS all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. See instructions at the close of this Department.

IF this country is to continue to exist and your homes and children made secure, you will have to have Wake up America talks dealing solely with the war in these columns, until every man, woman and child in the United States realizes that the very existence of this country is at stake, and unless each one does his or her bit with all the frenzied, patriotic intensity that the men, women and children of Germany are doing their bits, this war and the cause of world freedom will be lost.

It is a terrific job to arouse a people, a people that has been doped and poisoned by the propaganda of peace at any price traitors, largely in the pay of our enemies, and poisoned with the lies of the reptile foreign language press, a people occupying a vast continent and indifferent to anything but local and parochial affairs, to the grim realities of a war which may yet dim with sorrow every home in the land. You have simply got to realize we are at war with the most savage, relentless enemy that has ever cursed the earth and face the music, and that music may be a funeral dirge for you and yours, and for liberty and freedom the world over, unless you take the issues of this war to heart with passionate intensity.

For years I have been warning you of the great crisis that was coming into your lives and the life of this nation. I am a deep student of world affairs, and everything I have prognosticated so far concerning this world struggle, has come true. It cannot be wondered however that you are asleep. You had your merry, frenzied, peace-at-any-price ghost dancing, and fooled yourselves with the craven, contemptible election cry of "He kept us out of war!"

I often told you that there were certain responsibilities that no individual, and no decent self-respecting, honorable nation could side step or avoid. We had to be true to ourselves and our ideals and principles, we had to meet the impudent challenge of a murderous foe, and we must be prepared to shoulder our responsibilities and to shed rivers of our best blood, ere we can safely lay them down. We did not seek this war, this war sought us, and we simply could not dodge it, and, thank God, we have gone into it, just as our Allies have, with clean hands. I told you you had to fight this fight or become slaves; I told you that there were two forces struggling for dominance in this world, the democratic, republican idea, represented by France, England, Italy, Canada, Australia, Switzerland, Portugal, the United States and other liberty-loving countries, and the autocratic, monarchical, king by divine right idea, represented by the Central Powers and that curse of the world—Turkey.

No one seeks to destroy the German nation, but the German nation will destroy you if you don't protect yourselves and curb the murderous mania of its rulers and people. The Teutonic idea of "Germany over all," the superman, the man on horseback, with its fiendish and brutal militarism, its hateful system of spying and lying, intriguing and plotting, which has cursed the whole earth, and made creation a hell, has got to go, and you've got to make it go, and when it's gone, the world will be rid of its greatest menace, and we can realize dreams of peace and brotherhood and live in a world of roses.

Every nation, more or less, afflicted with a dominating, exploiting class, but this class is easily kept under control in all countries except those of the Central Powers, where the Kaiser and his junkers, his fiery military satellites, his arrogant nobility, hold despotic sway. You who gave little thought to world affairs could not conceive how the Allies could be fighting and making common cause with a despotic country like Russia. Russia was a menace under the Czar, but not one millionth of the menace that Germany was. You however, did not know that there was more real, revolutionary spirit in Russia, a more intense longing for liberty than there was probably in all the rest of the world put together. Everyone who could look an inch beyond his nose knew that this war would give the Russian his chance to dump the Czar and his bunch of royal hangers-on, who were intriguing with Germany to keep junkerism and royalty in the saddle. When the Czar went too. Now the issues are clean drawn, and it is up to you to say what kind of a world we are to have, whether we are to be Belgiumized, Prussianized, terrorized, robbed of everything that Washington and Lincoln fought for and held dear, robbed of everything bequeathed us by the men who wrote our glorious Declaration of Independence, become slaves, wear the Prussian helmet, fight Prussia's battles and be kicked around like dogs, or fight the battle of liberty and remain free men in a free, instead of a slave world.

The Allies have been shedding rivers of blood and expending mountains of gold that they might enjoy in peace all that our freedom loving fathers, with the help of France, won for us. They would have won this war without our help had not the devil placed in the Kaiser's hands an American invention, a slimy, snaky, crawly, creeping, treacherous, fiendish instrument of destruction called the submarine, which makes murder and piracy a fine art. Not even the food ships for starving Belgium, the cargoes of which have been gathered at such immense cost and sacrifice, and which were given safe conduct permits by the German government, not even hospital ships full of wounded soldiers and Red Cross nurses, not even passenger ships loaded with women and children, are safe from these hell hounds of the deep, typically Prussian in their ferocious methods, typically Prussian in their merciless ruthlessness. To sink ships filled with food for the crushed, tyrannized, enslaved and starving Belgians whose men and women and young girls have been dragged into a slavery worse than death, whose cities have been sacked, robbed and burned, whose people have been tortured and destroyed as though they were vermin, whose household goods and possessions have been carried off by their pitiless conquerors and whose people like the people of Northern France have been left with only their eyes to weep with, people it was Germany's bounden duty to feed, is the last word in diabolism fiendish cruelty and unspeakable devilry. This is Germany's policy of frightfulness. She believes just as the Mohammedan believes, that it is her sacred duty to make war as terrible as possible, to be fiendishly cruel, ruthless and merciless, so that no living soul of inferior breed (and in Prussia's eyes we are all inferiors) may dare look the all-

conquering Teutonic superman in the face and live. It is absolutely necessary for you, the people of the United States, to know the kind of foe you are going to face, a foe that spares no living thing, neither women, children nor even fruit trees, and to know the kind of fate that awaits you—the fate of France and Belgium—if you do not rush to the battlefields and hurl the brutal hordes of godless and diabolical Kaiserism back to the land from whence they came, and in which hereafter they should be forced to stay. The Kaiser has informed you that Germany has kept the peace for forty years. He forgets however to tell you that Prussia was the first nation to militarize her entire population, an act which forced conscription on nearly all of Europe. The first to start permanent military alliances. Thrice she has sunk her teeth in the living flesh of poor Poland, and between 1860 and 1870 Prussia ruthlessly invaded and dismembered Denmark, Austria and France, and after cutting France to pieces in 1870, a year or two later she wanted to go back and bleed her white all over again, and was only prevented from doing so by Russia and England. There has been peace in Europe only because Germany has had her own way. France, existing miserably, never knowing from day to day when the storm might again break upon her, had to dismiss Delcasse, her brilliant foreign minister, because he succeeded in laying the foundation of friendship between Great Britain and France (who previous to this had been hereditary enemies) thus incurring Germany's displeasure. Great Britain is accused of planning to attack Germany, just as if a nation with practically no army at all, would dare attack the greatest military power of the age. Twice Great Britain approached Germany and begged for a naval holiday, a year in which neither side would build a single warship, and was repulsed.

Previous to war being declared, munition factories in Great Britain were shut down because the government would give them no orders. Democracies always sleep when war is in the air. That great socialist Robert Blatchford, and that fine old soldier Lord Roberts, pleaded with the Britons to arm, the latter pleaded so persistently, that he was officially warned to shut up under pain of losing his pension.

Next month I will tell you how this war started and make plain to you all the historic facts that made this conflict inevitable. The crack-brained vicious idiots who tell you this is Morgan's war, lie and lie wickedly. It comes nearer to being God's war than any other war, horrible as it is, for if democracy triumphs, and I cannot believe that the Almighty will allow it to be defeated, the whole of humanity will simply bound forward on the pathway of progress, and more for justice, righteousness and freedom will be accomplished as a result of this hideous carnage than could have resulted from a hundred years of peace, while if we lie down and let the Kaiser walk over us, the world will degenerate into a Prussian slave pen. No nation has ever showed such great patience under tremendous provocation, as has this nation in the last three years. The greater patience we showed the more arrogant, impudent and murderous the junkers of Prussia became. Now no less than thirteen nations are arrayed against this common enemy of mankind. At the Hague conference of 1907, Germany was hostile to all projects of limited, compulsory arbitration. In conjunction with Austria, her present ally, she succeeded in having these plans dropped though they had been passed by the overwhelming vote of 32 against 9. It was the same way when the munition question was brought up. Germany insisted on selling to the whole world, for the making of munitions is one of her greatest industries. Though her sympathies were all with the Boers, she sold England huge quantities of ammunition to help her down the Boers. Germany objected to us doing what she has always done herself, and which we could not refrain from doing without favoring Germany, and as a neutral nation we had no right to show her any favors. We did what we had a legal and moral right to do and no more. Fanatics and Teuton sympathizers yelled "Put an embargo on munitions and stop the war." That was another bit of subtle hypocrisy. Stopping the war meant at that time a German victory, and a German victory would have meant that we should have had to face the full might of Prussia alone. Now do not deceive yourselves. If you want to keep what Washington and Lincoln fought for you too must fight. Better to fight in France by the side of those French and British and Canadian heroes, our democratic brothers, than have all the horrors of Belgium, Poland and Serbia re-enacted all over again on our shores. Enough nations have been devastated without devastating ours. You read in histories of the great Crusades, of the tens of thousands of Christians who swept from the remotest corners of Europe to the Holy Land to free the Holy Sepulchre from the impious hands of the Saracen infidel. Even the children joined in those crusades, and if you know nothing about those crusades, and probably you don't, for God's sake get your histories and read about them. In those days men were men and women were women. Today we sipper "We're too proud to fight. Let George do it. He kept us out of war," while thousands of pitroons are or were hiding behind the skirts of women and marrying and adopting children to save their craven hides. Thank God this war will show us who are loyal Americans and who are traitors. It will cast out the human dross and bring the true mettle of American manhood and womanhood to the front, and put the fear of God into the hearts of plotters and traitors. The American people are at war, the American people are once more standing guard over the altars of liberty and freedom, learning anew the glorious lesson of service and sacrifice, giving the best of their blood in a holy cause, ridding the world of tyrants, fiends and despots, and making justice, truth, righteousness and democracy forever secure for mankind.

On the twenty-fifth of next month I celebrate my fifty-fourth birthday and shall be glad to have a word of cheer and encouragement from all my friends. Shall also be glad to hear from my enemies as the Department of Justice is most anxious to get in touch with them.

Don't forget that Uncle Charlie's four wonderful books may still be had. Start in at once to obtain them.—they cost you no money, only a very little time and effort.—and keep at it until you have the entire set. The book of Poems is beautifully bound in ribbed silk stiff covers; the Story Book is bound in two styles, the one in

ribbed silk stiff covers like the Poems, the other in paper covers; the Song Book is bound only in heavy paper covers and the Picture Book in handsome stiff covers. Poems or the Story Book in ribbed silk stiff covers, either one for a club of four subscriptions; the Song Book or the Picture Book in pretty stiff covers for a club of only two subscriptions. These four books are a library of endless joy and merriment, the best medicine to drive away the blues and the best gifts in the world.

My picture book, too, has started a deluge of inquiries: Is Billy the Goat my daughter, is Maria her Ma? Is there an Aunt Charlie? Is the big boy in the picture book my only baby? I have had a little leaflet specially printed answering all these questions fully, and those who are interested will find the same in every copy of the four Uncle Charlie Books sent out this season.

Now for the letters.

TARRYALL, COLO.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
I live on a farm near Tarryall, Colo. It is a nice one; it contains one hundred and sixty acres. My father is away, so my brother and I do all the farm work. Some if it is hard, and some of it is easy. I like to work. My brother and I are training a horse to ride. I went to get on a horse and he whirled and began to buck, but I got the rest of the way on him and got him stopped. It sure was fun. I am thirteen years old but sometimes I feel like forty. I come in from the field as tired and poky as a donkey.
Yours sincerely,
HARLAND H. PATTEN.

So Harland, you are training a horse to ride are you? Well, well, that's quite an idea. I've heard of men training horses to be ridden, but I never yet heard of one being trained to ride. Well, horses have been ridden for ages, why shouldn't they have a rest now and take a ride themselves? In a circus once I saw a horse that was trained to ride an elephant. Are you going to buy an elephant Harland, for your gee gee to ride? If you are please let me know and we will have all the cousins on hand to see the sight. The Goat informs me I'm all wrong as usual and that you mean you are trying to convert a bucking broncho into a gentle saddle horse. That must be lots of fun. Harland, I fear you are doing too much work. It is not right that you should be forced to toil until you are all worn and exhausted and feel like a man of forty. The health of the nation is its most precious possession and the people of the United States are rapidly becoming invalids. Out of 11,000 men who were examined for the Navy the other day, all but a thousand were rejected as physically unfit. Better leave some of the work undone than have a physical breakdown. You are at a delicate age, when not too much exercise and plenty of rest are needed. Tell your papa what I said.

LANDIS, ARK.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
I am a country girl. I am sixteen years of age, and have blue eyes, blonde hair, am five feet five inches tall and weigh one hundred and eight pounds. My sweetheart has blue eyes, blonde hair and is twenty-two years of age and weighs one hundred and twenty-two pounds. We have been keeping company two years and have been engaged seven months. He has always treated me nicely. We are third cousins. Do you think it would be all right for third cousins to marry? He has never made a date with any other girl since we have been keeping company. He walked with a girl one time but he said he didn't walk with her over one hundred yards. Would it be proper for him to accept a tie from me? Asking you to answer and tell me if you think he is true to me or not.
I will ring off.
BESSIE LAWRENCE.

Bessie, I don't think there is any objection to third cousins marrying, nor even second cousins, if there is a record of good physical and mental health on both sides. It is only when there are hereditary taints and mental disorders that the inter-marriage of cousins accentuates these disorders and makes such marriages undesirable. So your beau only walked with that girl for one hundred yards. Ah, Bessie, I'd like to bet they were mighty long yards. He might have walked only a hundred yards, but he might have stood still every other yard for a couple of hours and so have made that hundred-yard walk last for several weeks. I think that young man will be watching. Now as regards giving that young gentleman a tie, I suppose that would be all correct, but what is he going to do with it when he gets it? Who is going to help you dig that tie up, and don't you know if you start appropriating railway ties, you are liable to be arrested for felony? Then too you might cause a wreck. What's that Billy? She means a tie to wear round her best fellow's neck and not a railroad tie? Excuse me. You see it is twenty years since I had a tie round my neck, and as these are practical days when lumber is scarce and costly, it's not to be wondered at that I am liable to get a little mixed occasionally. Wait a couple of years, Bessie, before you get married. Four years is a good time to wait. You are twenty years below the normal weight for a girl of your height, and that young man of yours needs another twenty pounds. I hope Bessie, by now you have sacrificed him to his country and that he is in the army gaining weight and experience that will make him a better and more efficient citizen, and a more capable defender of his wife and his country.

MAZENOD, SASK., CAN.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
I have not seen many letters from Saskatchewan printers. Do many Canadians take COMFORT, Uncle? (Yes, thousands of them Uncle C.)
We came to this country from Michigan. We like it fine here. It is a little cold in winter though. This is a great country for raising all kinds of grain. Last year we raised wheat, oats, flax and barley. We own a half section of land, that is, three hundred and twenty acres. We just live in a sod house now, but we are planning to have a large and better building in a year or two. Uncle, I am sending you some snapshots I took with my camera. I like to take pictures and have quite a collection. I am planning to have a nice flower garden this year. Two years ago our municipality had a Junior's Fall fair. I received five dollars, first prize for the best potatoes; first prize of one dollar for a three minute address on any subject. (My subject was, "A Progressive Farmer"), second prize, fifty cents, for bread, and second prize, fifty cents, for a drawing of our schoolhouse and grounds. I think it is a good thing to have those fairs as it encourages the children to be producers.

The one who received the most prizes got a scholarship of one hundred dollars.
My, but this war is terrible. I was glad to hear that the United States had declared war against Germany.
My brother is fifteen years old. He is not quite old enough to fight. I heard they had the Czar of Russia locked up. I guess that is the place for him. Well Uncle, I guess you and the Goat will both be angry with me for staying so long. I am seventeen years of age, five feet seven inches tall, have dark gray eyes and brown hair. Your niece,
MABEL ERB. (League No. 42,667.)

Thanks Mabel, for your newsy, chatty letter, and the pretty pictures that accompanied it. I don't wonder you got a prize for potatoes. We could not make out what those peculiar cylindrical things in the picture were. The Goat thought they were watermelons. Maria thought they were Zeppelins, and I hazarded a guess that they were footballs or balloons. They remind me of potatoes we used to have out West. I was staying on a ranch and volunteered to go out and dig up a few potatoes for dinner. It took me three hours to uncover the top of one, and then we had to get dynamite to blast it out of its earthly bed. Whenever we wanted potatoes for dinner we used to go to this grand potato and excavate a few square yards. People who live in the effete East have simply no conception of the tremendous size of the potatoes that are raised on the virgin soil of our Western states. What a lot of prizes you have won, Mabel! I did not know there was so much money in Canada. Just hold on to that money, and I will come up and help you spend it. Billy the Goat has joined a canning club and wants to know if Canada is the



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place where cans come from. Billy the Goat is most anxious to can Bill Bryan, then he's going to can all the pacifists that the government hasn't already canned, and too he's going to can all the kings and queens. Later on he is going to can the Kaiser and his friends Stone and La Follette. We are also tickled to bits that Uncle Sam has gone into the canning business in time to prevent the War Lord gentleman with the mailed fist from canning Texas, New Mexico and California. No, they have not got the Czar of Russia locked up, Mabel, they have got him canned and that is better still. It is a pity we could not grab some of the anarchists, impossibilists and extreme socialists who are doing their level best to spoil the whole Russian revolution and turn their country into a jungle and can them too. Canada has done gloriously well in this war. If we had got on the job as soon as she did the war would have been over long ago. If you are going to put out a fire put it out before it has time to spread. That is the only safe, sane and sensible way.

ALBUQUERQUE, 710 N. 6th St., N. MEX.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
I am going on a claim shortly so I can raise that one potato I spoke of recently. Well Uncle, give us some more talks on the churches. I am a mother of five children and it seems almost impossible to keep them in Sunday School as everything is so high here. Four potatoes for twenty-five cents.

I think I am as good a Christian as my neighbor who goes every Sunday to church. The question is can one be a good Christian and never go to church. On the wages my husband makes I can't afford to dress well enough to go, as the children come first. Well, Uncle, I consider you lucky to own a goat. If the high cost of living keeps up we'll all be glad to be goats and eat tin cans. With love,
MRS. GEORGE FRANKLIN.

Don't keep your children out of Sunday School dear friend, because potatoes are dear. Everybody understands (or should understand) that the whole world, or at least the greater part of it, is going through its Gethsemane right now. On the way this country plays its part in this terrific world crisis rests the whole future of mankind. As long as the women of America can feed their children, how they are dressed matters little. Personally I think it would be a glorious thing, if, while this bloody conflict is going on, the women and children could adopt some kind of semi-uniform as simple and convenient as the Khaki worn by the man, and put gaudy trappings aside. We are on the whole the most over-dressed nation in the world and we talk more about clothes than any people on earth. Looks and duds are the main topics in nearly every magazine one opens. The war has led to simplicity in dress in the old world, why not here? Our girls seem to be trying to imitate war fashions in the matter of dress, or lack of dress, for most of them don't wear enough clothing to flag a hand car or make a pair of pants for a humming bird. The modern mother too often is a slave to her children, and she would starve herself and go around all the year in a gunny sack if she could succeed in making her pampered brats resemble a bunch of brazen chorused girls. I don't believe children like to be all dolled up like a sore thumb, or like a millionaire's Christmas tree in fact I know they don't. This competition amongst mothers as to whose kid shall most nearly resemble the feathered denizens of a Brazilian forest, is all wrong. The more people have on their backs, as a rule, the less they have in their heads and pocket-books. The great Count Tolstoy clothed himself in the costume of the Russian peasant. He wanted to get down to Christ like simplicity. The barefoot business however is dangerous. You don't need to do the Tolstoy act, and you mothers don't need to worry so much about clothes. It is what the children have inside their heads and not what they have on their backs that counts, and it's mighty little any of you worry as to what the girls have in their heads. Going to church doesn't make one a good Christian, but all good Christians ought to go to church at least once a week. If we can pack the movie picture theaters every night, we ought to be able to pack the temples of our God once a week, and the churches will be packed when we get the right

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 21.)

Nerine's Second Choice

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

You had better write to your sister and brother at once. But tell me about the book? Have you always had it? And could you never find the key?"

"The key is the strangest part of it. I found the book this winter in Mr. Mayne's room. That was the first of the queer things. And Mrs. Simpson is the last."

Sitting on the stile, in the warm morning sunshine, she told him of the robbery of the silver; of finding her skirt in Mrs. Simpson's house; of the book with "C. Mayne" on it—evidently taken at the same time.

"And now I find my mother's key, and Mrs. Simpson says she has had it for ages!" She paused for a few moments, and then added: "What do you think? What would you do?"

"I think," said Fairfax slowly, "that you are the bravest little lady in this world."

Nerine flushed scarlet at this praise.

"Oh, nonsense!" she said; "I do things from anger, not courage. I was deathly frightened when I shoved the silver into the chimney."

"It is all the more to be proud of, then, that you did it. Look here, Miss Lispenard! You have found out that Mr. Mayne has deceived you about your age, while he appropriated an extra two years' income. Well, I think you are going to discover more facts about him, if you act carefully with Mrs. Simpson."

"What do you mean?" Nerine asked, very pale.

"I mean that I think Mayne is—Mr. Simpson!"

"So do I." She put her hand on his arm excitedly. "I feel as if I must go back to Mrs. Simpson at once, and get all out of her," she cried. "Would you? Or would you wait till tomorrow?"

"You are sure she does not know who you are?"

He would have liked to kiss the brave little hand lying on his arm, but he did not even look at it.

"Yes, certain. She has been going to ask me what my name was twenty times, but I have always put her off the subject."

"Well, she is tied by the ankle. She can't get away from you, and I think you have had quite enough of her for today. Why not go home, and write to your brother and sister, and tell them what you have found out before you try any more?"

"I think I will. Do you know," half laughing, as she slipped down from the stile, "I feel quite ridiculously tired."

She was very silent all the way to Combs Farm; she was tired, indeed, and her face was very white when they reached the door.

"Good by," Fairfax said. "You look quite done up. Take the advice of an experienced and elderly person, and eat all the lunch you can obtain."

"I don't think I want to eat; I never can eat when I'm angry; and"—she clinched her slim young hand—"you can't imagine how I'm feeling about Clarence Mayne."

"That is a waste of energy," he returned, quietly. "You are just beginning to get the upper hand of him; you ought to feel rejoiced instead of angry. It is Mr. Mayne," smilingly, "whose impotent rage, if he knew of your discoveries, should prevent him from enjoying his meals."

The girl surveyed him gravely, with eyes very dark from worry and fatigue. What was there about him which made him so good to rely upon?

"You are quite right," she gave him a rather pale and weary smile, "but I am so accustomed to being defeated in my battles with Mr. Mayne that I am not very sanguine about this one."

"I am," Fairfax returned, firmly. "Now, do go in, and if you really can't eat, have a sleep."

"Oh! Aren't you?" He laughed as he took off his cap and departed.

Sleepy or not, she was glad to lie down on her bed when she got up-stairs, and let nurse bring her some luncheon on a tray. Every limb ached; and when nurse, unbidden, drew down the blinds, the girl turned her head restfully on her pillow and fell into a sound sleep of exhaustion.

It was four o'clock when she woke. She sat upright and looked about the room, full of the soft, mellow light of an afternoon sun through the blinds. She felt rested, and herself again, but as she put her feet on the floor and felt for her shoes, a sudden strange feeling came over her. Mrs. Simpson was alone in that cottage;

The Kingdom of Our Birthright

In running this series we are not advocating belief in astrology or faith in the pretended talismanic charm of birth-stones, although these beliefs have persisted from remote antiquity and have not a few devotees even in this present age of reason. Yet as myths and superstitions that have dominated through the ages they possess historic interest and educational value. Miss September will appear with a pleasing message next month.—EDITOR.



MISS AUGUST.

HE sign Virgo (The Maiden) is strongest felt from August 22 to September 23, and influences that great vital function, the solar plexus, which controls the digestive forces, and may be called the chemist of the human organism. "Eat after your own fashion; clothe yourself as others do," is an old adage not to be despised by persons born under this sign, for the appetite will dictate what they should eat, if allowed to. The desire for food and its digestion will be controlled by the general physical condition, work and surroundings, and such persons should get far away from the idea that when the appetite lags, it should be whipped into activity by highly seasoned foods, or stimulating drinks. Artificial stimulation of the gastric juices leads to enervation of the digestive organs, which is but the beginning of a long line of disorders. Fasting and sleep are Nature's restorative for such persons, if they would accomplish all that nature intended. "As a man eats, so he works."

Men and women born under this sign have unusual aptitude for learning and teaching. They possess fine discriminating powers, and will succeed wherever accuracy and rapidity are the qualifications, and develop great endurance if their duties are in accord with their natural impulses. They are very sensitive to flaws in color combinations, things awry, or discordant sounds.

Such women are devoted and worshipful and control husband and children by a natural, pure love that quickly discerns anything destructive to their well-being, and will rally all their forces to its elimination. They make acceptable companions to their children in all outdoor pleasures, and have youthful endurance.

The children may be peculiar about their diet, and what appears to be notional, is but nature's way of expressing their needs. Their senses are acute, and any extended sickness will greatly reduce them. They should choose their own vocations, guiding them only through education and developing a tendency toward greater deliberation before action. They will readily follow studies pertaining to anatomy, physiology and chemistry.

The August Birth-stone is Sardonyx for Happiness

Lovers born in August may proudly wear a sardonyx engagement ring, for it symbolizes hap-

py and good luck to her at once. Everything depended on it.

"Oh, what nonsense!" half aloud. "The woman had been alone there for years, and what was this afternoon more than another? Besides, she could not go. Mr. Fairfax was coming over with Tommy, and it would be rude to go out."

Yet, even as she laughed at herself, she was bathing her face and dressing with steady haste in her blue serge frock, with the book in the pocket. It was odd that when Fairfax was coming to tea, she did not put on her black frock;

and is very beautiful as well, being a variety of onyx and consisting of alternate layers of sand and milky-white chalcedony.

The Ancients prized it very highly for the making of cameos, and in preparing for some noble mission, or when some great contest was on foot, that happiness might follow, the sword-hilt was often ornamented with sardonyx and an amulet of the same jewel worn next to the heart, carrying the symbol of their hope. Faith in the tradition of the gem caused the brave to be braver, and the strong, stronger.

Happiness is entirely from within and defies conditions; it is more from enjoying than possessing. Its first principle is the love of something outside of self. There must be the incentive to labor, to concentrate on the deeper and simpler things of life, which take away all desire for sham and pretense. The wife who can, with a modest income, concentrate on making her home bright and happy, so that it shall be the cleanest, sweetest, most cheerful place her husband can find refuge in, has found happiness in her consciousness of well-doing. The husband who appreciates a standard of living, who is unselfish and kind, ever ready to hearten the struggling ones, who makes himself something more than "the man that pays the bills," is certain to reap a reward of happiness.

Miss August, in her tennis costume, comes to proclaim the gospel of the great outdoors, where the very essence of happiness reigns; where, with head and chest up, and shoulders back, you give yourself a chance to breathe. Miss August tells us the familiar fact that it is difficult to walk, just for the sake of walking, which alone is sufficient reason why outdoor sports should be cultivated. Furthermore, that the best kind of exercise is that which works, at the same time, both brain and muscle, and here no greater opportunity is offered "an the diversion of the fields, streams and woods."

If you are not blessed with a family for companions, write some congenial spirit to meet you just as "Old Sol" peeps up over the distant hills and hie yourself to the woods and stream, clad in raiment and footwear conducive to a cheerful frame of mind. It is life, and when you recall the orders of the doctor to walk with shoulders squared and chest arched, you will discover the fact that you are already doing so.

Wear the birth-stone and seek the simple, deeper things of life, that you may be happy and healthy.

How to Make Miss August

To make Miss August, shape a doll from white cloth and stuff with cotton or sawdust. Cover with yellow crepe paper, representing a princess dress. Make buttons of red and tie to match; also put a touch of red on a white paper cap. In the right hand fasten a racquet made by covering a heavy cardboard racquet shaped, with brown wrapping paper, and represent the stringing with wrapping twine. In the left hand fasten a round button or marble to represent a tennis ball. Outline face with water colors.

oddier still that she pinned her hat to her coils of black hair and put on her jacket.

Fairfax, established comfortably in the sitting-room, with May and Joan hanging over the recovered and life-like Tommy, heard the front door shut sharply, but took no especial notice. Joan had informed him on his arrival that Nerine was sound asleep in the middle of the day. "And nurse said we was not to disturb her on any account"—Joan was fond of n's—"for she looked very poorly."

So his advice had been taken. Mr. Fairfax

subdued his soul to patience, and sat conversing with the two children quite contentedly till nurse entered with the tea tray, half an hour behind time.

"I was waiting for Miss Lispenard to ring. Miss May," she said as she put it down, vexed that her nurslings should be kept waiting.

"She's asleep," Joan returned, promptly. "I shall pour out."

"She was, Miss Joan; but she's up and gone out, this hour and a half gone. I did not have her told that you were here, sir," turning apologetically to the secretly dismayed visitor, "fearing to disturb her; but when I went to see if she was awake, Mrs. Palmer told me that she saw her going out about four o'clock. Will you be pleased to take a cup of tea, sir, with my young ladies?"

"Thank you, nurse, if Miss Joan will pour it out for me."

Even in his annoyance and secret uneasiness about Nerine, he could not disappoint the children by flying off after her without his tea. But he swallowed it very perilously hot, and ate his cake in indigestible gulps, allowing only a sufficient time to pass to save appearances in the astute eyes of the stout and respectful nurse, before he seized his cap and stick and went off at a good round pace in the wake of Miss Lispenard; for, in spite of his excellent advice as to waiting, of course she had gone straight back to Mrs. Simpson.

At all events, he would be in time to walk home with her. He wished he dared scold her well for her childish impatience. Surely Mayne had enjoyed her money for so long that another day could not matter.

He was very warm, and rather put out, by the time he reached the stile nearest the cottage. Not because Miss Lispenard had gone out when she knew he was coming (hunting through his pockets for a match to light his pipe; and smoke while waiting), but because it was so unsafe for her to be alone with that abominable woman, who might be drunk and violent, and half kill the girl.

He sat smoking, with his eyes on the cottage, waiting for her to come out. Presently he saw a figure coming round the back corner of the house. It was not Nerine, it was a man, and he was making his way very quietly and cautiously past the kitchen window to the door.

The kitchen door was fast, and the man tried the window, wiping his fingers fastidiously after their contact with the damp frame. Then, more cautiously than ever, he passed round to the front door and disappeared from the watcher on the stile.

"Now, I wonder what that means," Mr. Fairfax observed.

He put his hot pipe in his pocket, regardless of a good coat which did not deserve such treatment, and walked toward the cottage, with his hands in his pockets.

Through the open door came a sound of voices; as he listened one rose shrill and furious.

"I tell you I'll kill you if you lay a finger on the girl!"

Mr. Fairfax took his hands out of his pockets and disappeared within the door.

CHAPTER XXV.

PREPARING THE NET.

Mrs. Simpson had looked up joyfully as Nerine tapped at her window before letting herself in at the front door. She was flushed and lovely after her hasty walk from the farm, and rather mischievously pleased at having left Fairfax in the lurch, for he really was too silly with his warnings about the cottage.

"Here I am, after all," she cried; "just in good time to have a cup of tea. Down, Snap, my dear—down!" as the dog jumped joyfully up at her. "Run out, Snappy, and have a run while I make some tea for us all."

"I feel gladder than ever to see you, the day's been that long, and I've been nervous somehow. I was wishing terribly that you'd come when you knocked at the window."

"Perhaps your wishes brought me," smiling, as she came back from filling the kettle in the kitchen, "or perhaps I just wanted to come. I wish I had brought some bread and butter; you must be very tired of biscuits."

"I never eat bread or meat," with a superior air. "But I wish you wouldn't wait on me; I was trying my foot a while since, and it's quite strong."

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SEPTEMBER COMFORT

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Crumbs of Comfort

Lack of labor is not rest.
Idleness is paid in poverty.
A great mark is soonest hit.
Betting is the fool's argument.
A little bait may catch a big fish.
Ducks lay eggs; geese lay wagers.
The Devil put the "dice" in Paradise.
The noblest motive is the public good.
Follow the river and you will reach the sea.
Youth is an intoxication sobered only by age.
It takes all a lazy person's time to do nothing.
Gray hairs may indicate age, but not wisdom.
They, who forgive most, shall be most forgiven.
Great riches and great poverty are alike stubborn.
To die and part is a lesser evil than to part and live.
Be not clay in the hands of the potter—be the potter.
Industry is Fortune's right hand, and frugality her left.
What some sermons lack in depth, is made up in length.
If you would create something, you must be something.
Party is the madness of the many for the gain of the few.
A poor reason weakens the good ones you may have given.
Consider an enemy a lion until you prove him to be a mouse.
Show is not substance. The world is easily deceived by ornament.
All are born to observe good order, but few are born to establish it.
If the wise were as zealous as the fools there would be fewer fools.
Pride is the master sin of the Devil, and the Devil is the father of lies.
Remembrance is the only paradise out of which we can not be driven.
A room hung with good pictures is a room hung with good thoughts.
Every parting is a form of death, as every reunion is a type of heaven.
Half the world must be blind for it can see nothing except what glitters.
Union through pain has always seemed more real and holy than any other.
Things without remedy should be without regard—stop worrying about them.
The trimming on the clothes of a vain world would clothe all the naked ones.
Fishes live in the sea as men do on land, the little ones to be eaten by the big ones.
Be just and fear not; let all the ends you aim at be your country's, your God's and truth's.
Passions at first are in our power, but when they are well started they sweep away our resolution.

By Mrs. Georgie Sheldon

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 18.)

IN & AROUND The HOME

Conducted By
Mrs. Wheeler Wilkinson

Terms Used in Crochet

Ch. st., chain stitch, simply a series of loops or stitches each drawn with the hook through the preceding one; s. c., single crochet, having a loop on hook insert hook in work as indicated, draw loop through thread over, and draw through both loops; d. c., double crochet, thread over hook, insert hook in work, draw loop through, thread over draw through two loops, thread over, draw through two loops; tr. c., treble crochet, thread over hook twice, then work off as in double crochet, there being three groups of two loops to work off instead of two; h. tr., half treble, same as tr. c., only work off two loops, thread over and then through three loops; d. tr., double treble crochet, thread over three times, hook through work, thread over and draw through one loop, giving five on hook, thread over and work off by two; sl. st., slip stitch, insert hook in work, draw loop through work and loop on hook at the same time; p. picot, a picot is formed on a chain by catching back in the fourth st., or as indicated and working a sl. st. r. st., roll stitch, throw the thread over the needle as many times as indicated, insert hook in the work, thread over, pull through coil or roll, thread over, draw through the one loop on hook. The roll when completed is straight, with a thread the length of roll along its side. The length or size of a roll is regulated by the number of times the thread is thrown over; o. over, thread over hook the number of times indicated; k. st., knot stitch, draw out loop about one quarter inch, catch thread and pull through, then put the hook between the drawn loop and the thread just pulled through, catch the thread, draw through these two stitches to form the knot; blk., block, a st. in each of a given number of sts., preceded and followed by a space; sp., space, a space is formed by making a chain of 3 or 4 sts. and omitting the same number of sts. in preceding row; sk., skip, to miss or omit number of stitches indicated in preceding row; p. c., padding cord; * stars mean that the directions given between them should be repeated as indicated before proceeding.

Terms Used in Knitting

K. knit plain; o. over; o. 2, over twice; n. narrow 2 stitches together; p. purl, meaning an inversion of stitches; sl. slip a stitch; tog. together; sl. and b., slip and bind; k. p. knit plain; stars and parenthesis indicate repetition.

Square of Filet Crochet for a Bedspread

MATERIALS required, ecru or white mercerized crochet cotton No. 10 or 15, and a suitable steel hook.

Begin by making a chain 122 sts. The pattern is wholly of spaces and blocks. A block is made by working 4 double sts. a space, by working 2 double sts. separated by a ch. of 2.

1st row.—1 d. c. in the 6th st., ch. 2, slip 2, 1 d. c. in third stitch, continue in the way, making all 39 spaces, ch. 6, turn.

2nd row.—2 sps., 3 blocks made by putting 1 d. c. in each st. of 3 sps., 7 sps., 1 blk., 2 sps., 4 blks., 1 sp., 4 blks., 2 sps., 1 blk., 7 sps., 3 blks., 2 sps., ch. 6, turn.

3rd row.—1 sp., 1 blk., 3 sps., 1 blk., 5 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 2 blks., 2 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 2 sps., 2 blks., 1 sp., 1 blk., 5 sps., 1 blk., 3 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., ch. 6, turn.

4th row.—1 sp., 1 blk., 3 sps., 1 blk., 4 sps., 1 blk., 2 sps., 1 blk., 2 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 3 blks., 1 sp., 1 blk., 2 sps., 1 blk., 2 sps., 1 blk., 4 sps., 1 blk., 3 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., ch. 6, turn.

5th row.—1 sp., 1 blk., 3 sps., 1 blk., 3 sps., 1 blk., 5 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 2 blks., 1 sp., 2 blks., 1 sp., 1 blk., 5 sps., 1 blk., 3 sps., 1 blk., 3 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., ch. 6, turn.

6th row.—2 sps., 3 blks., 1 sp., 3 blks., 5 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 2 blks., 2 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 5 sps., 3 blks., 1 sp., 3 blks., 2 sps., ch. 6, turn.

7th row.—5 sps., 1 blk., 6 sps., 2 blks., 1 sp., 2 blks., 2 sps., 1 blk., 2 sps., 2 blks., 1 sp., 2 blks., 6 sps., 1 blk., 5 sps., ch. 6, turn.

8th row.—5 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 5 blks., 2 sps., 2 blks., 2 sps., 3 blks., 2 sps., 2 blks., 2 sps., 5 blks., 1 sp., 1 blk., 5 sps., ch. 6, turn.

9th row.—5 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 5 sps., 2 blks., 2 sps., 2 blks., 1 sp., 2 blks., 2 sps., 2 blks., 5 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 5 sps., ch. 6, turn.

10th row.—4 sps., 1 blk., 2 sps., 1 blk., 4 sps., 2 blks., 2 sps., 2 blks., 3 sps., 2 blks., 2 sps., 2 blks., 4 sps., 1 blk., 2 sps., 1 blk., 4 sps., ch. 6, turn.

11th row.—3 sps., 1 blk., 3 sps., 1 blk., 3 sps., 2 blks., 2 sps., 2 blks., 2 sps., 1 blk., 2 sps., 2 blks., 2 sps., 2 blks., 3 sps., 1 blk., 3 sps., 1 blk., 3 sps., ch. 6, turn.

12th row.—2 sps., 1 blk., 4 sps., 1 blk., 2 sps., 2 blks., 3 sps., 1 blk., 2 sps., 1 blk., 2 sps., 2 blks., 2 sps., 1 blk., 2 sps., 2 blks., 2 sps., 1 blk., 4 sps., 1 blk., 2 sps., ch. 6, turn.

13th row.—1 sp., 1 blk., 4 sps., 1 blk., 2 sps., 2 blks., 4 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 3 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 4 sps., 2 blks., 2 sps., 1 blk., 4 sps., 2 blks., 2 sps., 1 blk., 4 sps., ch. 6, turn.

14th row.—2 sps., 2 blks., 2 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 2 blks., 5 sps., 1 blk., 2 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 2 sps., 2 blks., 2 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 2 sps., 2 blks., 2 sps., ch. 6, turn.

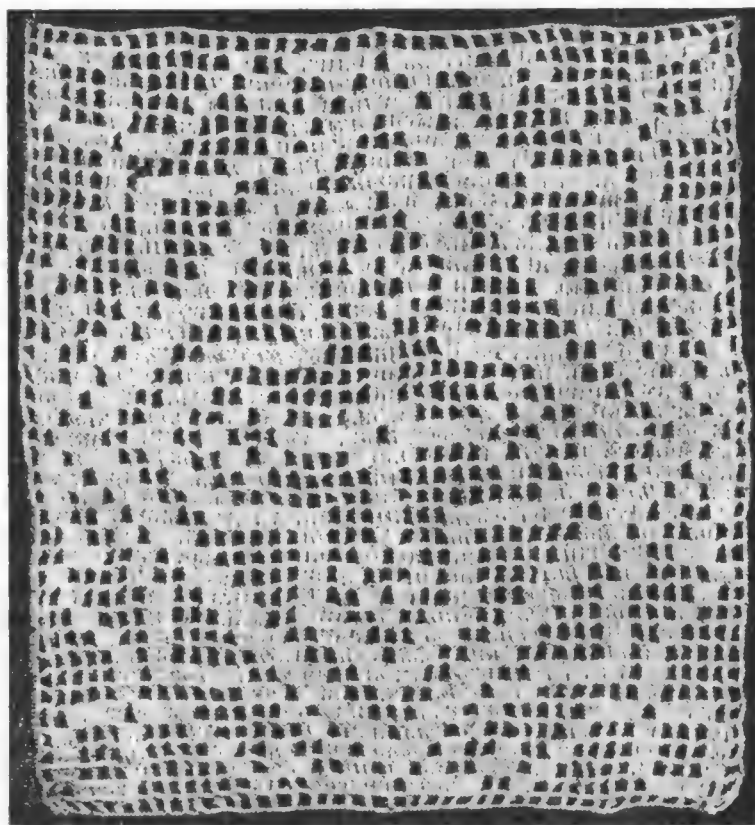
15th row.—2 sps., 1 blk., 2 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 2 blks., 6 sps., 1 blk., 3 sps., 1 blk., 3 sps., 1 blk., 6 sps., 2 blks., 1 sp., 1 blk., 2 sps., 1 blk., 2 sps., ch. 6, turn.

16th row.—1 sp., 1 blk., 2 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 2 blks., 2 sps., 6 blks., 3 sps., 1 blk., 3 sps., 6 blks., 2 sps., 2 blks., 1 sp., 1 blk., 2 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., ch. 6, turn.

17th row.—1 sp., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 1 sp., 2 blks., 2 sps., 2 blks., 8 sps., 1 blk., 8 sps., 2 blks., 2 sps., 2 blks., 1 sp., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 1 sp., ch. 6, turn.

18th row.—1 sp., 2 blks., 1 sp., 2 blks., 2 sps., through 12th st. of ch. make 1 puff, ch. 1, 9 s. c., ch. 1, turn.

3rd row.—9 s. c., 1 puff in 10th st., ch. 1, 1 s. c. in center s. c. 1 puff in 12th st., ch. 1, 9 s. c., ch. 1, turn.



CROCHETED BEDSPREAD SQUARE. By Mrs. A. Joseph.

2 blks., 2 sps., 1 blk., 6 sps., 1 blk., 6 sps., 1 blk., 2 sps., 2 blks., 2 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 2 blks., 1 sp., ch. 6, turn.

19th row.—1 sp., 1 blk., 1 sp., 2 blks., 2 sps., 2 blks., 2 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 4 sps., 3 blks., 4 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 2 sps., 2 blks., 2 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 2 sps., 2 blks., 2 sps., ch. 6, turn.

20th row.—2 sps., 2 blks., 2 sps., 2 blks., 2 sps., 1 blk., 3 sps., 5 blks., 1 sp., 5 blks., 3 sps., 1 blk., 2 sps., 2 blks., 2 sps., 2 blks., 2 sps., ch. 6, turn.

21st row.—Same as 19th row.

22nd row.—Same as 18th row.

23rd row.—Same as 17th row.

24th row.—Same as 16th row.

25th row.—Same as 15th row. Continue in this way. After reaching the center of the square the pattern is simply repeated as shown in the illustration. In making a counterpane all of the squares can be worked alike, or every other square can be all spaces or all solid double crochet. Or a row of squares can be joined by strips, half the width, of solid crochet of an entirely different stitch. However, in either case, in finishing the spread, it is best to make a border of close work of some kind, as it will wear much better.

Also, if one prefers, treble crochet can be used throughout instead of the double, as this being a little longer stitch the work can be done somewhat quicker.

Mrs. A. Joseph.

Knitting Bags

As every one is knitting nowadays, and much of the work is on big articles—sweaters etc. which bulk up pretty well as they near completion, big roomy bags are a real necessity.

Bright flowered cretonne is perhaps the most popular material, although goods of all sorts from khaki to silk can be used.

One of the newest bags called the Uncle Sam Knitting Bag is of khaki colored linen. The front and back pieces being cut in the shape of a shield which is outlined with narrow red, white and blue ribbon. A straight piece 20 inches wide and a yard and one half long is filled and sewed around the sides and bottom of the shield.

Another bag, such as is here illustrated, can be very easily made and is handy and practical. As shown it is developed of cretonne lined with plain satteen. The bottom is a seven-inch circle of pasteboard covered.

Cut material a yard and a quarter by 16 inches, seam up and join to circle. Cover four or five-inch embroidery hoop with ribbon and to this attach a band one and one half inches wide by eight long, sewing the lower end of the strip across the seam of the band, near the bottom as shown.

This bag is roomy can be easily closed by gathering up the top and slipping through the ring, and conveniently carried by slipping on the arm.

Sleeveless Sweater for Army or Navy

For the benefit of our readers we give these directions, as furnished by the COMFORT'S Committee of the Navy League. If one desires, all finished articles can be sent to this League 509 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Material required—Three quarter lbs. of gray Scotch knitting yarn.

Cast on 84 stitches. Knit 2, purl 2, until work measures 4 inches. Knit plain until work measures 23 inches. Knit 23 stitches, bind off 24 sts. for neck.

Knit 28 sts.

Knit 7 ribs (14 rows) on each shoulder, cast on 24 sts. Knit plain for 19 inches. Purl 2, knit 2 sts. for 4 inches. Sew up sides leaving 9 inches for armholes.

Crocheted Four-in-Hand

(REQUESTED)

One spool motor silk, 1 No. 8, steel crochet hook.

1st row.—Make ch. 22 sts., turn, 21 s. c. on ch.

2nd row.—Ch. 1, 9 s. c.; be sure to take up both loops of each st., draw loop through 10th st. of ch., take off both sts., make 1 puff by making long single through st. in previous row. Ch. 1, 1 s. c. in next st.; draw loop

4th row.—9 s. c., draw loop through puff in preceding row, ch. 1, 1 s. c., 1 puff, ch. 1, 9 s. c., ch. 1, turn.

Repeat until the measures 14 or 15 inches. Decrease 1 st., each side by skipping 2nd st. every other row, (always be sure to take up first and last sts.)

Make 13 or 14 inches for band 9 s. c. wide. Increase 1 st. each side every 2nd row by making 2 s. c. into first and last sts. on edge of first row from neck-band. Make 6 s. c., 1 puff, ch. 1, 1 s. c., 1 puff, ch. 1, 6 s. c., increase until you have 19 sts.

Then crochet 12 inches more. To finish last row leave long thread of silk, thread sewing needle and pass same through every st., thus making a cord-like finish similar to other end.

Hand Knit Petticoat for Five-Year-Old Child

Cast 10 stitches of split zephyr on a medium-sized steel knitting needle and knit across plain.

1st row.—K. 4, o. n., o. n., o. n., k. 2.

2nd row.—K. 7, o. n., o. n., o. n., k. 2.

3rd row.—K. 8, o. n., o. n., o. n., k. 2.

4th row.—Bind off 4 sts. to make the little scallop, k. 11, o. n., o. n., o. n., k. 2 and bind off 4 to make little scallop opposite.

5th row.—Continue, from this row, to knit back and forth, widening each row by the over before the last 2 sts., binding off, each side 3 sts., to make the scallops, as above.

When there are 25 scallops, k. 7, o. n., o. n., 4 times, k. 4, o. n., o. n., o. n., k. 2. Continue this way, back and forth, binding off 4 sts., each side, as before, for scallops, till 7 rows are knit. Then o. n., 5 times in the middle back and forth for 8 rows. Then o. n. 7 times, back and forth, in the middle. As before o. n., o. n., o. n., k. 2, and bind off 4, when knitting the o. n. rows in the middle. When as long as wanted, narrow off by knitting 2 less stitches each side, every other row and finish the bottom with a scallop.

Five of these sections make the front of the petticoat, by sewing the scallops, point to point, with needle and thread.

The back of the petticoat can be knit plain. Divide the sts., evenly on two needles and k. 1, p. one row for a finger's length. Then k. all the sts. on one needle, which makes and joins the placket. Finish the bottom with a lace edging or turn up and hem.

Georgia T. Drennan.

A Change Purse

This convenient little purse is very pretty made up of ecru or greyish pearl cotton and of either of these shades will give a season's wear without becoming soiled or shabby in appearance.

It is made lengthwise and as shown measures 3 1/2 by 2 inches. The size may however be varied very easily and the open-work pattern remain the same, by simply adding to width or length of the work.

To make a purse this size make a chain 8 inches long, add 3 sts., turn, make 1 d. c. in fourth st. from hook, and 1 d. c. in every other st. of ch., ch. 3, turn.

2nd row.—1 d. c., ch. 2, sk. 2, 1 d. c., thus making 1 space, repeat, making 8 more sps., 1 d. c. in each st. for next 4 1/2 inches, 1 sp., 1 d. c. in each st. to end of row, ch. 3, turn.

3rd row.—1 d. c. on each d. c. to meet in 3 doubles of sp. in last row, then ch. 2, sk. 2 d. c.

1 d. c., 1 sp. over sp., ch. 2, sk. 2, 1 d. c., thus making 3 sps. over 1 sp., 1 d. c. in each st. to next sp., 3 d. c. over first sp., 7 sps., 5 d. c., ch. 3, turn.

4th row.—5 d. c., 3 d. c. over sp., 5 sps., 1 d. c. on each d. c., to next group of sps., then 5 sps. made over 3 sps. in same way as explained in last row, ch. 3, turn.

5th row.—Doubles, 7 sps. over 5 sps., doubles, 3 sps. over 5 sps., doubles to finish row, ch. 3, turn.

6th row.—Doubles, 1 sp. over 3 sps., doubles, 9 sps. over 7 sps., doubles to end row, ch. 3, turn.

7th row.—Doubles, 11 sps., doubles to end of row, ch. 3, turn.

8th row.—Doubles, 1 sp. opposite last sp., doubles, 9 sps. over 11 sps., doubles, ch. 3, turn.

9th row.—Doubles, 7 sps. over 9 sps., doubles, 3 sps. over 1 sp., doubles to end row, ch. 3, turn.

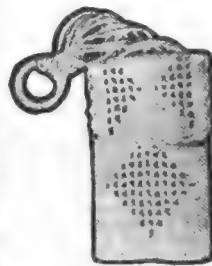
10th row.—Doubles, 5 sps. over 3 sps., doubles, 5 sps. over 7 sps., doubles, ch. 3, turn.

11th row.—Doubles, 3 sps. over 5 sps., 7 sps. over 5 sps., doubles, ch. 3, turn.

12th row.—1 double, 9 sps. over 7 sps., doubles, 3 sps. over 1 sp. over 3 sps., doubles to end row, ch. 3, turn.

13th row.—All doubles.

Finish around edge of flap with ch. 5, 1 s. c., ch. 5, and repeat. Break thread. Join in opposite end of work in top of first row, ch. 6 inches, run chain through first of spaces and back through second row of flap, then join with s. c. in end of second row. Repeat, making chains of same length from end of each row running through flap, as explained, see illustration. Crochet over small ivory or brass ring and join these chains to it.

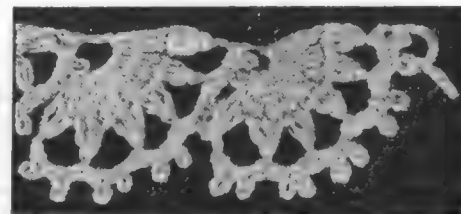


A CHANGE PURSE.

Fan and Picot Edging

The illustration shows a very dainty and attractive edging in crochet. It is not at all difficult and will make attractive trimming for summer frocks and undergarments. Use number 100 crochet cotton or number eighty linen thread. This edging made up in heavy crochet cotton will make a handsome and effective edging for scrim curtains or made in medium heavy crochet cotton in the popular sand, ecru or tan shades is appropriate for trimming linen suits etc.

To make the edging ch. 8, join in ring, ch. 3, 17 (d. c.) in the ring, ch. 3, 3 d. c. in first 3 sts.



FAN AND PICOT EDGING.

of d. c. in the ring taking off but two loops at each d. c., at the last d. c. take off all loops on the hook and this will form a point, ch. 5, and repeat until there are six points and five spaces, ch. 1 and turn; 3 (s. c.) in the last chain of 5, ch. 5 to form a picot, 3 s. c., ch. 5, form picot; repeat until there are 3 groups of singles and 2 picots in each loop when the fan will be finished. For the second fan ch. 8, catch in second picot from end of last row in first fan, ch. 3 and proceed as for first fan. By using carpet warp this pattern will make up beautifully for trimming ends of heavy crash runners or porch pillows, as of this material the edging will be about four inches wide.

Gracia Shull.

A Narrow Edging of Coronation Braid and Crochet

* cross the braid as in the illustration and a. c. 2 over the 2 bars, ch. 12, sl. 1 knot, repeat from * along the braid to length desired.



A NARROW EDGING OF CORONATION BRAID AND CROCHET.

2nd row top.—Ch. 5, sl. 2, 1 d. c. in next, * ch. 2, sl. 2, 1 d. c. in next; repeat from * along.

Lower Edge

1st row.—1 s. c. over bar, * ch. 12, 1 s. c. over knot, ch. 12, 1 s. c. over bar, ch. 10, sl. knot, 1 s. c. over bar; repeat from * along.

2nd row.—* 12 s. c. over ch. 12, 12 s. c. over next ch. 12, ch. 4, 1 s. c. over center of ch. 10, ch. 4, repeat from * to end of row; fasten off. Use braid and crochet cotton of any desired size. The edging may be used for many purposes but is especially attractive for trimming the edge of crash dollies cretonne or scrim curtains, etc.

Tatting Book Notice

In response to the demand and for the benefit of our readers who are interested in tatting, we have issued a 16-page booklet of special designs by COMFORT workers.

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KNITTING BAG.

blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 4 sps., 2 blks., 2 sps., 1 blk., 4 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., ch. 6, turn.

14th row.—2 sps., 2 blks., 2 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 2 blks., 5 sps., 1 blk., 2 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 2 sps., 1 blk., 5 sps., 2 blks., 1 sp., 1 blk., 2 sps., 2 blks., 2 sps., ch. 6, turn.

15th row.—2 sps., 1 blk., 2 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 2 blks., 6 sps., 1 blk., 3 sps., 1 blk., 3 sps., 1 blk., 6 sps., 2 blks., 1 sp., 1 blk., 2 sps., 1 blk., 2 sps., ch. 6, turn.

16th row.—1 sp., 1 blk., 2 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 2 blks., 2 sps., 6 blks., 3 sps., 1 blk., 3 sps., 6 blks., 2 sps., 2 blks., 1 sp., 1 blk., 2 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., ch. 6, turn.

Home Dressmaking Hints

Forecasts for Mid-Summer Fashions

By Geneva Gladding



LITTLE summer maidens are as much interested in the styles as "grown-ups" and are to be congratulated that their clothes may be made simple and practical. Dresses with front closing are ever popular and the low neck and short sleeves are comfortable in warm weather. Over blouse and jumper dresses may be worn with guimpes of crepe or lawn, and made of serge, gingham, linen, voile, pique and other wash fabrics.

Pattern Descriptions

ALL PATTERNS 10c. EACH
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2102—A Comfortable Dress for Mother's Girl. This style is easy to develop, and suitable for any of the materials now in vogue. The front closing is practical, and makes the garment easy to adjust. The sleeve may be in wrist length, with a band cuff, or finished in short length, with the cuff in "turnback" style.

Cut in four sizes; four, six, eight and 10 years. It requires three yards of 44-inch material, for a six-year size.

2139—A Practical and Comfortable First Set of short clothes. Lawn, cambric, batiste, dimity or crepe, silk or challie, cashmere or gabardine could be used for the dress, while cambric, crepe or lawn are desirable for dress and slip. Any desired trimming may be employed.

Cut in five sizes; one, two, three, four and five years. The dress will require two and one quarter yards of 36-inch material. The slip one and one half yard. The drawers one and one quarter yard for a four-year size.

1784—A New Blouse Dress for Mother's Girl. The entire dress may be of one material. The skirt is buttoned to the blouse at the belt. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length.

Cut in four sizes; six, eight, 10 and 12 years. It requires three and one quarter yards of 44-inch material for a 10-year size. Plaid gingham, in brown and blue tones, would be nice for this skirt, with white linen for the blouse, and collar and cuffs of the plaid.

2116—A Set of Serviceable Caps. These models are good for silk, satin, poplin, cravennette and other rubberized cloth. They are ideal for motor-ing and traveling. Pattern includes the three styles portrayed.

It is cut in two sizes; medium and large. No. 1 will require one yard. No. 2 will require seven eighths yard. No. 3 will require seven eighths yard of 27-inch material for the medium size.

2106—A Smart "Pocket" Dress for the growing girl. In brown chambray with trimming of check or plaid material to correspond, or in linen, with embroidery on collar and other trimming pieces; this style will be very attractive. The pockets may be omitted.

Cut in four sizes; eight, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires three and five eighths yards of 44-inch material for a 10-year size.

1795—A Practical and Easily Developed Outfit. This combination includes a simple one-piece dress, a comfortable undershirt or petticoat, and one-piece drawers. The dress is good for all wash fabrics. The undershirt is composed of a long-waisted body to which a straight skirt is gathered. The drawers are simple, with side seams only, thus insuring ease and comfort in wearing. Pattern includes all three garments.

Cut in five sizes; two, three, four, five and six years. It requires seven eighths yard for the drawers, one and one half yard for the undershirt, and two and one eighth yards for the dress, of 36-inch material, for a four-year size.

2142—A Simple Summer Gown. The skirt may be made without the ruffle heading. The style is nice for shantung, crepe, novelty silk, challie, batiste, voile, bordered and embroidered materials.

Cut in three sizes; 16, 18 and 20 years. It requires for an 18-year size six and three eighths yards of 36-inch material. The skirt measures about two and one quarter yards at the foot.

2128—A Stylish, Attractive Model. As here portrayed the skirt section is fitted with wide plaits and joined to a long waist, in moyer age style. The collar may be finished in straight or notched outline; the sleeve in wrist or elbow length.

Cut in three sizes; 16, 18 and 20 years. It requires five and one half yards of 44-inch material for an 18-year size.

2122—Ladies' One-piece dress. This popular design is easy to develop and suitable for any of the pretty summer fabrics. The sleeve is quaint in wrist length with the ruffled edge and new and smart in its bell shape.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires eight yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size.

2140—A Popular Model. These dresses in "one-piece" effects are very attractive and comfortable. The sleeve may be finished without the cuff, in bell style. Pattern is good for all wash fabrics, silk, voile, embroidered and bordered goods.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires seven yards of 36-inch material.

2117—Waist. 2126—Skirt. A Pleasing Combination. The waist pattern, 2117 is cut in seven sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires two and one half yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size.

The skirt 2126 is cut in seven sizes; 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. It requires three yards of 44-inch material for a 24-inch size. Two separate patterns, ten cents for each pattern.

2123—A Simple Dress for the little girl. One-piece dresses are always becoming to little children and so simple to make that they are a comfort to mothers. The sleeve is pretty in the bell shape and in wrist length will be equally attractive and nice for cool days.

Cut in four sizes; two, four, six and eight years. It requires three yards of 36-inch material for a six-year size.

2134—Boys' Blouse and Trousers. This model is ideal for warm weather, with the low neck and short sleeves, and the trousers with straight lower edge. The blouse and trousers may be of the same material, or the blouse may be of linen or other wash fabric and the trousers of serge or cloth.

Cut in four sizes; four, six, eight and 10 years. Size eight will require three yards of 36-inch material.

9163—Infant's Set, consisting of a cap, sack, night gown and a dress. For the dress or flouncing, it will require one and three quarter yard of 36-inch material with one and one quarter yard of plain material for yoke and sleeves. Of nain-sook or lawn 36 inches wide it will require two and one quarter yards. The gown will require two and one half yards of 24 or 27-inch material. The cap, one half yard of 18-inch material. The sack requires seven eighths yard of 27-inch material.

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2119—A Becoming Popular Style for the growing girl. This dainty model may be made of lawn, batiste, challie, novelty silk, gingham or chambray. The guimpe is separated. The heading on the skirt may be omitted.

Cut in four sizes; six, eight, 10 and 12 years. Size 10 requires two and one eighth yards for the guimpe, and three and one half yards for the dress of 27-inch material.

2087—A Smart Coat for the little miss. This model is good for linen, pique, serge, gabardine, cheviot and broadcloth. The fronts are lapped at the closing.

Cut in four sizes; two, four, six and eight years. It requires two and seven eighths yards

of 44-inch material for a four-year size.

2133—A Smart and Popular Style. This is a lovely dress for the growing girl and may readily be applied to various combinations of materials. The blouse has tucked plaits in front and back, and is finished with a shaped sailor collar. The skirt is a five-gored model.

Cut in four sizes; eight, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 10 will require four and one quarter yards of 44-inch material.

2120—A Simple Model for home or porch wear. This is a practical style, adapted to gingham, percale, chambray, lawn, linen, gabardine and other seasonable fabrics. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length.

Cut in seven sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires six and one half yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size.

1841—Boys' Blouse, with yoke in square or pointed outline, and with two styles of collar. Madras, cambric, linen, linene, silk, soisette, and pique are good for this model.

Cut in five sizes; six, eight, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires three and one eighth yards of

36-inch material for a 12-year size.

2101—A Most Attractive Style. Georgette crepe, linen, madras, voile, batiste, lawn, taffeta, shantung and wash silk, are fine for this style. The sleeve may be in wrist length, or short.

Cut in seven sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires three yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size.

2100—Ladies' Combination garment of corset cover and drawers. Lawn, batiste, dimity, cross-bar, muslin, crepe and silk, are all lovely for this style. The garments may be finished separately.

Cut in seven sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires three and seven eighths yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size.

2091—A Smart and up-to-date model. This style is good for linen, gingham, voile, chambray, gabardine, serge, silk and crepe.

Cut in six sizes; 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It requires three and one half yards of 44-inch material for a 24-inch size.

2105—A Practical Work Dress. This style is popularly known as a "cover all" apron or dress and is indeed a useful, desirable garment.

Cut in seven sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires six and one quarter yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size.

1984—Ladies' House Dress, with sleeve in either of two lengths. This style is simple, attractive and comfortable. The fullness at the waistline is to be confined by a belt or to be gathered, with a casing underneath. Gingham, seersucker, drill, fluene, linen, alpaca, gabardine, and serge are all good for this style.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires six and three quarters yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size.

2132—Ladies' "Cover All" Apron. This model will make an ideal morning house dress, especially for warm weather. The design is good for gingham, seersucker, lawn, percale, alpaca, brilliantine and batteen.

Cut in four sizes; small, 32-34; medium, 36-38; large, 40-42; and extra large, 44-46 inches bust measure. It requires four and seven eighths yards of 36-inch material for a medium size.

2079—A Practical Skirt Model. This style is excellent for sports goods, for serge, linen and tub silks, gingham and chambray. The model has the waistline slightly raised.

Cut in seven sizes; 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. It requires three and one quarter yards of 44-inch material for a 24-inch size.

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Talks with Girls

Conducted by Cousin Marion

In order that each cousin may be answered in this column, no cousin must ask more than three questions in one month.

O H, my dears, in spite of how much I love to advise you and scold you and try to help you in your perplexities, I would rather be doing something else this dogdays, humid August day. Doesn't August always seem to you like the month that should be given up to buggy riding and auto riding and boating in the moonlight, and lolling beside the ocean waves and reading or dozing in a lazy hammock? Doesn't all that sound deliciously cooling and restful this hot vacation month? I hope the most of you are getting some of these pleasures. None of that comfort for me this year. I can't rest any more than is necessary when I know I can help make the things the Red Cross needs for the comforts of the sick and wounded soldiers. I love to think of the comfort my efforts will bring. So, dearies, I must get to work and answer these questions at once and then get back to my patriotic work once more.

The first letter I open today is from L. G. Webb City, Ark., and it is one that perplexes me and makes me real mad—with the parents this time. She is engaged to a young man she has known from childhood and whom she has every intention of marrying as soon as he is of age. So far as I can see the only objection to the marriage is that the young man is the very silly excuse that his parents are Democrats while they are Republicans. Why will parents be so foolish? I always feel for parents when they are at and losing their daughter, but it is something that is bound to happen and is what they should desire to happen. In this case, if, as I believe, the sole objection to the young man is his politics, I wouldn't blame the young people if they took matters into their own hands when arriving "of age" and marrying in spite of the objection. They wouldn't have much backbone if they didn't.

Sad Girl, Piedmont, Fla.—I hardly think your father will kill you, as he says he will, if you insist upon going with this young man you tell me is a drunkard and generally mean besides, yet you love him anyway, but it would really be happier for you, if he did, than for you to marry such a man and live a life of lingering misery. I think, judging from your letter, that if you devoted yourself wholly to the study of grammar and spelling, you would become so interested in your books that you would love them instead of the worthless drunkard. It is, at least, worth trying. Try it and see for yourself.

Betty, McMillan, Mich.—It is quite proper for a boy of seventeen to love a girl of fifteen, but it is a whole lot sillier than if it is proper. You say you have loved "for years." You haven't. You only think you have; and you think so because your thinker hasn't been used enough to get it in good working order. In the same class are the seventeen-year-old boys who talk of love. My, My!

Poppy Garden Girl, Madera, Cal.—No attractive girl on earth can exist without their making love to her. She may try to "chase" with them, but chasing isn't enough for them and they love. Usually serious and sincere, too, and they can't help themselves. Nature is stronger than they are. There are attractive girls who have more head than heart and they are not seriously affected, generally, but by and by, the right one comes along and the wedding bells go ringing. Don't worry about natural conditions. Let the men make love to you and you jolly them along in friendly, not flirty, fashion till your turn comes. P. S. You write a very good letter, indeed, in a "hand-write" that might be improved and still remain individual.

Red Rose, Coldwater, Miss.—As you are engaged to the young man and he is attentive to another girl and is frank enough to tell you he doesn't know whether to choose you or her, it seems to me you might help him to make up his mind by breaking the engagement so short off that it would make him dizzy with the jar. What are you thinking about, anyhow?

Heart-broken, Wapakoneta, Ohio.—By all means hold fast to the divorced man who has lied to you about a number of things and, as you think, will lie more to his wife than his sweetheart. Marry him in due time because he is the kind of a girl, of such poor judgment as you have, needs to teach her some sense. As you love him for a friend always, lie or no lie, don't hurt his feelings by sending him away. Marry him and raise a family of the same stripe.

Puzzled, Vidalia, Ga.—You may think you are as attractive as the other girl is, but apparently the young man who told you you would always be first with him, doesn't think as you do, or he would not have so utterly thrown you over for the other one. And why ask me what to do? Your own self-respect should tell you that!

Telephone Belle, Kaufman, Texas.—If your mother loves him as well as you do, you will have to let her love him, if he wants you. Men may have loved their mothers-in-law, my dear, but there is no record, that I know of, of one marrying his mother-in-law. I don't say no man ever did, but I never heard of it.

Brown Eyes, Union, Okla.—Between two stools one falls to the ground, says the old adage, and between your "Okla. boy" and your "Colo. boy" you'll be sitting on the cold, cold ground, next. If you can't make up your mind and haven't a heart for it, anyway, suppose you drop them both and make a new start.

Cousin Essex, Vt.—Really, my dear, there isn't anything finer in all the history of men and women, than a girl of sixteen finding some man rather too old just then for sweethearts with a child, and both of them being lovely, congenial friends, say, for as much as ten years, and then, marrying beautifully and being friends till the end. There are such marriages and if you at sixteen know such a man cherish him as fine gold till the time you two shall be one.

Only Me, Placerville, Cal.—Your mother may be right in saying the thirty-six-year-old man she wants you to marry has more sense than the twenty-four-year-old one, you want to marry, but he hasn't very much sense, I should say, if he is willing to marry a girl who wants to marry another man. Don't marry to please anybody except yourself and the man you marry.

Blue Eyes, Clay, Ky.—You did absolutely right in not letting the young man kiss you "good night," if it has turned out that he has left you for that reason. His intentions and his love could not have been very deep, if he stopped caring on that account. At the same time, it is no reason for a coolness. If a man loves you, you can't blame him if he wants to kiss you, but he should honor you all the more if you refuse him until you are engaged. You have nothing to ask forgiveness for, if he wants to call, by all means let him. Don't chase after him.

A Girl, Winnabow, S. C.—When your fiancé kissed you under the impression that it was your friend you should have returned the kiss, explaining that it wasn't meant for you, and doing it in such a way that he would prefer your brand of kisses ever after. As your fiancé, he is entitled to a few kisses and I can't understand why you don't want him to, but remember, some wise old philosopher said, "Nothing in excess." You might kiss him a little, but don't let him kiss you over and over and then if you let him kiss you and he still shows symptoms of kissing your girl friend (and I'd get a new girl friend immediately) and you want to taste the very quintessence of revenge on both—let her have him! An engaged woman should not accept a present, except of the most trifling value, from any young man other than her fiancé, or brother, even at Christmas. I am astonished that a girl of your "old-fashioned" ideas of propriety did not resent that "brotherly" friend's proposal to give you a pair of pink silk "Teddies." You should have treated it as a gross insult.

B. H. M., Corinth, Miss.—If you look upon marriage with either of your suitors as a leap in the dark you are not yet sufficiently in love with either one to be married yet. When you are really in love you feel you are doing the right thing in whatever you do. I would not advise marrying the one simply because your mother desires it, any more than I would

advise you to marry the other one because your mother hates him.

Curls and Dimples, Dublin, Texas.—The idea of two girls of fifteen asking me how to catch a beau. I don't know and if I did I would not tell you. You are too young to be thinking of a beau. Around school the next four years and put your minds on fitting yourselves for your life work.

W. S. H., Balm Beach, S. C.—You have possibly been the victim of a sharper. How many times have I cautioned you girls as to the impropriety of permitting a young man to wear your ring! It will teach you not to be so trustful of strange young men. If you had not lost the ring you might have been humiliated by the way he displayed it and talked. You did right, of course, in not letting him kiss you without being engaged.

Brown Eyes, Waynesburg, Ky.—Consider yourself fortunate in losing the young man who was to marry you but loves someone else better—and still loves you. My sympathy is for the woman who gets him for a husband.

Reader, Basile, La.—Is there any reason why that young man must write to you when you live in the same town? Why can't he call at your home?

Brown Eyes, Corvallis, Oregon and also R. A. C. J., Roanoke, Va.—I don't think it would be a good plan to suggest starting a correspondence with a young man. Such a request should emanate from the man, and should be acted on by the girl with caution.

Brown Eyes, Middle Georgia.—If your fiancé really loves you, the war ought not to prevent your marriage. Perhaps he thinks you are rather young. He can serve his country even though married if he is called. I do not advise against kissing where the parties are engaged to each other.

Rose, Wesson, Miss.—I won't give any assistance in an attempt to keep two young people apart. That is asking too much of me. You are too young to be engaged in such an idea. Perhaps your absence at school will help you to solve your problems.

"B" Louisville, Ky.—It shouldn't be very hard to break off the engagement. It will be easier than marrying a man so much older, and who falls in love with every pretty face. If you marry him your troubles are likely to be greater than that of breaking it off now.

There, don't you think I have done pretty well, considering the heat and the desire to be out playing and the thought of my Red Cross work ahead of me? By, by till next month, dears, COUSIN MARION.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

house always. After washing your face, rinse it well in cold water that has just a little salt added to it. Don't put on any powder, how can you ask to breathe with all its pores clogged with powder. My cheeks are always red enough and anyone with pale cheeks can have the envied rosy cheeks easily if they take the bracing air of the out of doors. A slap on each cheek will often bring the blood to the surface of the skin, but look first to your health. Don't let it get undermined.

I have two children, a girl five years and a boy three and a half years old. I have been married nearly seven years.

Love and good luck to all,
Cordially your sister,
MRS. HARRY BENJAMIN,
OHIO.

DEAR SISTERS:

Here comes a new writer from the Buckeye state. Lonely One, I think you almost deserve to be lonely, but it must be awful to feel as you do. I do not think you are doing your duty for if you are able to have a child I think you should, or if not, I think you should adopt one. It is not all smiles and sunshine to raise a family but I think it is the best and happiest way. I have a little boy three years old and a little girl one year and they are the sunshine of my home. You say you think you would be insane. Have any of the sisters ever gone insane while waiting for the necessary time to elapse, or have you ever heard of any cases like that? I never have heard of any and I don't think you would. Lonely One, it puzzles me when I read some of the sisters' letters and they say just how many children they have decided to have, but then, we have some very smart people in this world today. Some people think a large family is a disgrace, but I don't. In some cases I think it is the mother's own fault if she gets all worn out and tired. She should take better care of herself.

Country Jake, you have expressed my feelings toward George. She must think us farmer folks filthy, but just invite some city folks out to your country home for a meal and see if they hesitate a minute.

I think it a good plan on Saturdays when you are baking white cakes to use the yolks for mayonnaise and then Saturday or Sunday cook potatoes for one. I fix your salad; that will save you from building a hot fire, especially in hot weather, and then if you have baked things and fruit, you have a good meal and with but little work.

I have taken COMFORT only since 1915 but would not have missed it had I known of it earlier.

Happy Farmer's Wife.

I have a beautiful poem which I wish to pass on to others. I do not know who wrote it.

MATTIE M. BOWMAN, Baker, Idaho.

Why

Why do we oft withhold the loving tribute

From those who strive to help us day by day,

With tender, loving, patient service,

And praise the absent who are far away?

Why do we save our rarest, sweetest blossoms,

To place upon the graves of loved ones gone?

Knowing that all around us live grow weary

Of planting roses but to gather thorns.

Why do we think while swift hours past are rushing,

"I have no time to tell my love today,"

When we know hourly some fond heart is longing

For just the words our own would like to say?

Why do we smother tender, sweet expressions,

That almost reach our lips, love's offerings;

When we know, within our sight is living,

A soul that longs for just these blessed things.

Oh, let us praise and clasp the hands outreaching,

And press the hearts that would beat 'gainst our

own;

Life is so short—its sweetest blossoms fading

Soon they may leave us, then we weep alone.

OKLAHOMA.

DEAR SISTERS:

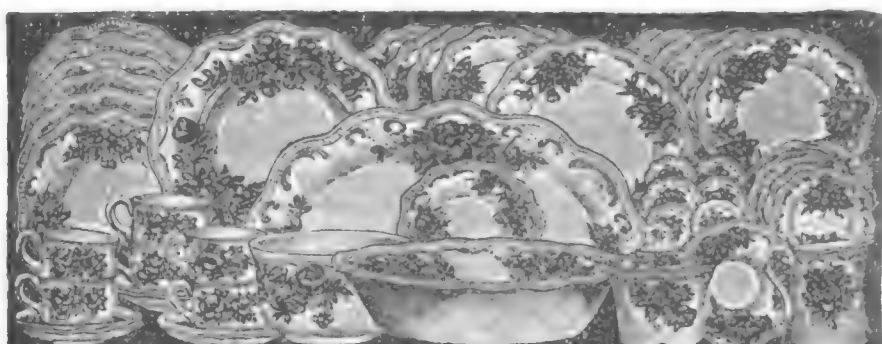
I fear my "mite" will be of small interest to anyone; however, I wish to say to U. A. G., who wrote several months ago in regard to her little boy's crying spells, do not whip or punish him in any way for it but keep a constant watch over him to see when he is going into one of these spells. Pick him up and blow hard in his face or dash cold water in his face and do everything possible to prevent him holding his breath and I think in time he will outgrow or overcome it. I have a little girl who was affected the same way. I did everything I could think of to prevent the spells and finally I kept a strict watch over her all the time for I was afraid she would die in one of the spells. She would fall to the floor, seemingly almost gone and when I would revive her she would moan and cry for hours and say her head hurt. I consulted a doctor and he said it was contraction of the breathing muscles and when they failed to expand it affected the heart and almost caused circulation to cease, therefore the cause of the headache. But no matter who tells you he does it because of temper, do not whip him for it.

Will say to Mrs. Pete that she has a difficult problem to solve. However, if she can give up her desire for "going" and stay at home she may be happy. I have in mind a very dear friend whose husband cared nothing for going to any place of amusement so she gave up everything and stayed at home only when she could persuade him to go with her. It was generally supposed he loved her though he seldom expressed it in any way. In the course of fifteen or sixteen years, when she had lost a good deal of her youth and girlhood charm in caring for their family, along came one of the "fair angels" a good deal younger than the wife, and she soon found that she had a very small part of her husband's affections, so you may know how much happiness there was in her future life. But, Mrs. Pete, do not understand me to say that anything like that might happen to you. I was merely illustrating one incident.

I believe in birth control and I don't see how it is going to send souls to hell, as one sister said it would. I have three children, but I think it would be a sin to bring more children into the world than we can care for.

With best wishes to the sisters,

OUIDA.



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of extra quality and finely perfumed, giving as premiums, with each box of 7 large cakes, Baking Powder,

Perfume, Talcum Powder, Teaspoons, Shoos and Needles (as per Plan 255) here illustrated.

QUALITY as well as QUANTITY are in this offer, as we buy in such large lots that we can

afford to give more good goods for less money than any other concern in the entire country.

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ALL OF OUR PLANS SELL AT SIGHT.

One pleased customer brings another and with our other Baking Powder, Tea, Coffee, Spice, Extract, Perfume and Soap Offers, you will get duplicate orders and earn some of our many useful premiums such as Dinner

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WE PAY THE FREIGHT

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Write at once for FREE SAMPLE OUTFIT and other things. If, after receiving them, you decide not to get up an order, you may keep everything we send you FREE of charge for the trouble in answering this advertisement. No license needed. We protect you. Our methods are honest. Satisfaction guaranteed. Refund: First National Bank, Provident Bank, Postmaster.

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THE PURE FOOD CO., 706 W. PEARL ST., CINCINNATI, OHIO.

DEAR FRIENDS OF COMFORT:

I am another who is writing to the Sisters' Corner for the first time. I have read it since I was a little girl.

Now, about birth control. There are two sides to that as there is to any question. Let those who are "happy wives and mothers" go on the even tenor of their way. But there are those, that have been wronged and stunted perhaps in their lives and powers, to speak. Now I believe every one in this world has a perfect right to be born in the best way mentally, physically and spiritually with all God-given powers for great good. It is a well recognized fact that our great "what we are" is at the time of conceiving. If the "average" is fairly good, how much better could the "above the average" be?

My mother conceived with me, three months after she had given birth to her first baby. Hardly time to get back her strength and courage; besides, every mother knows that a first baby is lots of worry and care to the new mother. Then at that time there was sickness and death to grieve her.

Does anyone blame me if I feel just a little cheated? And wouldn't it have been better for all concerned if I had come into the world a year later?

I do not believe that birth control will lessen or make so much difference that way. But when we have a better quality we must have a happier people. The doctors needn't worry—most good women would go very near to death in order to have babies of their own love, and the other kind—well, they will do about as they have always done—take what they think is the easiest way.

May we hear from others about this.

With good wishes to all, from

One who would be a Happy Mother.

SAHARA, UTAH.

BIG RAPIDS, MICH.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

Just a message to L. T. Convince that man of yours that you do not approve of the Absolute Monarchy form of government and that he will have to introduce a reform or there will be a revolution. If he really cares for you as he should he will change; if not, the sooner you are rid of him the better. It takes tact, patience and judgment and no person can advise exact methods unless on the ground and acquainted with both parties and circumstances.

J. A. G.

Best Ways of Doing Things Around The Home

A little kerosene in hot starch will prevent iron sticking.

In cooking tough fowl or meat, one tablespoon of vinegar in the water will save nearly two hours boiling.

Put one tablespoon of starch in a quart of water and sprinkle tablecloths with it. It makes them look like new.

Fill cracks in floor with putty mixed with paint of shade floor is to be painted.

MRS. EARL GRANT, Newburgh, N. Y.

A tablespoon of vinegar in the lard that you fry doughnuts in will prevent them sticking.

MRS. VELMA STEED, Mayflower, Ark.

A cloth wet in diluted peroxide and laid over scorched spots and dried by a moderately hot iron

will effectively remove every sign of scorch.

MRS. SEWARD HANAN, Chivington, Colo.

How many of you have trouble in keeping tomatoes in glass jars? I did, until I tried putting one teaspoon of salt on top of each quart of tomatoes.

MRS. ANNIE WATERS, Nelsonville, Ky.

To kill Russian moths, put ordinary toadstools on a sheet in room infested with moths and leave for some time. The moths gather around these and can be swept up and burned.

BESSIE GLASS, Hartsville, Mo.

Remedies

NEURITIS.—A home treatment. Apply hot water and mustard poultices to parts. Also one ounce laudanum, one ounce oil of origanum, and one and one half ounces each of oil of hickory and oil of sweetgum. Mix and rub on affected part. Also place a flannel saturated in camphor to painful parts and cover with a dry cloth.

SUNSTROKE.—Reduce temperature as quickly as possible. Remove person to cool place and loosen and remove as much clothing as convenient. Apply cold to head and body by rubbing cold water or ice over face neck, chest and arm-pits. Wring sheets out in ice water and wrap patient in them, keeping the sheets wet. If this is done the body should be rubbed. When conscious give cold water to drink but no stimulants.

Requests

How to cook carp.

How to make scones.

Poem, "The Skeptic."

How to dry corn in sun, for table use.

How to can lettuce and sweet potatoes.

Poem, "Since Ma Got Christian Science."

How to prepare beef tallow to use for shortening.

Poem, "Jimmie Butler's Adventure with the Owl."

How to remove grease spots from rubber rain-coat.

Mina Christianson, Ulen, Minn. would like to hear from Christian Science sisters.

Mrs. Cora Thornton, Bethesda, N. Dak., would like quilt pieces of all kinds.

Mrs. Kate Davis, West Milton, Ohio, asks for poem entitled "Brennan on the Moor."

Mrs. Beattie Owens, College Station, Texas, would like pumpkin seed remedy for tapeworm.

Miss Sadie Kellum, Kellum, N. C., asks the sisters to send her flower seeds and cancelled postage stamps.

Mrs. Louis Block, Dodge Center, R. R. 4, Minn., would like to correspond with COMFORT sisters living in Hunter, Garwood or Eastwood, Mo.

Song mentioning names of states and containing this line:

"And what would Delaware?" (Dela wear?)

Mrs. A. M. Swan, Garrison, Texas would like the June and December, 1916, numbers of the Illustrated Companion. Write first and she will send postage.

Poem containing the lines:

"He played on a harp of a thousand strings, The spirits of just men made perfect."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.)

Let "Old Glory" Wave Over Your Home!

This Large Handsome American Flag Sent You Prepaid For A Club of Ten!

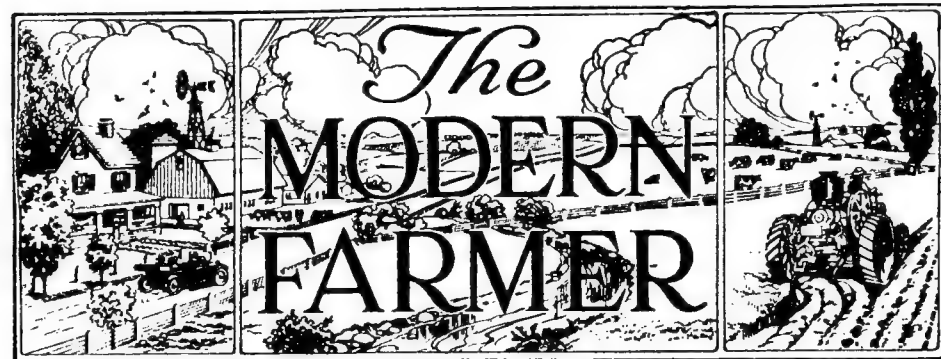
NOW is the time for every good American to show his patriotism by displaying the Stars and Stripes—the most beautiful flag in the world. Flag "Old Glory" to the breeze—it's a duty you owe to your country, your loved ones and yourself. We know that there are no more patriotic, home-loving Americans anywhere than COMFORT'S own subscribers, so we are going to offer this large handsome flag which is six feet in length and four feet wide. It is made of special fast color material positively guaranteed not to fade or run, with sewed stripes and printed stars, canvas head and brass grommets. On account of its large size it will make a fine appearance when displayed from some upstairs window or from your porch or piazza roof. You will have the satisfaction of knowing that there is not a handsomer flag in the neighborhood. And please remember that we guarantee its wearing qualities. Neither sun, snow nor rain can affect it.

We will give you this fine American Flag as described on the terms of the following special

Club Offer. For ten one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you this

American Flag, six feet long and four feet wide, free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 72810.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



This department, which is conducted by eminent specialists and experts in the various branches of agricultural science and practical business farming, will keep our readers posted on the latest scientific discoveries and teach them the best methods of operating in order to obtain GREATER FARM PROFITS AND BETTER HOME LIVING.

Any COMFORT subscriber can have the advice of our Agricultural Staff free on questions relating to farming, live stock and dairying. The answers will be printed in this department and will be interesting and instructive to all who are concerned in farming.

Write your questions promptly on one side of the paper only; give your full name and address, and direct your letter to COMFORT'S MODERN FARMER, Augusta, Maine.

The Kind of Calves to Raise

FARMERS are being given a deal of advice these days and some of it is coming from well-meaning people who never have argued but are sure that they know just how it should be done. The advice to save every dairy heifer calf offered in wholesale manner may well be criticized. It certainly seems at first thought that every heifer calf should be allowed to develop, have a calf, and become a milker, but on more mature consideration such advice will be seen to be foolish.

Thousands of heifer calves are the offspring of "robber cows" and sired by scrub bulls. The sooner such beasts, including sires and dams, are slaughtered, the better will it be for all concerned. Possibly some may argue that it might pay better, in the present shortage of food supplies, to feed all calves beyond the weaning stage so that they might supply a greater quantity of meat, but that, too, is open to question.

The crying need of the hour is for the mating of pure bred sires of producing ancestry with cows that have proved profitable producers, and with heifers from such cows. Were such sensible breeding to become general, the calves might, in a majority of instances, be worth raising, but that is not the case now.

Together with this improved system of breeding imperatively should go proper care and feeding of the progeny. We venture to say that at least one third of all of the heifer calves now raised are imperfectly developed, and for that reason do not yield a maximum profit as cows.

Hundreds of thousands of dairy heifer calves after being fed some whole milk and then skim-milk are turned on pasture to fight flies, half starve, and merely survive until better feeding can be given them in winter. Lungworms commonly infect such calves. The poor beasts become pot-bellied, dry and tight in the hide, show "anxiety of countenance" and are stunted for life by such "penny wise, pound foolish" management.

More than increased numbers of dairy calves on the farms of the country is needed better development of those raised, and that means adequate feeding from birth until one year old, during which time the less the calf is exposed on pasture, the better will it be for the future cow.

Every robber cow and every cow that merely pays for her keep should as soon as possible be replaced by a profitable high grade cow and such improved cows can only be obtained by perfectly developing the well-born calf. No practical improvement can possibly be achieved by raising a multitude of ill-bred calves to add to the present horde of unprofitable cows.

A campaign for fewer and better calves to develop fewer and better cows would be a much wiser economical movement than one for the raising of an additional host of worthless calves that might practically "eat us out of house and home."

Care of the Foal

All things considered, we believe that it would be better not to allow the foal to run with the dam while she is at work in the field or on the road. Exercise is good for the foal but too much of it is injurious and that is likely to be taken if the foal follows the mare. Then, too, the foal should not drink milk from the mare when she is tired, hot and sweaty. Milk under those conditions deranges the digestive organs and this is the reason for foals losing hair and assuming a "moth bitten" appearance. Suffering from indigestion and over-exercising in the hot sun the foal fails to thrive and we need scarcely state that loss of "milk flesh" and stunting during the early months of life mean stunting that cannot later be remedied perfectly by generous feeding. Apart from the welfare of the foal it must be conceded that the mare is annoyed and impeded in her work by the presence of the youngster or is so solicitous for its welfare that she works less efficiently. It would be better, leaving the foal in a roomy, clean, airy box stall, having a yard or paddock attached for exercise, when the mare goes to work. There the foal should, if possible, have the companionship of other foals and should be supplied with pure, cool water and access to a box containing crushed oats and wheat bran, that it may early learn to eat and so come to the weaning time in thriving condition and able to live without the milk of its dam. At first the foal will have to nurse once or twice during the forenoon, the mare being brought in for the purpose, but soon it will suffice to have the foal drink at noon after the mare has worked off a bit while eating a pound or two of hay. If the mare is perspiring, free and quite tired when she comes in at noon, it is advisable to strip away at least part of her milk and allow the foal to nurse later when fresh milk will be secreted. The object should be to keep the foal growing and gaining in weight every day and to prevent all causes of stunting. Only then will a foal profitably develop. Allowing it to run with its dam certainly retards growth.

Apple Blight

We all have noticed the dry brown leaves on the tips of twigs and branches of apple and pear trees. These branches have the appearance of being scalded by fire, hence the name "fire-blight." Sometimes the injury is so great as to completely kill the tree at others the trees are hurt so badly that it takes years for them to recover.

CAUSE OF "FIRE BLIGHT."—Fire blight is caused by a germ which gets into the blossom and feeds upon the honey in it. Under these conditions, accompanied by cloudy, damp and rainy weather, these germs multiply very rapidly and work their way down through the sap of the tender young twigs and leaves. This cuts off the food supply from the twigs and the leaves curl up and die, and turn brown.

WHAT TO DO FOR FIRE BLIGHT.—Fire blight cannot be cured by spraying like blight in potatoes, because the germs are inside the twigs, not on the surface of the leaves as the spores are in potato blight. Diseases on the outside of plants can be controlled by spraying but those on the inside must be treated in some other fashion. The best known control for fire blight is the removal and burning of the diseased branches. All blighted twigs should be cut off several inches below the dried leaves and promptly burned. The tools used in pruning should be disinfected by

dipping them in a solution of one part of corrosive sublimate dissolved in 1000 parts of water, after each cut. This is a deadly poison and must be used with great care and kept away absolutely from children and animals. Trees badly affected should be completely destroyed.

HOW THE DISEASE IS CARRIED OVER.—Fire blight is carried over from year to year in diseased spots on the trees known as "cankers." These are simply old sores to be found around the base of diseased twigs. These cankers should be dug out with a sharp knife and the wound treated with the corrosive sublimate solution used in disinfecting the tools.

HOW BLIGHT IS SPREAD.—Blight is spread from branch to branch and tree to tree largely by insects, of which lice are the most important. Any spray, then, that is used with success to control these insects becomes an indirect means of controlling the spread of fire blight. The tobacco concoctions frequently mentioned in these columns are among the best means of controlling lice on fruit trees. The lime sulphur sprays generally used in orchards are also effective.

Grow Wheat

Now is the time to plan to sow wheat this fall. The world's supply of wheat is short. This year's crop is still further reduced. Bread is the one essential for winning battles. The world needs wheat. America is in the best position to produce a big crop next year.

WHERE WHEAT CAN BE GROWN.—Winter wheat can be grown successfully throughout the two Northern tiers of states. The upper Mississippi Valley and the great plains of the West are particularly adapted to wheat growing. The crop is completely adapted to growing in dry places and requires little labor to produce. In fact wheat is the easiest food stuff we have to produce. This is the chief reason why it is grown continuously year after year on the same land until the soil is worn out.

WHEAT SHOULD BE GROWN IN A ROTATION.—Many places where wheat was once the main crop have abandoned its culture altogether. This was unnecessary and in the present crisis exceedingly unwise. Wheat should be grown in rotation with other crops. One good four-year rotation for wheat is as follows:

First Year.—Second crop clover, plowed under and sown to wheat.

Second Year.—Manured, fall plowed and planted to corn in spring.

Third Year.—Oats or barley seed with clover, or clover and Timothy mixed.

Fourth Year.—Hay or pasture.

Other equally good rotations for wheat can be easily devised. The above is adapted to the general farm or the dairy farm where dairy cows or beef cattle are kept and hogs raised for the market. Such a farm raises small grains, hay and cultivated crops, like corn, produces large quantities of barnyard manure and for these reasons is particularly adapted to wheat growing. Provided with a good place in the rotation.

PLAN NOW TO RAISE SOME WHEAT.—Six bushels of wheat provide bread for one person for a year. Thirty bushels will feed the average family of five. Why not raise bread for your own family? One acre of good wheat will do it. Five acres will feed four other families. Why not raise five acres and have some to sell at these high prices? It is safe to predict that wheat will not fall to one dollar a bushel for several years after the war stops. An acre of wheat yielding thirty bushels—this is a big yield, about twice the average for the United States but easily possible in a rotation since yields of forty and even fifty bushels are common on good land—will bring in between \$40 and \$50 at threshing time and requires less labor to produce than an acre of almost any other crop.

NOT ALL SOILS GROW WHEAT.—Wheat does not do well on all soils. If too rich, the grain may lodge, if too poor the yield will be small. Fertile loam and well drained clay are soils best adapted to wheat. Sand and marsh are poor wheat soils. On new land wheat does exceptionally well.

TIME TO SOW WHEAT.—Winter wheat may be sown the last week in August and all during September in the localities mentioned in this article depending of course on the locality. The main thing is to sow it early enough so that it covers the ground and holds the snow to protect the roots and prevent winter killing. If sown too early it may get too far along before winter sets in.

HOW TO SOW.—Use from one and one half to two bushels of seed to the acre. Sow with drill seeder or broadcast on well prepared land. There is no danger of having the soil too fine and mellow. If loose it is a good plan to run the roller over the land to compact the soil. The hard red winter varieties are preferred on the market. Wheat can be sown immediately after the harvest rush is over and is then out of the way until harvest time again when it is the first crop to require attention. Why not grow wheat this fall?

Buckwheat and Bread

In pioneer times buckwheat was a popular crop. Old-fashioned self-raised buckwheat cakes are still popular in some quarters. During the war we will doubtless be forced to adopt again many pioneer practices. The eating of buckwheat cakes should become one of the first and most popular. One meal a day of pancakes during winter will make just that much less draft on the bread basket and reduce the price of flour correspondingly.

WHERE BUCKWHEAT IS GROWN.—Buckwheat can be grown with success throughout the Northern tier of states. It can be sown late, the latter part of June and the first of July, on land where other crops have failed. It is easy to grow, on sandy soils, on clay, on wet soils, on wornout fields, on newly cleared land, anywhere that other crops will grow. It is our most persistent and most hardy bread crop. Of course it does well on good soil, but first-class land is not essential to buckwheat. It is a good crop to sow as a nurse crop for grasses, clover and Alfalfa. Besides this it has broad leaves and hence is a good weed killer by shading the ground.

HARVESTING BUCKWHEAT.—Buckwheat is cut and laid in small bundles which are tied together near the top and set up by spreading out the butts, each bundle separately. It cures in the gravel in this way and when dry may be hauled directly to the threshing machine. The ordinary

grain thrasher will handle buckwheat if the concaves are lowered so that there will be more space and that the seeds be not hulled or crushed. With the present high price of wheat and rye flour, buckwheat is also certain to command a good price and to be more widely used as long as the war lasts.

New and Valuable Bulletins

Two new and valuable bulletins have just been issued by the United States Department of Agriculture. One deals with canning and other methods of food preservation and the other is devoted exclusively to drying and contains many valuable recipes for the cooking of dried fruits and vegetables. The first is Farmers' Bulletin No. 839 and is entitled "Home Canning by the One Period Cold Pack Method." The second is Farmers' Bulletin No. 841 and is entitled "Drying Fruits and Vegetables in the Home." Both these bulletins should be in every home that has vegetables and fruits to save.

HOW TO GET THESE BULLETINS.—These bulletins are to be had free for the asking. If you want either or both of them write a letter or postal card to the U. S. Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., and ask that these bulletins be sent to your address. Be sure to give full title of bulletin exactly as above, with the number of the same. Don't forget to give your address and be sure to sign your name. Thousands of requests for bulletins are received by the Department of Agriculture from persons who fail to sign their names or to give their proper addresses. Don't make the same mistake when writing for the above bulletins.

Farm Labor and the World War

It is now universally admitted that there is a world shortage of food. The war will be ended quite as much by "bullets of bread" as by "bullets of lead." When conscription goes into effect the supply of farm laborers already fifteen per cent below normal will be still further reduced. This will do for this country what it has already done for Europe,—still further decrease our power to produce food. Hence in supplying the trenches we may cut off automatically the food supply for the men in the trenches. Some plan must therefore be found for securing larger production per each man left at work on the land.

PLAN THAT WORKS WELL.—All over this country such plans are being worked out. One such is here outlined for the benefit of our readers with the hope that it may help them to solve the farm labor problems in their own communities. The principles underlying this plan are:

1.—Farm family labor is most efficient; hence let all members of the family do as much of the farm work as possible. Hire only such labor as is necessary to completely work the land.

2.—Of hired help, experienced farm labor is the most efficient; hence, always give preference to men known to be experienced.

3.—Employ miscellaneous or inexperienced labor only for irregular work and seasonal jobs where the work is all of one kind.

HOW THESE PRINCIPLES ARE APPLIED.—In each trade center someone is found who is willing to act as labor leader for the community. He makes a list of all men and boys, retired farmers, school boys and others who have worked on farms and keeps this list always handy. Any farmer needing help in that community is thus able to get it by applying to the local leader. If it's odd jobs, like thinning sugar beet, or cutting tobacco, or work with the threshing crew where the process is easily learned, the school boys and the inexperienced laborers are used. If it is regular farm work of considerable variety requiring experience, the retired farmers come in handy. If it is regular farm work the year round or for the season, married men with families are preferred, in which case a share in the profits in addition to the regular wage becomes an added incentive to do one's best. These local communities are keeping in touch with each other through the county agent and exchanging their surplus laborers to help each other out. In the same way the counties exchange with each other so that the best workers are always given preference in hiring men to work the land.

WANT DEPART COMES.—The draft will not come until after most of the crops are harvested, but it is hoped that when it does come the best farm hands will be left at work where they can produce most. If any food producers must be taken let it be those who have failed as farm laborers. The kind of organization outlined above will furnish the basis for finding out those most efficient. Another point which must be kept in mind is that farm hands should not be withdrawn from the farms to take the place of those taken by draft from the factories, without their places on the farm is filled by more efficient farm laborers.

Wolf Teeth and Dentistry

The removal of a "wolf tooth" is immaterial. Such teeth neither cause weakness of the eyes nor periodic ophthalmia (moon blindness), common erroneous belief to the contrary. In rare instances, they interfere with the bit of the over-head check rein and then should be extracted. They are merely little insignificant short-rooted teeth, situated one on each side of the upper jaw close against the first premolar tooth. Comparatively few horses have such teeth whereas eye disease is extremely common. Wolf teeth are vestiges, through atavism of the anterior premolar teeth of the prehistoric horse. The modern horse has six grinding teeth above and below in each jaw. The prehistoric horse had seven. The hog is our only domestic animal that has such a dental battery today. Far more important than removal of wolf teeth is attention to the incoming incisor teeth of the colt. Often the milk teeth which should be shed, their roots having been absorbed, become jammed between the permanent incisors and remain there causing considerable pain and, possibly, ill-thrift. They also distort the position of the incisor teeth and give the mouth an abnormal appearance. They should be extracted promptly when seen to be lodging and causing discomfort. This, too, is true of the "shells" or "crowns" of the first three premolar teeth on the upper and under jaws. The three true molars come in behind the premolars. Only the latter have shells and these should be removed as they frequently cause ill-thrift in young horses and cattle. This is most necessary when the colt is rising three or four years and when the bull, steer or heifer is from one year and nine months to two years and six months old. It also is well to lance the gums over the incoming incisor teeth of the young colt if they are seen to be red and swollen. Such work commonly is necessary when a colt has "lamppas," that being merely a swollen condition of the hard palate just behind the upper incisor teeth in sympathy with swelling of the gums associated with the irritation of teething.

The Questions and Answers constitute one of the most valuable features of this department and we urge our farmer subscribers to read all of them carefully each month, as you will find that they contain much useful information and advice on practical problems that are troubling you as well as those who have asked the questions. Cut them out and paste them into a scrapbook for future reference. This will save you the trouble of writing us and will avoid delay in getting your answer when you need advice on these same matters. We are glad to receive inquiries from our subscribers and to advise them on all matters pertaining to farming.

Questions and Answers

HOMB-GROWN SEED.—Kindly tell me whether I can grow my own tomato seed and, if so, how to save it. (2) Can beet seed be raised here successfully? (3) Does rhubarb ever seed?

Mrs. R. G. K., Red Oak, Ga.

A.—Yes, tomato seed may be saved from ripe tomatoes. Simply remove the seed, wash off the pulp and dry seed in the sun. Store in a dry place. (2) Beet seed can be raised in this country though most of it is produced in Europe. (3) Yes, rhubarb "goes to seed." New varieties are produced by planting the seed though rhubarb is usually propagated by dividing the root.

SEED BEANS, WEEVIL.—Would Lima beans grow

Grew 108 Bu. of Wheat from 1 Bu. Sown—Says J. H. Nyberg

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W. A. Jarrett wrote me he raised 3430 bu. of wheat on 79 acres, an average of 49 bu. per acre. The crop was made from 1 bu. of seed. He grew it in Kan., Mo., Ky., Tenn., Va., W. Va., etc., reporting as remarkable results. It will cost you less to sow this large yielding variety of wheat than to use common wheat from your own granary. It's a fact! You can sell the wheat you intended to sow and with part of the money received buy this heavy yielder and sow the same acreage. If you grow winter wheat, send for our proposition and printed letters from hundreds of farmers who have grown it. Now is the time to increase the wheat yield. Let us tell you how to save money in sowing the crop and produce more bushels per acre.

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near ordinary pole beans produce seed that would come true to the variety? Would Lima beans and butter bean (which are a mere variety of Lima beans) grown near each other come true, or would they mix? Would different varieties of ordinary pole beans come true if grown near each other? (2) How can weevils be prevented from destroying bean seed?

I. B. Knoxville, Tenn.

A.—Beans usually fertilize in the blossom before the blossom is open; hence there is little likelihood of crossing. Different varieties usually blossom at different times in which case there is no chance of crossing. There is therefore small probability that Lima beans would cross with other varieties, if planted near them. (2) Weevils in beans can be destroyed by the use of carbon bisulphide. Place beans in a box. On top of the beans place carbon bisulphide in open dishes like plates or bowls. Cover the box tight. When the carbon bisulphide is evaporated, which will be in about twenty-four hours, the weevils will be destroyed.

CAUTION.—Keep far away. No smoking, no lamp, no lantern, because carbon bisulphide is very inflammable and the fumes are explosive—worse than gasoline. Air out thoroughly as you would after using gasoline.

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A splendid lifelike illustration of a butterfly with all a butterfly's gorgeous colors brought out by the skillful blending of rose, gold and green enamel. Not "flashy" but as pleasing to the eye as one of Nature's own winged beauties. These brooches are so popular this season that we decided to offer them as a COMFORT premium. Our illustration shows its exact size but utterly fails to convey any idea of its handsome appearance. You will be delighted with it. We will give you one of them free upon the terms of the following special

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No woman ever has too many teaspoons—especially the "Rogers'" kind—so here is an offer that will surely interest thousands of our women readers. For a few subscriptions to COMFORT secured among your friends we will send you this handsome set free. They are the famous 1881 Rogers' A1 brand which is guaranteed to be a full standard silver plate upon a genuine 18 1/2 nickel base. Please notice the beautiful design—the new "Plymouth"—which is a splendid reproduction of the universally popular hand-hammered ware. You will have to see the spoons themselves in order to fully appreciate this latest fashionable pattern as our illustration does not do it justice.

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BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

Fighting the High Cost of Grain

THE high cost of corn and wheat seems to be scaring people all over the country into parting with their poultry, which is regrettable; for if corn and wheat are high, eggs and meat are higher still, and every family which stops keeping chickens is simply pushing the price still higher, for, as you all know, supply and demand are the leading factors which control market prices. So if people who have been keeping only a few chickens just to supply their own table with eggs, dispose of their birds and increase the price at the same time. Remember that our beautiful land and our mighty ocean are made up of grains of sand and drops of water.

Food conservation is now, and will be for the next two years at least, an imperative necessity for the welfare of humanity, so everyone should consider the production of food in any form a duty which they owe to mankind, and like the grains of sand and drops of water, every egg or vegetable you produce, either for home consumption or for market, helps to swell the supply—and keep down prices.

Of course, grain and wheat are high, and it is a serious matter to people of moderate means who live in villages or on the outskirts of towns where they have only small yards or small acreage, and cannot grow their own supply. But if, instead of selling off recklessly, they will use discretion, cut out all the old, fat, lazy and unproductive hens, and keep the bright, busy pullets, the returns in the shape of eggs will far exceed the expense of feed.

I tried one or two experiments last winter with two pens of pullets, ten birds in each, and had very satisfactory egg yields, though the birds did not have grain or wheat all winter, and very little corn. Their rations consisted of oats scattered in deep litter at seven in the morning; at eleven o'clock, sprouted oats and beets; buckwheat and kafir corn mixed in equal parts—a pint for each pen. At three o'clock, a warm mash made of potato peelings or small potatoes which have been mashed and mixed with commercial beef scraps, oil meal and ground oats. About two tablespoonfuls of scraps and half a cup of oil meal and a pint of oats to every quart of mash peelings; two quarts of the mixture to each pen. For supper, they had buckwheat, barley and oats mixed—one quart for each pen. The potatoes, buckwheat, and oil meal are all fattening, so of course generate heat, which is necessary in winter rations, and balance the want of these qualities in the oats almost as well as corn would have done.

When there is a large family to supply the table scraps containing meat, potatoes and bread, beef scraps and oil meal can be omitted, but to get the best results from table scraps, they should be put through a meat chopper and be thoroughly mixed; otherwise one hen is liable to get all the fat, another all the vegetable, which means that neither will get a balanced meal. And what is more, the hen who wins a large piece of fat is very likely to have an attack of diarrhea and become dangerously ill.

Another small and useful economy is to dry all the egg shells left from the table cooking. Crack them up and add them to the mash, for they will take the place of grit and oyster shell. Of course such a method of feeding is only practicable for the small flock. Farmers should cull just as rigidly and get rid of all the unproductive birds, but as they usually grow much of the necessary food, it is better to devote their time and energy to making birds produce as many eggs as possible during the winter months, in spite of the price of grain.

Feed and cleanliness are the two great factors. When I say feed, I don't mean quantities of one kind of grain. The hens must have a variety to furnish the different elements necessary to keep them in good condition and provide a sufficient surplus to form eggs, or they can't lay them. You can feed a hen lots of food, but if it lacks the ingredients which are necessary for the different parts of the egg, it is just wasted; for the hen won't produce eggs, even though she may be so fat that she develops liver trouble or apoplexy.

What constitutes a well-balanced ration varies considerably in different parts of the country. In cold climates it takes a good deal of rich food to sustain bodily heat, therefore what would be a well-balanced ration in Dakota would be positively detrimental for birds in the South. For this reason, I collected information from experiment stations in different parts of the country about their methods of feeding laying hens, hoping that our readers will be sensible enough to accept the vicarious experience of the experienced poultrymen who made a study of the subject in the different climates.

New York Ration

This ration has given the best results when used with large and small flocks at the Cornell Experiment Station, and is widely used in the Eastern States.

SCRATCH FEED.—Fed morning and afternoon in straw litter: Wheat, 60 pounds; corn, 60 pounds; oats, 30 pounds; buckwheat, 30 pounds.

DRY MASH.—Fed in hopper which is kept open during the afternoon only: Corn meal, 60 pounds; wheat middlings, 60 pounds; wheat bran, 30 pounds; alfalfa meal, 10 pounds; oil meal, 10 pounds; beef scrap, 50 pounds; salt, one pound.

GREEN FEED.—Beets, cabbage, sprouted oats, green clover or other succulent food given at noon in a quantity that the hens will immediately eat up clean so that none is left to spoil. Oyster shell, grit and water are available at all times.

The New Jersey Ration

This ration is designed for use with laying hens throughout the year, with slight modifications according to the season.

SCRATCH FEED.—Every morning about nine o'clock the following mixture is fed in deep litter inside the house at the rate of about five pounds of scratching ration to each hundred birds: Wheat, 100 pounds; oats, 100 pounds.

DRY MASH.—Fed at the rate of one pint to ten hens in the morning; one and a half pints for ten hens at night in straw litter: Coarse cracked corn, 200 pounds; wheat, 100 pounds; cracked corn, 200 pounds; wheat, 100 pounds.

DRY MASH.—Ground oats alone is kept before birds at all times in open hopper. When this is not available the following is used: Bran, 200 pounds; corn meal, 100 pounds; shorts, 100 pounds.

WET MASH.—Between one and three o'clock each afternoon laying hens are fed a mash consisting of equal parts of corn meal, wheat, bran and shorts, moistened with sour milk or buttermilk.

GREEN FEED.—Sprouted oats, cabbage, beets, fresh cut alfalfa, in a quantity that the hens will eat up clean without delay. Oyster shell,

Sour or skim-milk is given when available. Grit, oyster shell and pure water are always provided.

The Kansas Ration

SCRATCH FEED.—Fed in small quantities early in the morning as soon as the birds leave the perches; and also two or three hours before the birds go to roost, a quantity that will give them all they desire: Wheat, 300 pounds; corn, 200 pounds; oats, 100 pounds.

DRY MASH.—Fed in hoppers at the rate of one pound of mash for every two pounds of scratch feed: Corn meal, 60 pounds; meat scrap, 50 pounds; wheat bran, 30 pounds; linseed oil meal, 10 pounds; wheat middlings or shorts, 60 pounds; cut alfalfa, 10 pounds; salt, one pound.

GREEN FEED.—At noon the hens are fed as much green feed, consisting of sprouted oats, roots and so forth, as they will clean up in 20 minutes. Fresh water, oyster shell, grit and charcoal are always before the birds.

The Indiana Ration

SCRATCH FEED.—Scattered in litter morning and evening, about one third of the daily allowance in the morning and two thirds in the evening: Corn, 100 pounds; wheat, 100 pounds; oats, 50 pounds.

DRY MASH.—Fed in an open hopper accessible at all times except for heavy breeds, in which case hoppers are kept closed until noon: Shorts, 100 pounds; bran, 100 pounds; meat scraps, 60 pounds.

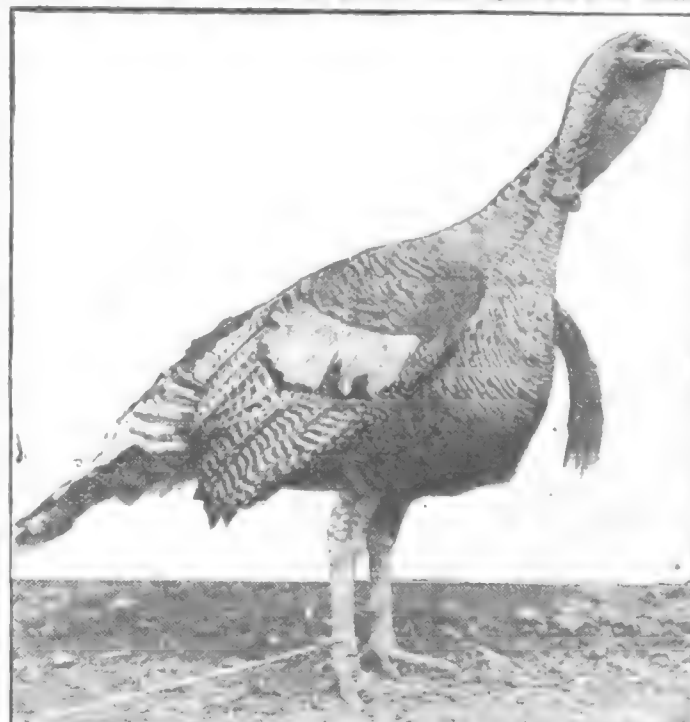
GREEN FEED.—Alfalfa silage, beets and cabbage, as much as the hens will eat immediately. Milk is fed regularly when available. Grit, shell and charcoal are kept constantly available in open hoppers. Fresh water is always at hand.

The Maine Ration

This ration is used successfully in Northern New England and in other portions of the Northern States where cold winters are the rule. It is designed for laying pullets during the winter period.

SCRATCH FEED.—Cracked corn is fed in the litter in the early morning. At ten to eleven o'clock in the morning equal parts of wheat and oats are fed at the rate of two quarts to each fifty birds.

DRY MASH.—Kept before the birds at all times in open hoppers so that they may eat all they like of it. After the fifth month or just past midwinter linseed meal is only given every second month: Wheat bran, 200 pounds; gluten meal, 100 pounds; cornmeal, 100 pounds; meat



A PRIZE WINNER.

scrap, 100 pounds; low grade flour, 100 pounds; linseed meal, 50 pounds.

GREEN FEED.—Sprouted oats, cabbages, mangels, or a mixture of these, as much as the hens will eat up clean once a day. Grit and water always at hand.

The Connecticut Ration

This ration has been used in the International Laying Contest with certain modifications by the poultrymen in charge, according to the condition of the birds. During the first two years it was fed in an automatic feeder with good results, but later hand feeding was practised.

SCRATCH FEED.—In mild weather the feed is given only at four o'clock in the afternoon, but during cold weather a light feed is also given in the morning to induce exercise: Cracked corn, 60 pounds; barley, 20 pounds; wheat, 60 pounds; kafir, 10 pounds; coarse beef scrap, 10 pounds; heavy white oats, 40 pounds; buckwheat, 10 pounds.

DRY MASH.—Kept before birds in hoppers so they may eat as much as they like: Coarse wheat bran, 200 pounds; ground oats, 100 pounds; beef scrap, 30 pounds; corn meal, 100 pounds; standard middlings, 75 pounds; gluten meal, 100 pounds; fish scrap, 30 pounds; low grade flour, 25 pounds. Green feed, grit and water are always available.

The Ontario Ration

This ration is well suited to Canada and to Northern States where there are severe winters.

SCRATCH FEED.—Morning: Whole wheat in litter. At noon a second feed of wheat with green feed. At night give all the whole corn the birds will eat just before they go to roost.

DRY MASH.—Bran, 100 pounds; low grade flour, 100 pounds; barley chop or meal, 100 pounds.

WET MASH.—In the middle of the afternoon give a light feed of wet mash, including boiled vegetables, waste bread or kitchen scraps thickened with ground grains used in dry mash, including 10 per cent beef scrap.

GREEN FEED.—Whole mangels or clover hay, boiled vegetables with green cut bone as a separate feed. Grit, oyster shell and charcoal should be provided.

The Missouri Ration

The following rations are used successfully on the Missouri Poultry Experiment Farm with birds in laying contest.

SCRATCH FEED.—Fed at the rate of one pint to ten hens in the morning; one and a half pints for ten hens at night in straw litter: Coarse cracked corn, 200 pounds; wheat, 100 pounds.

DRY MASH.—Ground oats alone is kept before birds at all times in open hopper. When this is not available the following is used: Bran, 200 pounds; corn meal, 100 pounds; shorts, 100 pounds.

WET MASH.—Between one and three o'clock each afternoon laying hens are fed a mash consisting of equal parts of corn meal, wheat, bran and shorts, moistened with sour milk or buttermilk.

GREEN FEED.—Sprouted oats, cabbage, beets, fresh cut alfalfa, in a quantity that the hens will eat up clean without delay. Oyster shell,

grit and charcoal are always provided in separate hoppers. Fresh water is always supplied.

Every month brings letters about sick turkeys, and in almost every case the writer is sure that the trouble cannot be blackhead, because the birds' heads are not discolored or sore. Of course the name "blackhead" naturally leads people to think that discoloration of the head is the principal symptom of the disease. As it is impossible to spare space in the correspondence column to explain the disease fully, it seems wise to give a sketch of it here, so that our readers may be better able to recognize the symptoms and understand the answers.

As far back as 1895, Dr. Theobald Smith reported on "an infectious disease among turkeys caused by protozoan (infectious entero-hepatitis)," and stated that in Rhode Island the disease was known as "blackhead." He further stated that "while it might be well to retain this as a popular name, we do not believe that all cases of blackhead have the specific disease here described, nor do all turkeys afflicted with this disease manifest the appearance of blackhead."

Dr. W. A. Moore, in a report on the "Direct Transmission of Infectious Enteritis in Turkeys," accepted the common name of blackhead as a synonym, a name which, though unsatisfactory for many reasons, has been retained in this article.

Smith first ascertained that the disease, which is especially characterized by great sores in the caeca and liver, was caused by a protozoan, *Amoeba meleagridis*. In explaining the character of the disease it has been compared to amoebic dysentery in the human subject—a disease which also attacks the large intestine and liver.

Amoeba meleagridis, a minute protoplasmic animal, is found to vary between six and ten millionths of an inch in diameter. While they are microscopic in size, they are at least three to four times larger than the red blood corpuscles, but they are, nevertheless, small enough to float in the blood capillaries of the portal system from the caecum to the liver, where they seem to be stopped from going further.

This short description of the parasite contains all that is of general interest. It may be summed up as follows: The amoeba is a microscopic animal or parasite capable of living within the tissues of the turkey; its host it can, therefore, eat, grow, and reproduce itself in large numbers, thereby causing irritations, destruction of the tissues, and nearly always the death of the invalid turkey.

When the amoeba invades the liver, they cause a decided increase in size, which becomes normal again only when the sores heal. The infected spots are often accompanied by signs of destruction of liver substance (necrosis), indicated chiefly by bile stained, irregular markings. These are probably caused by the pressure exerted by the spots, acting as foreign bodies, and by the cutting off of the circulation and food from the parts. Bacteria and the irritation which they produce also play an important part in these secondary disturbances.

An explanation of many extensively diseased livers and caeca, and comparison with others less diseased, leads to the belief that death in the latter cases is not always produced directly as a result of blackhead disease, but is effected by secondary causes, such as climatic changes, bacteria, and starvation, acting upon an already weakened body.

Chronic cases furnish a large variety of morbid changes, evidently caused by the inability of the tissues of the patient to overcome and reduce the irritating masses. The liver and caecal sores are always present in recent cases, and disappear only in the turkeys which have recovered.

The caecum may exhibit but a minute sore, but the liver, excepting when nearly healed, always exhibits a large number of sores. When turkeys die after a long continued illness, their heads which are usually red in health, become more or less darkened. In acute cases they die so quickly, however, as to leave no impression as to a change of color of the head.

The majority of young poult die after a day or two of droopiness. Adults may droop longer and pass into chronic stages of the disease. Refusing to eat and standing apart constitute late symptoms. Starvation in chronic cases produces thinness.

When the disease in the caecum is slight, it is doubtful if the affected animals have diarrhea, which is more or less present in other cases. In many of the older poult the droppings will be liquid, and stained orange yellow; this is the most characteristic symptom of all. Sometimes there are blackened blood clots in the droppings, indicating slight hemorrhages.

Experiments show that more than four fifths of the young poult exposed to infected yards, die before they are six weeks old. The disease has been popularly supposed to be one confined to older birds. It is notably a disease affecting young turkeys, but one from which the older turkeys do not escape. Of the one fifth who do escape or survive its ravages, at least ten to twenty per cent may die throughout the year, at almost any age. Examination of the organs is the only means of telling the cause of death.

The amoeba are transmitted from diseased turkeys to others through the droppings, which contaminate the food with which they come in contact. Evidence obtained here indicates that the amoeba may also be carried by ordinary fowl, and may be transmitted by the turkeys in the same manner. So you see once again the importance of exercising strict cleanliness is impressed upon us poultry people, for if droppings are removed regularly there is little danger of infection. Plow up the old yards and ground where poultry usually congregates. Disinfect the coops and houses, and don't let the turkeys roost in the same house with the hens. An open shed is the best place for them, even in zero weather.

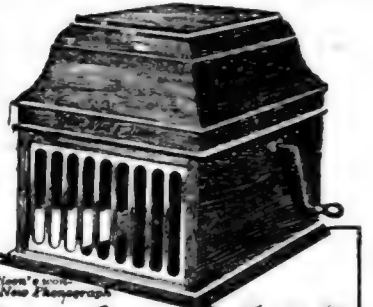
Correspondence

Subscribers are entitled to advice of our Poultry Editor, free, through the columns of this department. Address Poultry Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. BE SURE to give your full name and address, otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

J. Y. C.—The trouble is unquestionably poison in some form, as the birds are fat and in good condition until a few hours before death. The feathers being loose and the comb turning black, are also symptoms of poison. As only grown hens and guinea fowls drank at the pond in the pasture are affected, it suggests the idea that the pond is contaminated in some way; possibly when it gets low or after heavy rains which bring the water line above the usual height. If possible, have it drained, and clean it. The only thing I can recommend for any future cases is to give two tablespoonfuls of Carbolic acid as soon as you notice any symptoms. If worms had caused the trouble the birds would have been thin and the comb pale.

M. L. A.—Young turkeys should have nothing but sour clabbered milk after the first four days; after which, just a pinch of cracked wheat and bulled oats may be added to their sour milk rations. Read about blackhead in this month's article.

L. F.—As the turkey's face has been in the same



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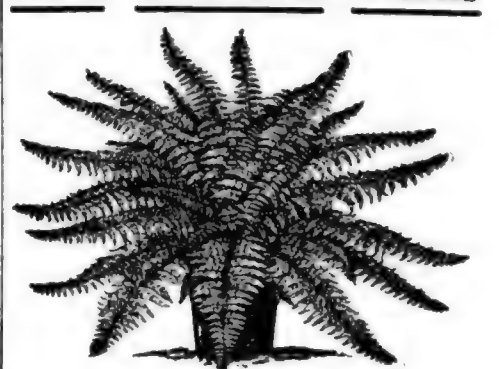
swollen, red condition for so many months without her health and appetite being affected. I think it must be some odd condition of the skin, unless it looks like a deep fleshy growth, in which case should be afraid of its being a tumor, and should kill the bird and burn the carcass.

E. N. A.—We have no such books or pamphlets.
M. M.—The chicken had some abnormal condition, or was hurt soon after being hatched. Probably the lungs were injured by other chicks crowding on it, or hens stepping on it. As it was the only one you lost out of one hundred and nineteen, it could not have been disease of any sort, as most chick troubles are contagious.

E. W.—Read answer to M. L. A. Geese and goslings are really grating creatures, and the young ones do best when given free range on short young grass, and very little grain. But if it is not practicable to give your birds free range, chop up young clover, alfalfa, and such weeds as plantain and dock, etc. Mix with wheat bran and ground oats—equal parts of each. To each quart add half a cup of gravel or fine sand. Feed lightly five times a day for the first three weeks; then three times a day.

J. M. H.—It is a case of whitecomb, which is a contagious disease. Remove the sick birds from the flock, and keep them in a small coop by themselves. Clean and disinfect the house. When only the head is affected, a cure may be accomplished, but if the disease has spread to the body, treatment is useless, and the bird should be killed and the carcass burned. When the head only is attacked, an application of iodine may check it, or a mixture of soft soap and carbolic acid—twenty parts of soap to one of carbolic, applied every day.

Four Beautiful Ferns



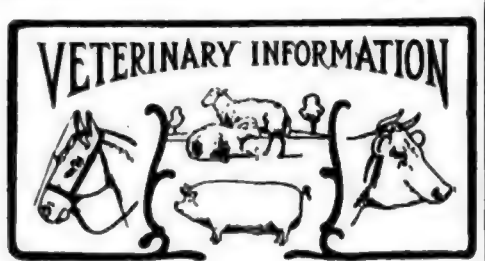
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VETERINARY INFORMATION

Subscribers are invited to write to this department asking for any information desired relative to the treatment of animal troubles. Questions will be answered in these columns free by an eminent veterinarian. Describe the trouble fully, give full name and give your address; direct all correspondence to the Veterinary Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

SELF-SUCKING COW.—I notice in a recent issue of COMFORT someone wants a remedy for a self-sucking cow. I suggest that he put a bridle bit in her mouth and keep it there all the time. It is the most successful and convenient method I ever saw and I am glad to recommend it to any one. F. J. F.

INDIGESTION.—I have a mule five years old. She eats heartily, but looks badly. When I take her out of the stable her ears will be sweating cold and also sweating across her loins. I working her in the wagon her bowels get loose. Flowing does not seem to affect them. I feed her on corn and hay. Will you tell the cause and give me a remedy? R. E. C.

LAMENESS.—I have a six-year-old buggy horse that has been lame for two years. She walks as though on hackles. Some suggest it may be rheumatism. P. F. L.

STIFFNESS.—I have a fine young heifer about three years old. She has her first calf. Three weeks ago she began to get stiff in her right shoulder and now she is stiff in both shoulders and left hind hip. Her feet are swollen. She eats all right, but lies down all the time, when in the pen. When I turn her out she will eat for a little time and then lie down. A. H.

CHICKEN-EATING HOGS.—Could you advise me what to do for hogs that are eating chickens. The hogs are of good breed and I want to keep them. A. H.

RINGBONE.—I have a mare five years old that has a knot on her left hind leg between her ankle and hoof. It has been there about eighteen months and does not seem to hurt her. It feels like a wen. What all is her and what can I do for her? J. T. B.

WOUND.—I have been a reader of COMFORT for several years. I have a fine four-year-old horse that was shot with a rifle, just behind the bladder, about thirteen months ago. A veterinarian took the ball out and it nearly healed. A very small place runs all of the time and more so when he stands in the stable. (2) I also have a horse with bog spavin. If I let him stand a little while he will limp for a few steps and then go all right. M. H. S.

GASOLINE FOR SHEEP. I noticed in April number of COMFORT when E. B. asked for a remedy for his sheep. My brother lost several before he found a cure. Give them two tablespoonfuls of gasoline. He cured a lamb also. I know this to be a sure cure. Miss H. I. F.

ABSCESSES.—Can you tell me what disease my calves have and if curable what treatment I should employ. Five of my young calves, which were running with their mothers, but were kept in a wet barn at night became ill. Three had lumps on their jaws. One of them died and on being opened had pus in the swellings on its jaws and the lungs were filled with abscesses. Two others have lumps on their jaws but seem to be getting along all right. The last two to take the disease had no lumps on jaws, but on opening the lungs of one were full of abscesses and the other had a diseased kidney. M. S. C. D.

APPLYING A BLISTER.—After applying a mustard plaster to an animal should it be left to wear off, or should it be washed off? (2) After blistering a horse with biniodide of mercury does it do harm for the horse to get the plaster wet? A. S.

SWELLING.—My two-year-old colt has a knot swollen over each eye about the size of a common-sized hen's egg. They have been there about three weeks. A week after they came she turned her head at one side when she ate grain. There is no discharge from the nose but her throat seems to be sore. C. H.

COLIC.—I have a mare seven years old. She eats good and is fat, but has some kind of spells every once in a while. She had three last spring. She lies down and stretches out, then gets up, looking back at her side, standing and stretching as though in pain. Her bowels move all right. She acts as though it were a light attack of colic but does not swell any. C. C. G.

STRAW CLOCK.—I have a fine young lady about three years old. She has a knot on her left hind leg between her ankle and hoof. It has been there about eighteen months and does not seem to hurt her. It feels like a wen. What all is her and what can I do for her? J. T. B.

Thorndyke's Quest

By Elbert Wasgatt Wells

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VANCE WARNER had gone through college heart-free. The many courtships for which a "co-ed" institution is often famous, meant nothing to him. He was too dignified to take part in the escapades, without which a college love-match is not up to standard.

"I'm sorry for you old man," said Joe Graham, a classmate of Warner's, in one of their parting conversations.

"Why so?" Vance asked with a little shiver of apprehension.

"Because you are leaving college and her fair co-eds with a heart untouched. You have no anchor for your affections save that mystical something all theologians are supposed to have."

"Isn't that sufficient?"

"There was a touch of impatience in Graham's reply: 'You are to become a minister, I believe, not a priest.'

"I expect to be married to my work."

"That listens good, but it won't hold water," said Joe, chopping his grammar and figures into bits and making them into a rhetorical chowchow.

"The tenets of the religion you profess, teach that the family is the unit of society. If you would preach a whole gospel, you must enjoin the family, its obligation and sacredness upon your people. Then, you will see the inconsistency of your preaching and practice."

When you do see this, you will find yourself suddenly developing an overwhelming susceptibility for feminine charms, but, having gone through college, as you have done, fearful of giving a young lady a second glance, you will fall victim to a pair of dreamy eyes and reap as much wedded woe as your great Wesleyan prototype."

Warner's first years at the seminary was devoid of any but theological interest. The time some of his colleagues put in on writing tender missives, he devoted to exegesis. The dining-room girls were about the only ones of the tender sex with whom he became acquainted, but that he, or other theologian, should have "soft" designs on aught in the hall, save the fare, was unparadiseable.

Miss Emmette Thorndyke, the matron of the dining-room at Hensley Hall, had never had a love-affair of her own and was too short on sentiment to cherish one, had the poor founding strayed into her preserves. This qualification held her job. Like the strictest Pharisee, she lived up to the letter of the faculty's iron-clad rule that no student should carry on a flirtation, or a love-making, with any of the dining-room girls. The execution of this law was Thorndyke's vindictive delight.

Now, a theologian must not be a flirt. Studying divinity and flirting is like wearing two masks—he will cleave to the one and despise the other.

On the other hand, a young preacher has as much right to a love-affair as has a young layman. His heart is as prone to hunger as is that of his secular brother. So thought little Miss Ruth Mackenzie, who fulfilled Graham's parting prophecy, though the fulfillment was in milder tones than Graham had painted.

She entered the dining-hall near the beginning of Vance Warner's second year and came, gradually, to interfere with his interpretation of the major prophets. Following her advent into his life, he found Greek roots digging. On every page of his Hebrew, he found a pair of laughing eyes and they were always brown.

One day, Professor Batchelder was giving his class a test in Bible history and, referring to the Monibites, asked:

"Of what nationality was Ruth—Mr. Warner?"

"Scotch," was the instant reply, but, a hearty laugh ensuing, he blushed furiously and asked:

"Which Ruth do you mean?"

"I didn't know there was but one," the professor replied with a twinkle in his eyes.

"That's what Warner thinks," blurted Wolfe, the class wag, and another laugh arose at the luckless theologian's expense.

As they came out of the classroom, Vance sidled up to Wolfe and said:

"I want to punctuate the old prophet's 'saddle me the ass' into 'saddle me, the ass.' Thanks, old fellow, but I'll do better."

And he did.

Well, before the end of his junior year, the citadel of his affections had been taken by force and the little Scot reciprocated to the extent of thinking him "bonnie."

They found means of communication—love always does. President Hurley and his faculty might curtail all the social privileges, but cupid laughed in the crook of his elbow, not having a sleeve big enough to hide a giggle; for he taught these lovers the use of the wireless telegraph, before marconigrams were patented. Clandestine meetings took place, and moonlight strolls. The escapades Vance used to think beneath his dignity became part of their very existence, and the little danger attending these spiced them to a good wholesome flavor.

The beginning of his senior year found Vance and Ruth engaged. Just after the next commencement, they would be declared and go away to his new work, which as superintendent friend had promised him in the West.

This mutual understanding and the fact that it was pretty generally understood among the other students, begot a little recklessness, and the pitcher, on one of its trips to the well, came near getting broken.

As he left supper one evening, toward the end of his senior year, Vance spoke over his shoulder to Ruth:

"A minute or two at ten o'clock?"

She gave him an answering smile, but turned to her work with some decision, as she caught a glance from the corner of Thorndyke's eye. Her confusion was aggravated when the matron followed her to the kitchen and asked what "young Warner" said was wrong with the clock. Let us hope her answer is not recorded.

Before ten, he stood himself by a pillar in the dimly lighted hall. Presently, there came, tiptoeing along, a feminine figure, and, gently whispering: "My dearest," Vance caught her in his arms.

His disillusionment was literally "fierce." He could not tell whether he had laid hands on a buzz-saw, a full-tuned dynamo, or one possessed with devils. Then arose a quick succession of screams, which tore the air into shreds and almost split his tympanums. Vance bent a retreat and stood not on the order of his going; for he made the stairs four steps at a jump and turned a half-somersault over a trunk which chanced to be in the upper hall-way.

The theologian—every mother's son of them—came pellmell to rescue fair lady from foul fiend. The president's house stood beside Hensley Hall, and Doctor Hurley rushed in, clad in lounging robe and slippers. His first question was:

"What is this unearthly trouble about?"

"It's unearthly, all right," somebody snickered.

Somebody else answered the doctor: "Thorndyke's got hugged!"

Said another, more remote from the center of the stage of action—in the wings, as it were—where the light was dimmer:

"It must have been her first experience."

Whether to brand this as a canard or to rebuke the prevailing spirit of levity, is not clear, but declaring it "an insult to a self-respecting female," she slammed the door between herself and her would-be rescuers.

The most dignified folks unlimber on occasion, and sixty-nine theologians decided that the time had come to indulge in a good laugh. Every fellow tried to add something to lubricate the rollicking good humor. So, everybody's wit, native and acquired, exerted itself to make a "home run."

"Delivered to the wrong address?"

"Who was the addressee?"

"Not Thorndyke."

"That's the reason she screamed."

"'Twas a scream of delight."

"She mustn't take her delights so noisily."

What other nonsense might have been brewing, Doctor Hurley obliterated by saying:

"Young men, this is shameful; get to your rooms. We will look into this affair tomorrow."

From the head of the stairs came a voice, squeaky in its disguise:

"Better go, too, Doctor—you'll catch your death o' cold!"

In matters of discipline, the doctor had a method all his own, or rather a lack of method nobody else would claim. Indeed, cases requiring discipline were so few he forgot from one to the next what was the procedure best calculated to conserve the dignity of the seminary.

At the close of the next morning's chapel-service, Doctor Hurley said:

"We shall dispense with the first-hour recitations. It is our purpose to investigate the unfortunate affair which occurred last night, at Hensley Hall. All may be excused, who know nothing about it. It will save time if any one who does know, will tell us what he knows. The quickest way of all would be for the culprit to confess."

Just how the doctor knew the offender was a student, is not clear, but nobody left the chapel—doubtless, all knew something, and wanted to know more.

Hurley gave a slight, mirthless laugh—about as long as two syllables—and said:

"Do I understand this was a kind of community affair?"

Vance Warner rose in his place and replied:

"Doctor Hurley, it seems that I know more about this unfortunate affair than any one else, for it was my offense."

Dead silence followed this burst of information. The students, generally, had an understanding as to the culprit, but they felt that honor must be maintained, even among theologians. So, while not expecting him to deny if charged with it, they did not think he would be so frank about it and were no little surprised. To the faculty, the confession and its antecedent "transgression" were incomprehensible; for, among themselves, they were coming to regard Vance Warner as the probable winner of the Berlin fellowship, but now—and they stared at him in blank amazement.

At last, Hurley found his voice—probably among the rafters, for it had a lofty pitch—and exclaimed:

"You, Vance Warner?"

"Yes," Vance replied; "but I am sure I regret it as much as any one."

Seated in an inconspicuous corner of the chapel was Thorndyke. The possible meaning of the foregoing remark struck her ear unfavorably and she cleaved in a deprecating undertone.

"Your regrets come on the wrong side of the affair, young man," was Hurley's chilling response; "besides, you yourself know it is poor repentance that arises from being caught."

"If I had known it was Miss Thorndyke," and Warner's tone had the ring of sincerity, "I should not have done it for anything in the world."

This was greeted by the students with a hearty laugh, but it was entirely too personal to suit the outraged matron's notions and she hissed:

"The villainous hypocrite!"

"Oh!"—the president's exclamation indicated his belief that he had struck a warm trail—"Miss Thorndyke was the unwilling proxy of another?"

"She seemed to be in the hall of her own free will," Vance replied, and a good-sized, man-made giggle swept through the chapel.

"No nonsense, now, Mr. Warner—please tell us the young lady whose being late proved so embarrassing to our worthy matron."

Vance was still standing, having arisen when he first addressed the president. So it was that many of the students could see his face, and, at this demand, it was covered with a slight flush of pain, but it was only for an instant; for, brightening with sudden resolution, he said:

"Doctor Hurley, I beg your pardon, but I have told you all my conscience demands I tell."

"If you will not"—Hurley seemed to be measuring his words as well as screwing up his respect for presidential authority and dignity—"if you will not, I say, every girl shall leave the dining-hall. You claim to be a Christian man—you can furnish some proof of it by sparing the innocent."

With equal deliberation and emphasis, Vance responded:

"I think it ill becomes a teacher of the Christ-life to punish the innocent to reach one whom you are pleased to call guilty."

The president winced under this thrust, but asked:

"Will you tell her name?"

Warner stood a moment, as if pondering. Then, turning so that he was more nearly facing the students than the faculty, he smiled and said:

"Miss Thorndyke can tell you—she had the young lady's coat over her head."

The effect was instantaneous. The ludicrousness of it was fatal to chapel decorum. Those theologians—some of them ordained ministers—became a roomful of boys who had to laugh or "bust." It was a laugh of no mean proportions—loud, long and sincere. Professor Batchelder was tickled like the other boys, and the humor of the situation gradually gained on the faculty till, finally, after readjusting his countenance a time or two, a chuckle broke in Hurley's throat and ended in an explosion. This explosion, like an earthquake in mid-ocean, produced another tidal wave, and it was several minutes before Doctor Hurley found his voice.

When quiet was finally restored, and the doctor had wrestled a while with his face, he said:

"Mr. Warner, it seems you and Miss Thorndyke have both been imposed on—my advice is the Scriptural injunction, 'go and sin no more.'"

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hands can be set. The dial, pendulum, figures, hands, even the chain, weight gears and the skeleton are of straw. The chain is fourteen inches long and endless. In the construction of this clock thousands of stalks of straw have been used, mostly three and fourfold, to give strength.

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Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

NOTICE.—As the privileges of this Bureau and of all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given any inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name and address. Initials only, or a fictitious name, if requested, will appear in the published answer, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

Ambition, Louisburg, Minn.—Ambassadors and Consuls are appointed to their positions, though the consular service is now under civil service rules and men are appointed according to fitness after examinations. Ambassadors are selected by reason of merit, whether political or otherwise, and sometimes the selection is worthy and sometimes not. We would not say they are appointed as the result of a "stand in," as you put it, but they do use "influence" so to speak. Yes, a lawyer by working hard might in time get such a place, but a great deal of his work would not be at the law, though legal, no doubt. Don't try to be an Ambassador, but if you will qualify, by acquiring a foreign language or two, and otherwise educating yourself, you have as good a chance as the next one to become a Consul, which is no mean job, unless you happen to be sent to some part of the world where you will either melt or freeze.

M. L. F., Flat River, Mo.—Unless Flat River is a wireless station, your opportunities to become an operator must be found elsewhere. Just where is for you to find out if you are anxious enough to become one to make the effort. If you will write to L. R. Krum, Chief Radio Inspector, Bureau of Navigation, Washington, D. C., you can get the government side of it, and if you will write to Mrs. Herbert Sumner Owens, Hunter College, Park Ave. and 68th St., New York City, you will get the school side of it. Though it has been said that women do not make the best wireless operators, Miss Helen Campbell, a New York girl, twenty-two years of age, passed the government test in May, eight words above the requirement, which is twenty words a minute. There are seven other young women training at the Marconi School, Elm and Duane Sts., New York City. This school was started by the National League for Women's Service.

N. M. M., Beonton, N. J.—To prevent the sticking which occurs in cooking vessels of aluminum they should be cleaned dry and not put in water at all. You can get steel-cloth cleaners which keep the aluminum in proper condition.

Mrs. M. S., White Post, Ky.—Cousinship is commonly reckoned by generations. If A and B were first cousins, the children of B would be considered second cousins of A. The grandchildren would be third cousins. The relationship of A's children and grandchildren to B's children and grandchildren would be that of cousins once and twice removed.

Herbs and Boots.—Many of our readers want to know how to recognize medicinal herbs for which there is a ready sale, and where to find a market for them. Almost any druggist can help you in this, and you can obtain the prices paid from a wholesale supply drug house, inquire of your druggist or storekeeper where to write to the nearest big dealer near you. Write to L. G. Grund, Logan Station, Philadelphia, Pa., and to "Botanical," New Haven, Conn., for full information, as these two concerns advertise to buy medicinal herbs.

Jim McP., Breckenridge, Texas.—Write to the McEwen & Robbins Co., 91 Fulton Street, and to Parke Davis & Co., 183 Hudson Street, and ask what they are paying for rattlesnake oil. These are both New York City firms.

J. S. S., Fortine, Mont.—The Indian Method of tanning was first to thoroughly scrape off all fat, the skin being spread over a large, smooth log and carefully and patiently gone over with a blunt-edged knife that would cut no holes in the hide. After the scraping, the brains of the animal, or of some other recently killed animal, were thoroughly worked into the skin. If the hair side had become soiled or greasy, it was washed in cold lye made from wood ashes. When the skin was finally stretched for drying, if the Indians had any gunpowder, some of this was often sprinkled upon the hide.

Mrs. C. C. S., Abington, Mass.—The best method for anyone wishing to earn money at home is to watch for some local want in their home town, and to fill such want if they can. Home-made breads, cakes, and preserves always find ready market, and can be placed with dealers on commission, or sold at the house. It is surprising how quickly a profitable trade can be built up for a "Home Kitchen"—we have seen it accomplished many times. Anyone having skill in that direction can make luncheon sets and tea cloths. Little trimmed hats for small children often find ready sale when tastefully and skillfully made. Use your brains and fingers.

Interested, Greenville, Va.—You will require at least a high school education, or its equivalent, for admission to a dental college. Send for a sample copy of the Dental Digest, 220 West 42nd street, New York City. (2) Publications of the type you desire would be: Illinois Teacher, Bloomington, Ill.; The Teachers' Journal, Marion, Ill.; The School News, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City; and The School Review, University of Chicago Press, Chicago, Ill.

A. M., Farmington, Wash.—We do not know of any market for pressed flowers. If any COMFORT readers know where this fragile merchandise could be turned into cash we would be glad to hear from them. Submit samples of your pressed flowers, if they are well made, to the Artificial Flower Decorating Company, 1545 Broadway, New York City.

Mrs. D., Chicago, Ill.—We are unable to tell the value of your 17th century medal. If you have tried coin dealers in vain, we suggest that you write the same description you gave us of this medal to the American Numismatic Society, 156th street, West of Broadway, New York City, and also to the American Numismatic Association, De Kalb, Ill.

Mrs. J. A. W., Wellsville, Ohio.—Experts differ as to the number of genuine Stradivarius violins in existence today, but all agree that they are very few in number. There are about thirty well-known and authenticated instruments. Violins being made in those far-off days by slow and careful hand labor, and many having been lost and worn out in the past two hundred years, it is easy to see that a genuine Stradivarius is a great rarity. But the imitations are turned out in large numbers and many of them seem to be owned by inquirers to this department. The following is a description of a Stradivarius of 1690: Length of body, fourteen inches; width across top, six and sixteenths inches, across bottom eight and one quarter inches; height of sides, at top, one and three-eighths inches, at bottom, one and seven-thirty-seconds inches. Back in one piece, supplemented at lower part with width. Belly of two pieces of soft pine. The violin is coated with fine orange-red-brown varnish, untouched since making. A great part of the tone superiority of the Italian instruments is thought to have been secured by the varnish used at that time.

Dennie Burgess, Brantley, Ala.—This is another inquiry for a "needle to find gold and hidden treasure." There is no such article for sale except from those who are "finding gold" by selling a worthless fraud to credulous buyers.

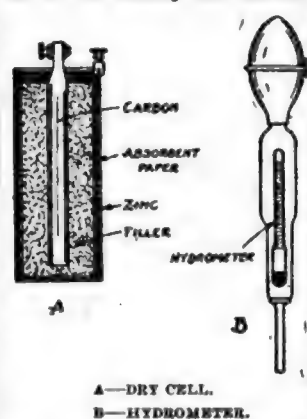
COMFORT's Friend, Maud, Texas.—Here is another COMFORT reader who has a violin with an interior inscription that makes her think it is a genuine Stradivarius. As we have stated before it would have been impossible for old Antonius Stradivarius to make all the violins that are cheerfully attributed to him by dealers who have something to sell. These inquiries reach this department every month. Without doubt the inscription in COMFORT's Friend's violin is a faked one. But if it is a good violin and you have had it twenty years, as you say, we should not worry about its actual ancestry.

Automobile and Gas Engine Helps

Questions relating to gasoline engines and automobiles, by our subscribers, addressed to COMFORT Auto Dept., Augusta, Maine, will be answered by our expert, free, in the columns of this department. Full name and address is required, but initials only will be printed.

The Battery

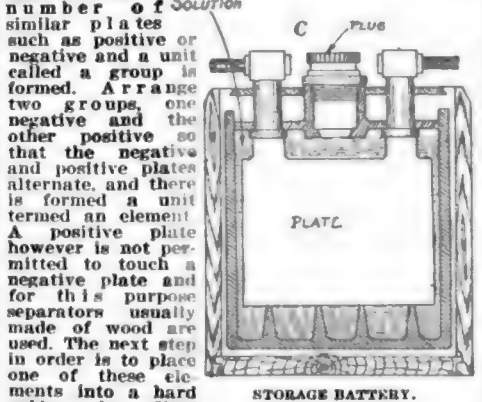
NATURALLY when considering the electrical system the motorist allows his mind to wander to the source from which the electric current is furnished. In automobile work the electric current is obtained from either one of two general sources, namely: battery and magneto. In this installment only the battery will enter into the discussion. Batteries may be split up under two headings, dry and wet. Almost everyone is acquainted with the dry cell battery due to the fact that it is commonly used to furnish current for the propulsion of toys and operation of door bells and therefore requires little introduction. It can be briefly described as consisting of a cylindrical zinc shell around the inside of which is wrapped a piece of absorbent paper saturated with a paste made of zinc chloride, zinc oxide, ammonium chloride, plaster of Paris and water. The zinc shell forms the negative terminal of the battery and the carbon element passing through the center, the positive.



A—DRY CELL.
B—HYDROMETER.

The so termed storage battery. The term "storage" appears to be somewhat misapplied as the storage battery does not in reality store electric current in the same way that we speak of a coil holding water, but on the other hand the electric current is produced by chemical action.

Let us now briefly outline the make up of the average storage battery. The device is based upon the theory that if two plates of lead compound be immersed in a solution of sulphuric acid and a current passed through the cell there is a tendency to produce an oxide of lead on one plate and a spongy or metallic lead on the other. Present practice is to use plates in the form of grids filled with certain lead compounds, this preparation being kept secret by the manufacturers. The plates are known as positive and negative so termed due to the direction of flow through them. Current always leaves the battery by the positive end and returns by the negative. Positive terminals are usually called plus and negative minus. For the positive plates lead peroxide which is of reddish brown color is used while for the negative plates, a soft spongy lead.



Connect a number of solution similar plates such as positive or negative and a unit called a group is formed. A range of two groups, one negative and the other positive so that the negative and positive plates alternate, and there is formed a unit termed an element. A positive plate however is not permitted to touch a negative plate and for this purpose separators usually made of wood are used. The next step in order is to place one of these elements into a hard rubber jar filled with a solution of sulphuric acid, commonly termed electrolyte and the complete cell is formed. Slowly charge the cell with direct current and we have a completed battery. A battery, however, may be composed of as many cells as desired, this of course being determined by the amount of work required of the battery.

It is a recognized fact that the reason for much premature battery failure is due directly to ignorance and negligence on the part of its owner. Man would not think of trying to exist without eating and drinking or in other words he requires nourishment to restore wastage of the body, yet he often expects the battery to continue its excellent service without giving it any attention whatsoever. The owner need not worry about the actual construction or the materials that enter into the battery, this being carefully taken care of by the manufacturer. The owner's only concern is the attention. The following are a few of the things he must do if the battery is to give satisfactory service:

Add distilled water, never a solution of sulphuric acid, until the solution is level with the inside cover.

Never allow the solution to get below top of plates, air is detrimental to the plates.

Make sure plugs are securely screwed into top of cells after peering into battery or adding water.

Make frequent inspections and make a practice of adding water once every week in warm weather and once every two weeks in cold weather. Use only distilled or rain-water caught in a porcelain vessel. Use no water known to contain even small quantities of salts of any kind.

The best way to ascertain the condition of the battery is to test the specific gravity (density) of the solution in each cell with a hydrometer. See sketch B which shows a common and convenient form of hydrometer syringe used to test the specific gravity of electrolyte. To take a reading remove the plugs in top of battery and insert the end of the rubber tube in the cell. Squeeze and then slowly release the rubber bulb, thereby drawing up solution from the cell. The reading on the graduated stem of the hydrometer at the point where it emerges from the liquid is the specific gravity of the electrolyte. After testing return the electrolyte from the cell from which it was taken by squeezing the rubber bulb. Always take the test before adding water because a reliable specific gravity test cannot be taken afterwards as the solution has not mixed by charging. The gravity reading is expressed in points for example the difference between 1.250 and 1.275 is 25 points. When all cells are in good order the gravity should not vary more than 25 points. The electrolyte in a battery should not be allowed to drop lower than 1.250 but should a test disclose the electrolyte to show a gravity of 1.150 indications are that the battery is completely discharged or run down and must

be charged from an outside source. Whenever the gravity is found to be below 1.250 but above 1.150 use the lamps and electric starter sparingly or in other words conserve the current for charging. In this way all other things being normal the specific gravity will slowly rise.

Simple Way to Foil a Thief

There is an old saying that it takes a thief to catch a thief therefore why not a thief to prevent a theft? According to reports the leader of a tribe of automobile bandits was captured in St. Louis and contrary to the usual custom seemed inclined to be talkative. During the conversation with the police he offered some good suggestions for the prevention of theft one of which was how to prevent the taking of an automobile by anyone except the rightful owner or operator. The trick is to cross two or more of the spark plug wires thus preventing the cylinders from firing in order. For example on a four cylinder motor place the wire for the No. 1 spark plug on the No. 2 spark plug and vice versa. The principle involved is that the motor will not operate and it will require long search on the part of the thief to determine what the trouble is. The owner can of course make the necessary change in approximately a minute.

"Emergency" Cement

Nothing detracts more from the pleasure of motoring than tire trouble. However as long as the pneumatic tire continues to be the favorite it is impossible to gain absolute freedom from this trouble, and it is therefore good policy to carry extra equipment or the necessary tools and material for making roadside repairs. There are times in the life of every motorist however when he ventures from home with no spare tires and little equipment for making repairs. When there is no cement at hand to stick a patch on the inner tube it is said that a good substitute is to dissolve small pieces of rubber in gasoline. If there are no pieces of rubber in the tool kit, cut off a few small strips from one of the outer casings.

Know Your Own Car

In a previous issue certain precautions were specified which should be taken against the theft of the car. It is surprising how very few owners really know their own cars. For example, if the car is stolen it is quite natural that the owner should first seek the services of the police. It is then that he realizes for the first time how little he knows concerning his own car. He usually knows the name of the car, the state license number, the horse-power of the engine and the color of the paint, but beyond these few facts he knows comparatively nothing. It is obvious that the police search would not go far with such meager details with which to work. The following is a blank form handed to the unfortunate when registering his complaint in one of the large Illinois cities. If you lost your car and were handed such a sheet how many questions could you answer? Better scribble these facts down in your note book. The slogan of the country at the present time is "Preparedness."

Make _____
Model (year, h. p., special name of manufacturer) _____
Color _____
Passenger _____
License No. _____ Battery Number _____
Steering Post No. _____ Radiator No. _____
Motor No. _____ Transmission No. _____
Body No. _____ Clutch No. _____
Top No. _____ Front Axle No. _____
Starter No. _____ Rear Axle No. _____
Tires, size and number and make _____
Front left _____
Front right _____
Rear left _____
Rear right _____
Front right _____
Remarks: Special identification marks, dents, noticeable scratches, description of monogram of letters upholstering; any special unique feature or device?

Questions Answered

ENGINE KNOCKS.—After being run about 1,000 miles the rear cylinder of my new Ford car has begun to knock or rather make a clicking sound. Otherwise the car runs smoothly and seems to have plenty of power. Can you suggest the cause and remedy? L. R. Wheelersburg, Ohio.

A.—Remove the cylinder block and examine the No. 4 piston. It may be that the piston is a trifle undersize causing a slap in the cylinder. If such is found to be the case try to find a piston that is slightly oversized. Look at the wrist pin for the No. 4 piston. It may be of a loose fit.

KEROSENE AS FUEL.—Is there any means or appliance by which I can use kerosene as fuel in my car? It is a four-cylinder machine, bore three and seven eighths inches, stroke five inches, h. p. 200, value-the-head type engine. O. B. Chandler, Ind.

A.—Kerosene is not a suitable fuel for automobile engines. Much difficulty is at present encountered in the vaporization of the low grade of gasoline it being almost impossible to generate sufficient heat to bring about this end. It is obvious therefore that ships would have to be taken in order to insure the necessary heat to vaporize kerosene. Because of its present lower cost every motorist is of course interested in the substitution of kerosene for gasoline as a fuel for the automobile. The chief difficulty in the way of bringing about this end is that it is practically impossible to start a cold motor on kerosene, unless some complicated preheating arrangement be used. From time to time several types of combination (kerosene-gasoline) carburetors have made their appearance only to disappear in very little time with absolutely no profit to their makers. In view of the fact that many automobile engineers have given much attention to using kerosene as a fuel for automobile engines and to date have been unsuccessful, our advice is that you abandon the idea of using kerosene and purchase only the best grade of gasoline available.

Artist's Paint Box

For A Club Of Four

NEARLY every boy and girl and many grown people, too, like to paint pictures of flowers, animal life, bits of scenery, etc. To get the best results, however, you need a good set of colors like the one shown here. The box is 8 1/2 inches long, 5 inches wide and made of black enameled metal. It contains eight regular colors in pans and ten moist colors in tubes, including Red, Yellow (two shades), Violet, Cerise, Green (two shades), Blue (two shades), Crimson, Lavender, Brown (two shades), Black (one tube and one pan), White, and Orange (two shades). There is also a good quality camel-hair brush 6 1/2 inches long, two porcelain mixing cups and practical directions for mixing paints. Anyone who has a talent for drawing or painting should have one of these paint boxes because it is of good quality throughout and we know it will give the greatest satisfaction. You can have this Paint Box complete as described upon the terms of the following



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Not \$1.00, not even 50c, not one cent cost to you under our easy conditions. We extra charges for extra big, extreme peg-tops, fancy belt loops, pearl buttons, no extra charge for anything, all free. Before you take another order, before you buy a suit or pants, get our samples and new offer. Write today. Send Me Your Order—the big new different tailoring deal. Costs nothing and no extra charge. KNICKERBOCKER TAILORING CO., Dept. 646 Chicago, Ill.

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PREMO CAMERA



Premium No. 7286
For a Club of Six!
We will also include free of charge one six Exposure Roll Film Cartridge and a complete Instruction Book. This is the well-known "Premo" camera, made by the Eastman Kodak Co., therefore you can depend upon it to produce the most pleasing and satisfactory results. It takes a picture 1 1/4 by 1 3/4 inches, is fitted with the best quality Meniscus lens and an automatic shutter adapted for snap shots and time exposures. The pictures may be taken either the long way or the short way of the camera. It uses the regulation roll film cartridge containing six exposures, and this may be put in the camera and taken out again in broad daylight, so that you don't have to go into a dark room every time you want to load the camera. Anybody can make good pictures with this camera. Being small and compact it is just the thing to carry with you to "snap" pictures of your friends, sports, etc., with. And remember, we send you not only the camera itself but also include One Six Exposure Roll Film Cartridge and Instruction Book, all packed together in a strong box and sent to you Free by Parcel Post, prepaid, on the terms of the following special

Club Offer. For a club of six one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you by Parcel Post, prepaid, this Premo Camera with one Roll Film Cartridge containing six exposures and complete Instruction Book. Premium No. 7286. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Artist's Paint Box

Premium No. 7444.

Club Offer: For four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each we will send you this fine Paint Box free by parcel post prepaid. Premium No. 7444. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



In this department will be carefully considered any legal problem which may be submitted by a subscriber. All opinions given herein will be prepared at our expense by eminent counsel.

Inasmuch as it is one of the principal missions of COMFORT to aid in upbuilding and upholding the sanctity of the home, no advice will be given on matters pertaining to divorce. Any paid-up subscriber to COMFORT is welcome to submit inquiries, which, so far as possible, will be answered in this department. If any reader, other than a subscriber, wishes to take advantage of this privilege, it may be done by sending twenty-five (25) cents in silver or stamps, for a one-year subscription to COMFORT thus obtaining all the benefits which our subscribers enjoy including a copy of the magazine for one full year.

Full names and addresses must be signed by all persons seeking advice in this column but not for publication. Unless otherwise requested, initials only will be published.

Mrs. N. E. Q., Redondo Beach, Cal.—Under the laws of Montana, we do not think that you have any vested right in the property of your husband during his lifetime except that you would be entitled to support from him. We think that in case he predeceases you, you would be entitled to dower of one third interest for life in his real estate, unless the same had been released or some other provision was made for you in lieu of dower in his will. We think that the disadvantage you are now under consists in the fact that you are so far away from him and the probable necessity of your going to there he now is in order to enforce your claim for support against him. Of course, if he left or abandoned you for some good and valid reason, you may have forfeited this claim for support.

Mrs. A. J., Peabody, Kans.—Upon your statements, we are of the opinion, that a verbal separation agreement in the case you mentioned would not amount to much of anything. We think that in case of the separation of the couple you mention, the agreement as to the property for the family should be in writing and the share of each of the parties transferred by proper written documents in accordance to the terms of such agreement.

Mrs. J. B. E., Pennsylvania.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that your judgment creditor can enforce the payment of his judgment against any property you may own, not exempt by law from levy under execution.

A. McL., Washington.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that children can be legally disinherited by the will of the parent, provided they be named in the will. We think that usually done by leaving a small bequest to the child.

B. J. P., Idaho.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that homesteads after the same have been declared are exempt from levy under execution where the selection is made by the husband or, in case of his failure, by the wife or other head of a family, such homestead may be selected to the value of five thousand dollars, and to the value of one thousand dollars by any other person. The declaration previously acknowledged and recorded is prior to all claims against the property which were not existing before at the time the declaration of homestead was recorded, and in addition thereto there are the following exemptions from execution: 1. chairs, tables, desks and tools to the value of \$200. 2. Necessary household furniture to the value of \$300, wearing apparel, paint, linings, etc., and provisions provided for the individual and his family for six months, two cows and two hogs with their increase, also special itemized exemptions to a farmer, mechanic or artisan, miner, teamster or other laborer, surgeon, physician, surveyor, dentist, attorney, counselor, judge and clergyman. Seventy-five per cent of the earnings of the judgment debtor, if necessary for his family residing in the state, for services rendered within the thirty days next preceding levy of execution. If earnings do not exceed fifteen dollars per week all such earnings are exempt, but in no case shall the exemption exceed one hundred dollars at any one time. Also certain exemptions of shares held by a member in a homestead or building loan association, certain exemptions as to services rendered and exemptions to live companies, public buildings, etc.

L. H., West Virginia.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion, that upon the death of the man you mention, leaving no will, his widow would receive dower of a one third interest for life in his real estate, and one third of the personal property absolutely, after payment of debts and expenses, the balance of the estate going in equal shares to his children; we think the share of the surviving widow, but before the estate was divided, leaving no will and no widow or descendant, would go to his mother and his brothers and sisters, and would be administered as his estate.

J. F. R., Pennsylvania.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that upon the death of an unmarried man, leaving no will, and leaving no kindred nearer than first cousins, his estate, subject to the payment of debts and expenses would go to such cousins. We think such cousins would have to pay an inheritance tax to the state and the United States upon such share if the amount of the inheritance was more than the exemption.

Mrs. M. W., Tennessee.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the property of your deceased uncle would be disposed of in conformity with the terms of his will, if he left a valid one. We do not think his foster son could be punished for using his name, even if he was not legally adopted.

Mrs. F. P., Wisconsin.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that the statute of limitations runs against a claim for wages within six years from the time the cause of action accrued, or the last evidence of indebtedness thereof.

C. D. L., Oklahoma.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that the wife of the general guardian of the young girl you mention has no legal right to punish such minor without the guardian's consent. We think that if the guardian subjects his ward to cruel treatment he would be liable to be removed as such guardian.

Mrs. K. A. B., Alberta.—We think the laws of your Province provide for the Torrens system of land registration whereby all titles to land and every interest therein, except household interests for a period of three years or less, issue from the government. We think the owner named in the certificate holds the land subject to such incumbrances, liens, estates or interests as are notified on the folio of the register which constitutes the certificate of title; we think an abstract of title is a certificate or statement as to the title of property made by some individual or title abstract company. Under the laws of Minnesota we are of the opinion that the property, of a decedent who died leaving no will, and leaving no surviving issue nor spouse nor father, nor mother, would go to brothers and sisters of decedent, the lawful issue of any such as had predeceased the decedent, taking the parent's share.

Mrs. M. B., Oklahoma.—We do not think it necessary or the common practice to file or record a will until after the death of the person who makes it.

Mrs. A. B. S., Monville, Wyo.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that if the man gave the coat you mention to your sister, he could not again sell the same and give a good title to another purchaser. We think the paper you described as a bill of sale would be evidence substantiating the gift of this coat to your sister; just how conclusive evidence it would be, we think would depend on other circumstances. We think that you and your sister would be entitled to recover from this man such wages as he agreed to pay you, provided your right to enforce the payment of the same has not been barred by the Statute of Limitations.

Mrs. C. W., Merced, Cal.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of the wife, the entire community property without administration belongs to the surviving husband, except such portion as may have been set apart to her by judicial decree for her support and maintenance. We think if there was no such judicial decree upon the death of your mother, the community property went to your father and upon his death, leaving no will and leaving a surviving widow and one child, would go in equal shares to each. If more than one child, one third to his surviving widow and the balance to the children in equal shares. We do not think the daughter of your mother by a former marriage would have any rights of inheritance from your father's estate.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

kind of ministers and the right kind of religion, a religion that deals with this world as much as it does with the next. The government is using all the tin for war purposes so we have decided to eat the Goat.

Fort Robert E. Lee, HAWKINS, TEXAS.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I've been reading your preparedness speeches and haven't read anything I liked better since Lincoln's Gettysburg address or Spartacus to the Gladiators. When anybody sounds a war cry or a bugle call, I stick up my ears and listen. There's just one thing, Uncle Charlie, that I want to criticize you for—you say we join Preparedness parades but won't enlist to fight. Maybe you don't know Texas. Recruiting offices don't do much business here in time of peace, the boys know they can make more than \$17.50 a month and serve their country better in some industrial work—but when there was a prospect of a real war with Mexico or Germany the office was open night and day enlisting men and one broad-chested six-foot farmer boy walked thirty miles to enlist. In a Texas family the father can shoot forty-seven caliber from Chickamauga and the twelve sons each a bullet wound from El Caney and the whole family ready to go again. I've been among 20,000 soldiers the past twelve months and my opinion is this:

When Uncle Sammy mixes in this European scrap, You bet he'll get to old Berlin, And grab the Kaiser by the chin And make the French and British grin As he gives the Dutch a slap. The Kaiser he's full awful blue, He'll drop his sword and then skidoo, And then with war we'll be through. And the end of peace we all can chew. When Uncle Sam sticks out his chin, Rolls up his sleeves and mixes in!

The first lesson in patriotism is to buy a flag, raise it at sunrise and lower it at sunset, never let it rain upon your flag, and fly it at half mast when some one who has served his country dies. Take off your hat and hold it over your heart when the flag goes by, and honor and protect your flag even when there is nobody looking. Well, Uncle Charlie, I close for this time, I just wanted you to know that here in Texas we still remember George Washington and the days of '76. (Some do Rob, but there are piles that don't.—Uncle.)

Patriotically,

ROBERT LEE HARRIS.

This department Bob, is not conducted for traitors or lunatics but for sane, sensible, red-blooded Americans, and that's why it always makes a hit with worth-while manly men and womanly women. Yes, Bob, I do know Texas, and the very last thing I clipped from my twelfth daily newspaper last night, was a little speech made by General Pershing who is leading our first division of soldiers to France. General Pershing said we were a nation asleep and continued thus: "The feeling among our people is very lax. They have not begun to realize that we are in this great war. It is all very well to write editorials about it and talk about it on the platform, but it has not yet been impressed on the people out West. I have just come from Texas where they say 'Oh, well we haven't lost anybody. None of our vessels have been destroyed, and we don't really feel that we are at war.' I put the question to all such men 'do you realize that you must take the places of every man who is killed among the Allies?' Bring the people to the full realization of the seriousness of this war and that the burden of its success is going to rest on these United States. Texas with a population of some four million people forty-five days after the declaration of war had enlisted less than 3,500 men. Little Switzerland with a population nearly a million less than Texas can within a few hours, put 425,000 bayonets into the field. Germany knew better than to try and go through Switzerland. She knew if she did she would strike a hornet's nest. Belgium was only half prepared and you know what happened to her. Canada with an English speaking population but a little larger than Texas, has put half a million men into the field. It is a good thing for us that there is a lot of water between us and Europe and that the Swiss are a peaceful people, or they might take it into their heads to come and smash the stuffing out of our little professional army of 80,000 men. So you see we have some big things in the past, but that was a long time ago. This generation has yet to prove it can make good and we hope to God it will make good, and we feel sure it will; but up to the present it has not shown much inclination to do what it must do if liberty and righteousness are to rule in this world. The soldier's pay has been increased to thirty dollars a month. That ought to have been done years ago. People who want other people to do their fighting and dying for them should be willing to pay the price. By the way only about three thousand people in Texas have been honest enough to pay income tax. That means there must be at least 20,000 income tax dodgers in the Lone Star State. What an outrage.

Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT's immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers. It was primarily started as a society for the juvenile members of COMFORT's family, only, but those of more mature years clamored for admittance so persistently that it was deemed advisable to impose no age limit; thus all are eligible to admittance into our League provided they conform to its rules and are animated by the child spirit.

Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs thirty cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The thirty cents goes toward a membership card for the juvenile members of COMFORT's family, only, but those of more mature years clamored for admittance so persistently that it was deemed advisable to impose no age limit; thus all are eligible to admittance into our League provided they conform to its rules and are animated by the child spirit.

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How to become a Member

Send thirty cents to COMFORT's Subscription Department, August 1915, and you will be admitted into COMFORT's LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership certificate and number; you will also receive COMFORT for one year if you are a new subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended one full year beyond date of expiration.

Or, if your subscription is already paid in advance, you can take a friend's one-year subscription at 25 cents and send it in with five cents of your own, thirty cents in all, with your request for membership, and we will send you the button and membership certificate, and send COMFORT to your friend for one year. League subscriptions do not count in premium clubs.

NEVER apply for membership without enclosing thirty cents to include a new subscription or a renewal. The League numbering over forty thousand members, undoubtedly is the greatest society of young people on earth. It costs but thirty cents to join, and that gives you at least a one-year subscription to COMFORT also, without extra cost.

Never in the world's history was so much given for so little. Never could thirty cents be invested to such advantage, and bring such splendid returns. Don't hesitate. Join us at once and induce your friends to do likewise.

All those League members who desire a list of the cousins residing in the several states, can secure the same by sending a stamped addressed envelope and five cents in stamps to Nellie Rutherford, 1299 Park Place, Brooklyn, New York, grand secretary.

Special Notice

Never write a subscription or renewal order or application for membership in the body of a letter. Write your subscription or renewal and membership application on a separate sheet of paper, separate from your letter. We have to put all subscription orders on our subscription file at once; so if it is written on the same sheet as your letter, the whole letter has to go on to the subscription file at once, and thus can receive no attention from Uncle Charlie.

Never send subscriptions to Uncle Charlie nor to the Secretary of the League; they both him and cause confusion and delay.

Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.



League Shutin and Mercy Work for August

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

Written references from postmaster or physician must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Appeals unaccompanied by written references will be destroyed.

Miss Fannie B. Leeson, Wake Co. Hospital, Raleigh, N. C. Helpless shut-in for twenty-four years. Would appreciate reading matter, cheery letters and any financial assistance you care to send her. Mrs. Martha A. Harper, Trevilians, R. R. 1, Box 17, Va. Blind, old and helpless. Send her some cheer. T. H. Byers, Mopson, Cal. Helpless from injuries to spine, hip and shoulder, caused by loaded wagon running over him. He has no means of support, is alone in the world, fifty-four years of age. Help him. J. Mattison Johnson, Concord, R. R. 2, Box 65, Tenn. Suffers from epileptic fits and other troubles. Unable to work. Needy and worthy. Well recommended. Send him a dime shower. Mrs. S. L. Danner, Cushing, Okla. Widow, invalid. Has one daughter in poor health. Well recommended. Send her some cheer. Mrs. Martha F. Bell, 46 E. Clay St., Springfield, Ill. Invalid. Well recommended. No means of support. Very needy case. Send her a dime shower. Mrs. Bula Noland, Banning, Ga. Invalid. Widow with five little children. Very sad case. Send them some help. Claud Shifflet, Richmond, R. R. 3, Ky. Helpless invalid, fourteen years of age. Send him some cheery letters and anything that will brighten his life. John D. Moore, Spencer, Va. Paralyzed. No means of support. Very needy case. Send him a dime shower. John B. Adkins, Branchland, R. R. 1, Box 116, W. Va. Invalid. Would appreciate reading matter, letters, cards, and if anyone has a printing outfit they could pass on to him, would be grateful. Roland E. Chemung, Boone Mill, R. R. 3, Box 104, Va. Invalid, fourteen years of age. Would appreciate a card shower.

The poor souls whose names are listed above are in too desperate need to care for anything but substantial financial aid. Sympathy and cash make a splendid combination, but sympathy without cash cuts no ices. Do to others as you would have them do to you.

Lovingly yours,

Uncle Charlie

Uncle Charlie's Poems Will Make You Laugh, Scream and Yell

That is exactly what they will do, and they are the best and cheapest means for to blues in the world. Only one in two hundred of our readers have availed themselves of the opportunity to secure this exquisitely beautiful 160-page volume of screamingly funny verse bound in lilac silk cloth, free for a club of only four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at twenty-five cents each. This elegant book contains splendid pictures of Uncle Charlie, and a touching account of his life. It contains the funniest recitations ever written. It is a present fit for a king, and no home should be complete without it. If you won't get it for yourself get it for the children and make them happy. Free for an hour's easy work. Start your clubbing today.

Uncle Charlie's Song Book Is A Knock Out! The One Best Bet!

A home without music is a home without joy. Uncle Charlie's Song Book contains twenty-eight of the dandiest songs ever written, songs for churches, parlors and concert platform. Here you have a great, big, beautiful music folio, containing such gems of mirth and melody as "My Beautiful Queen of Dreams," "The Old Village Choir," "The Dream That Never Came True," and "Broke Again." Five dollars' worth of music, with full score for voice and piano, a splendid group of up-folio with a handsomely decorated cover on which appear several pictures of Uncle Charlie, equal to photographs, and all free for a club of only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at twenty-five cents each. Both books free for a club of six. Greatest premium bargains ever offered. Work for them today.

ODD PUBLICATION.—The Mountain Echo, a California weekly, recently came out printed on fig leaves instead of print paper. In the editorial columns the editor explained that because of the high cost of paper and the failure of subscribers to pay up he was forced to use this makeshift or suspend publication.

UNCLE CHARLIE'S LIFE IN PICTURES

Uncle Charlie's Picture Book Good as a Visit to His Home

Visit Uncle Charlie in his famous chicken coop and see how he lives and works. Big, beautiful, full page, half-tone cuts equal to photographs, that show Uncle Charlie and his charming assistants Maria and the Goat in every phase of their busy lives. See Uncle Charlie sitting in

his chair for the first time in nineteen years and get a peep at his big son, mother, school and church, and see him as an actor playing many parts. A beautiful, interesting, artistic book 9-14 by 7-14 inches, free for two subs. at 25c. each—fifty cents in all.

Uncle Charlie's Story Book

Full of the most delightful stories ever written. You will laugh one minute and cry the next as you read these entrancing stories of Uncle Charlie's life. Read how Maria and Billy the Goat met Uncle Charlie; read "Lily

Or Help Wanted" the funniest story ever written. 160 pages of mirth and merriment, pathos and tears, illustrated and beautifully bound in silk cloth, stiff covers, gold topped. Free for four subs. at 25c. each—one dollar in all.

Also bound in heavy fancy blue paper covers for only two subs. at 25c. each—fifty cents in all. Ideal birthday presents. COMFORT's greatest premium bargains. Work for them today. Secure one or both of these superb souvenirs of this remarkable man who devotes his time and talents to the service of humanity.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Note. Full particulars of how to secure Uncle Charlie's splendid poems and song book will be found at the end of the League of Cousins' Department.

Sample Watch Free

Genuine full standard also railroad style watch with locomotive on dial and locomotive handsomely engraved on back. Full nickel plated case, extra dust proof, Arabic numerals on dial, heavy R. R. style figures. Genuine American make, stem wind and set, fully GUARANTEED for 5 YEARS. To advertise our business and introduce this wonderful watch and our great cash offer, we have them and Hampton watches we will send this elegant watch to any address by mail postpaid for ONLY \$1.50 and if you will two of these watches we will give you ONE SAMPLE WATCH FREE for your trouble. Send your order to R. E. CHALMERS & CO., 536 S. Dearborn St., CHICAGO, ILL.

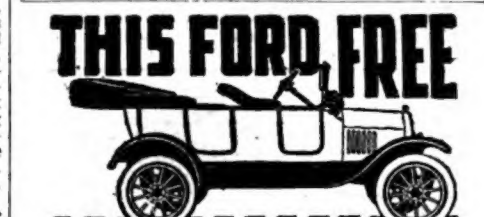
Ought to Eat with the Horses

UNCLE JOE" CANNON, former speaker of the national House of Representatives, enjoys telling the following story at his own expense. One summer toward the close of a protracted session of Congress an old farmer from Vermillion county, Illinois, of which Danville, the speaker's home, is the county seat, visited Washington and called on Mr. Cannon at the capitol. They had been boys together and Mr. Cannon invited his visitor to accompany him to dinner that evening. Mr. Cannon had no home of his own in Washington at that time and was boarding at a fashionable and expensive place in a select part of the city. It happened that the first of the season's sweet corn was being served that evening and Mr. Cannon, who is inordinately fond of corn on the cob, consumed ear after ear of it to the amazement and astonishment of his guest who watched the speaker in vain for some indication that his appetite was being satisfied.

"Joe," he asked at length, "how much do they charge you for board at this place?"

"Well, Bill," replied Mr. Cannon, "this is an expensive place. I pay twenty dollars a week."

"I thought as much," said the farmer from Illinois. "Why in Halifax don't you board at a livery stable? It would be so much cheaper for you."



Send Us No Money

JUST YOUR NAME You don't need money to get an automobile. Let me give you one of my brand new, never used, latest model, five-passenger Ford Touring Cars. I have given away dozens of them. You might as well have one, too. If you have no auto and want one, send me your name right away, and say: "I want to get one of your Ford cars." A post-card will do.

RHOADS AUTO CLUB 316 Capital Bldg., Topeka, Kansas

FREE A 52-PIECE FULL SIZE HANDSOME DINNER SET

WE TRUST YOU NO MONEY NEEDED WE PAY FREIGHT Send 10 boxes of cake, fine Toilet Soap, and with every box, give as premiums to each purchaser all of the following articles: a Pound of Baking Powder, Bottle Perfume, Box Talcum Powder, 6 Teaspoons, Pair Shears and Package of Needles and the Dinner Set is Yours. Many other equally attractive offers and hundreds of useful Premiums or Cash Commissions given for your time. Special Extra Present of a 5-Pc. High-Grade Granite Kitchen Set FREE of all cost or work of any kind, if you write at once. You advance no money. You have nothing to risk. Write today for our Big FREE Agents Outfit. Act quickly—don't delay. THE PURE FOOD CO. Established 1897. 720 W. Pearl St. CINCINNATI, O.

FREE DIAMOND RING OFFER

Just to advertise our famous Hawaiian line, diamonds—the greatest discovery the world has ever known—we will send absolutely free this 14k gold f. ring, set with a 1-2k Hawaiian cut diamond—in beautiful ring box postage paid. If this is satisfactory pay postmaster \$1.25 to cover postage, boxing, advertising, handling, etc. If not, no obligation, return at once, your expense and money refunded. Only 10,000 rings given away. Send no money. Answer quickly. Send size of finger.

KRAUTH & REED, DEPT. 24, MASONIC TEMPLE, CHICAGO

Pink Cameo Ring FREE

Cameos are set in fine gold ring. Guaranteed for three years. To introduce our new Ring Bargains, we will send post paid, your size, upon receipt of life to pay advertisement. The Auction Co., Dept. 209 Attleboro, Mass.

GOVERNMENT Positions are easy to get. My free booklet BX 1015 tells how. Write today—NOW.

EARL HOPKINS, Washington, D. C.

CARDS, DICE, MAGIC GOODS, NOVELTIES, Catalog Free.

D. M. SMYTHE Co., Newark, N. J.

GIRLS! WEAR ONE OF THE NEW

Perfume Balls

PREMIUM NO. 7494

YOU use perfume—of course—but did you ever have the opportunity of carrying it in such a beautiful and attractive form? The charm—the tasteful delicacy—of these new Perfume Balls make them easily the greatest jewelry novelty of the season. You will be seen wearing one immediately suggests sweetness and refinement. The chain is made of sterling silver with a beautiful and attractive link. The ball has a sterling silver band and is handsomely enamelled in the following colors: blue, white, pink, green, and lavender. You should wear the color that matches your dress. To scent the ball you simply let a few drops of your favorite perfume fall on the absorbent within. The delicate fragrance escapes through the tiny openings and it will not be necessary to replenish for some time.

Now is the time to wear a Perfume Ball—while they are the fashion. We will send you one free if you will accept the following special offer. When ordering be sure to specify color wanted.

Club Offer. For four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each we will send you one of these handsome Perfume Balls with sterling silver chain free by parcel post, prepaid. Be sure to mention color wanted. Premium No. 7494. Address COMFORT Augusta, Maine.

Three Wheel Chairs in July

421 is COMFORT'S Total to Date

The three July wheel chairs go to the following shut-ins. The figures after their names indicate the number of subscriptions sent in by them or by their friends in their behalf.

Mrs. Mary Bryan, Frederick, Okla., 109; Mrs. Adella Albiston, Soda Springs, Idaho, 105; Sallie and George Jordan, R. 2, Tyler, N. C. 104.

Mrs. Mary Bryan has suffered several years from rheumatism which has permanently crippled her so that she can not walk. The entire 109 subscriptions for her chair came all in one bunch on July 6, and were sent by her good friend Mrs. Maude Yohe who writes that she will soon send 91 more subscriptions to complete the club of 200. Mrs. Yohe certainly is a good worker as well as a good friend.

Mrs. Adella Albiston, age 48, is a great sufferer and is badly crippled with rheumatism which has rendered her lower limbs entirely helpless. She is a widow and has four children. She and her two younger children are taken care of by her oldest son and married daughter. She is blind in one eye and partly deaf, but she is expecting to derive much pleasure in getting out of doors in her wheel chair.

Sallie and George Jordan are children of Mrs. Mary Jordan. Both have been crippled from birth. Sallie is 21 and George 10 years of age. They will share the chair together, taking turns in using it. Even in this way it will be a great benefit to them and help their mother in caring for them, though they each ought to have a chair.

Here is an interesting picture of little Mary Florence Hart in her COMFORT wheel chair which she very



MARY FLORENCE HART.

much enjoys, and below is her mother's letter. The Roll of Honor this month is short for the reason that, as usual in hot weather, few take the trouble to work for the poor shut-ins in summer. I hope you will do better for these unfortunates next month. Summer is the time they most need and enjoy wheel chairs.

Sincerely yours,

W. H. GANNETT, Publisher of COMFORT.

P. S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 200 new one-year subscriptions to COMFORT, at 25 cents each, sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some needy crippled shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscribers, but I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours. Any shut-in who has friends to help him get subscriptions can obtain a wheel chair free. Write me for information.

Wants Her Friends to See How She Looks in Her COMFORT Wheel Chair

FOGEL, June 23, 1917, OKLA.

DEAR MR. GANNETT:

I am sending you a picture of my little girl, Mary Florence Hart, in her wheel chair, for publication in COMFORT so that her many friends who helped her get it may see what she looks like. I thank you and all who helped. Respectfully yours,

MRS. H. J. HART.

COMFORT Wheel Chair Is Just Fine

BREMEN, ALA.

DEAR MR. GANNETT:

I received my wheel chair and it is just fine. I am well-pleased with it. I thank you very much and all who helped me to get it. I will keep on working to get subscriptions to help the good work of the Wheel Chair Club. I am your friend,

JOHNIE MAY HEATHERLY.

COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions sent.

Mrs. Maude Yohe, Okla., for Mrs. Mary Bryan, 109; Lessee Campbell, Texas, for Lorena Campbell, 31; Jim Sebern Gardner, Texas, for own wheel chair, 28; Mrs. C. A. Lynch, Idaho, for Mrs. Adella Albiston, 26; Cassie L. Boyce, N. C., for Sallie and George Jordan, 25; Lena Jack, Tenn., for Annie Jack, 23; Tilda Weaver, Texas, for Lorena Campbell, 21; Mrs. Nellie F. Waggoner, Texas, for Lucille Little, 20; Blanche McNallie, Tenn., for Sanford Shillings, 19; R. W. Terry, Texas, for Mrs. Jane Terry, 19; Kathryn Bumpers, Ark., for Elma Williams, 15; Mrs. E. A. Cannon, Tenn., for Howard Carr Gannoy, 15; Mrs. Mary Kurnes, Okla., for Mrs. E. V. Stalnaker, 14; Mrs. Bessie Clapp, Texas, for Ruby Pearl Clapp, 12; Mrs. L. A. Williams, N. C., for Paul Forbes, 12; Miss Anna Pickett, Miss., for Mrs. Martha Timberlake, 12; Velma Rector, Okla., for Lucille Little, 12; Irene Hicks, Ark., for Elma Williams, 10; Mrs. Myrtle McCarty, Mo., for Willie Clinton, 7; Mrs. Teena Rubish, N. Dak., for Mrs. H. B. Newell, 7; Mrs. J. C. Kirby, Tenn., for Annie Jack, 6; Mrs. J. A. McGuire, Texas, for Lucille Little, 5; Mrs. J. T. Hall, N. C., for Dolly V. Lanier, 5; Miss Florence Page, N. H., for General fund, 5.

WORLD'S GREATEST MILK PRODUCER.—Cremelle Topsy Omsby Tohe, developed by B. T. Boyson of Rome, is the world-record-breaking Holstein cow. The cow has just completed a year's test, superseeded by a Cornell expert, with a production of 28,436 pounds of milk and 1,050 pounds of butter. This shatters the world's milk production record by about 4,000 pounds.

Manners and Looks



"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

In order to meet the demand for information made by COMFORT subscribers on the kindred subjects of Etiquette and Personal Appearance, this column will be devoted to them, and all questions will be answered, but no inquirer shall ask more than two questions each month. We would suggest to readers to cut this column out and paste it in a scrap book. Address letters to Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Domith, Mineral Wells, Texas.—It is neither wrong nor improper for engaged couples to kiss. If you had been reading this etiquette department with any degree of care you would have known that long ago. (2) A year's engagement is too long, unless there is an excellent reason. (3) A woman five feet tall should weigh between ninety-eight and one hundred and thirty-two pounds, average one hundred and fifteen.

Two Pals, Obert, Nebr.—If two young ladies of seventeen cannot in four years discover the intentions of a gentleman of twenty-one, the matter is not for an Etiquette Editor to determine, but it should be referred to a detective agency. We suggest that you try The Pinkerton.

Two, Bussey, Iowa.—By rule the lady speaks first when meeting a gentleman, but friends do not wait for rules when they see each other. (2) If you apologized for your declination of his invitation and he should ask you again, it would be quite proper for you to accept. You can show him that you care for him by being more considerate next time.

Myrtle S., Oakland, Mo.—If the widower of twenty-four who wants to marry you and is able to support you, is willing to wait until you are sure you love him, we think you are lucky and should try to love, especially if you are sure he is as "nice" a man as you say. There is no law of etiquette that would prevent your giving a beau a bunch of flowers that you are wearing. But don't write it "waring."

E. C., Nemaha City, Nebr.—You have a hard situation to handle, and you have our sympathy. Do not lose your temper, and try and have some of your male relatives—older men, if possible—have a serious talk to the girl—why not take your baby along—and talk the matter over with her. You are young enough to know her viewpoint, and if you could prevent anger entering into the conversation you might shame her from further attempts to attract your husband. For your child's sake, a separation should be the last resource.

Inalene A., California.—There would be nothing better to give the young man in Texas who gives you a present every Christmas than a book. We think he might give you a fountain pen, and then it would be easier for you to write him. Perhaps he thinks of this in offering it. Too expensive presents should not be exchanged unless you are engaged.

Peggy Jane, Shelley, Idaho.—Nothing but little, inexpensive gifts, and preferably candy, books or flowers, should be accepted from a young man to whom you are not engaged. There is no reason for you to return any accepted gifts upon the breaking of your friendship, unless you think best to do so.

Edna B., Aurelle, Ark.—The length that a girl of fifteen should wear her dresses is largely governed by her height. To her shoe tops is about right; or how her mother wants her to wear them is better yet. A girl of fifteen should "fix her hair" neatly and as the other girls in Aurelle do. Do not try to be a woman too soon.

Frenchy, Petersburg, Ind.—If you are ready, as you should be, when your "boy friend" comes to take you somewhere, there will be no need for him to remove his overcoat or other wraps. If he has to wait he may do as he likes or is asked. If he is waiting you may say when it is time to go. (2) You may ask the young man to call again; if you do not and he wants to very bad, he will ask himself.

White Lilies, Baltimore, Md.—It is perfectly proper for a young lady to shake hands with a gentleman with her gloves on. (2) Pineapple when served in slices should be eaten with a fork.

Anxious Inquirer, Harrisville, Pa.—The bride should stand at the right of the groom. (2) The hat should be worn, and the glove removed from the hand on which the ring is to be placed.

Brown Eyes, Hansen, Idaho.—If you have tried all the remedies you say for your freckles and still have them, we fear we can offer no specific that will remove them. We have known lots of pretty girls with them, even on their noses, and there is no certain cure. Do not go bareheaded in the sun.

Lorine D., Muenger, Texas.—We are not in favor of any kissing before couples are engaged. (2) It is kind and also "polite" for a girl to meet her caller at the door.

Lilly Wood, Greedy Hog, Texas.—Your friend could hardly answer a letter that he had failed to receive, unless you told just what you had written. If it is important for him to know, write again. (2) A girl of nineteen may "go with boys" but not too long with one that she has no intention of ever marrying. This would be for her good and his also.

P. N. W., Selma, N. C.—Wait until your girl friend knows you better. It is hard to overcome another person's bashfulness.

Blue Eyes, Millsap, Texas.—It might not be proper for a young girl to "hold" a young man's arm while walking at night. But it is perfectly good form for her to take his arm if he offers it, or if the walking is bad.

Bashfulness, Refugio, Texas.—Bashfulness is generally caused by thinking too much about oneself. Try and think of other people when you are with them. Do little things for them; speak to them of subjects that you know they are interested in; and center your thoughts on them and not upon yourself. This is a sure remedy, and the only one.

The Masked Bridal

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

"I do not believe it!" cried the man, excitedly. "I will prove it to you if you desire," Mrs. Stewart remarked.

"I defy you to do so." "Very well; I accept your gage. You will, however, have to excuse me for a few moments," and, with these few words, the stately and graceful woman turned and disappeared within a chamber that opened from the room they were in.

It would be difficult to describe the conflict of emotions that raged in Gerald Goddard's breast during her absence. Ten minutes passed, and then he was aroused from his wretched reflections by the opening of the chamber door near him, when his late housekeeper at Wyoming walked into the room.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"OUR WAYS PART HERE, NEVER TO CROSS AGAIN."

Gerald Goddard arose from his chair, and stared at the woman in unfeigned astonishment. "Really," Mrs. Weld! this is an unexpected meeting—I had no thought of seeing you here, or even that you were acquainted with Mrs. Stewart," he remarked, while he searched his recent housekeeper's face with curious eyes.

"I have known Isabel Haven all her life," the woman replied, without appearing in the least disconcerted by the gentleman's scrutiny.

"Can that be possible?" exclaimed her companion.

"Yes."

"Then I presume you are familiar with her history."

"I am; with every item of it, from her cradle to the present hour."

"And were you aware of her presence in Boston when you applied for your position at Wyoming?"

"I was."

"Perchance it was at her instigation that you sought the place," Mr. Goddard remarked.

"Mrs. Stewart certainly knew that I was to have charge of your house," calmly responded Mrs. Weld.

"Then there was a plot between you—you had some deep-laid scheme in seeking the situation."

"I do not deny the charge, sir."

"What! do you boldly affirm it? What was your object?" demanded the man.

"I perceive that you have your suspicions, Mr. Goddard," coolly remarked the woman, without losing an atom of her self-possession in view of his anger.

"I have. Great Heavens! I understand it all now," cried her companion, hoarsely. "It was you who stole that certificate from my wife's room!"

"Yes, sir; I was fortunate enough to find it, two days previous to the ball."

"You confess it!—you dare own it to me, madam! You are worse than a professional thief, and I will have you arrested for your crime!"

and Gerald Goddard was almost beside himself with passion at her cool effrontery.

"I hardly think you will, Mr. Goddard," was the quiet response. "I imagine that you would hesitate to bring such a charge against me, since such a course would necessitate explanations that might be to you somewhat distasteful, if not mortifying. You would hardly like to reveal the character of the document, which, however, you have made a mistake in asserting that I stole."

"But you have admitted the charge."

"I beg your pardon, I have not acknowledged the crime of theft—I simply stated that I was fortunate enough to find the document in question."

"It seems to me that that is a distinction without a difference," he sneered.

"One can hardly be accused of stealing what rightly belongs to one's self," Mrs. Weld composedly said.

"What on earth can you mean? Explain yourself."

"Certainly; that is exactly what I came here to do," she answered, as, with a dexterous movement, she tore the glasses from her eyes, and swept the moles from her face, after which she snatched the cap and wig from her head, and stood before her companion revealed as Isabel Stewart herself.

"Good Heaven!" he gasped, then sank back upon his chair, staring in blank amazement at her.

Mrs. Stewart seized this opportunity to again slip from the room, and when she returned, a few minutes later, her superabundance of cellular tissue (?) had disappeared and she was her own peerless self once more.

She quietly resumed her seat, gravely remarking, as she did so:

"A woman who has been wronged as you have wronged me, Gerald Goddard, will risk a great deal to reestablish her good name. When I first learned of your whereabouts I thought I would go and boldly demand that certificate of you. I tried to meet you in society here, but, strange to say, I failed in this attempt, for, as it happened, neither you nor your—Anna Correll frequented the places where I was entertained, although I did meet Monsieur Correll two or three times. Then I saw that advertisement for a housekeeper to go out to Wyoming, to take charge of your house during a midwinter frolic; and, prompted by a feeling of curiosity to learn something of your private life with the woman who had supplanted me, I conceived the idea of applying for the situation and thus trying to obtain that certificate by strategy. How did I know that it was you who advertised?" she interposed, as Mr. Goddard looked up inquiringly.

"Because I chanced to overhear some one say that the Goddards were going out of town for the same purpose as that which your notice mentioned. So I disguised myself, as you have seen, went to your office, found I was right, and secured the position."

"Now I know why I was so startled that day, when you dropped your glasses in the dining-room."

"Yes; I saw that you had never forgotten the eyes which you used to call your 'windows of paradise,'" responded his companion, with quiet irony.

Gerald Goddard cowered in his chair. Suddenly there rushed through his being a great over-powering passion. He longed to take her in his arms, and call her by the endearing names he had known her in the days gone by.

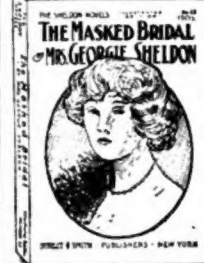
He started up from his chair, vowing again his love for her, and repudiating the woman with whom he had lived for twenty years.

Quietly but firmly, she told him that it was quite impossible for her to ever again care for him; that all the love that she had ever borne him had been killed that day when he had deserted her in Rome.

And the man knew that she spoke only the truth.

TO BE CONTINUED.

How You Can Get This Story In Book Form



If you do not care to wait for this monthly installment of this serial as they appear in COMFORT we will be glad to make you a present of the complete story in book form. You will enjoy reading this thrilling story of mingled romance and tragedy for it is one of the very best Mrs. George Sheldon has written. The heroine is a refined and beautiful character that will challenge your wonder and admiration and stir the heart's strongest emotions. The story is full of action which moves rapidly through a succession of startling events to the "Masked Bridal" will run as a serial in COMFORT through the fall, winter and spring months, but you need not wait in order to get the complete story. Send us only one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents, or your own subscription, renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year at 25 cents and 5 cents additional (30 cents in all) and we will send you a copy of the book free and postpaid.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Dorine Or Vanity Box

Beautiful—Dainty—Useful. Every Woman—Every Girl Should Have One

YOU carry it suspended from the little finger which is slipped through the ring at the end of the four-inch chain. Press a tiny hidden spring and the hinged cover flies open displaying a fine little mirror and powder puff. Handsomely silver finished and enameled in colors, these new Dorines have become immensely popular with well-dressed women. They are small, light and dainty measuring only an inch and a half in diameter and five-eighths of an inch in width. City stores are selling hundreds of them. We will make you a gift of one of these Dorines or Vanity Boxes if you will perform the slight favor requested of you in the following

PLANTS

\$2.50

MADE TO ORDER EXPRESS PREPAID

Remarkable low price for fine pair of made-to-order plants. Extra quality and guaranteed. Think of it. An amazing bargain at this extra low price.

NO EXTRAS TO PAY

for big peg-top, fancy belt loops, pocket flaps, novelty features. Not a penny of extra charge for anything.

THE CAPTOL TAILORS.

This great offer just to prove that we make finest tailored-to-order clothes at lowest prices obtainable anywhere.

AGENTS WANTED

Make \$50 a week or more for easy open time work. Write now. Get complete outfit free. Latest fashions, order blanks, stationery & supplies. Post. 123, CINCINNATI.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15.)

Miss Hanna F. McCord, Edinburg, 302 N. Kyle St., Indiana, would like to correspond with sisters living on homesteads in Washington, Oregon and Idaho.

Cassie Craig, Lookout, California, would like song "Mt. Vernon Bells, beginning:

"Where Potomac's stream is flowing
Virginia's border through,
There the white sailed ships are going,
Sailing to the ocean blue."

Comfort Postal Requests

How to Get a Lot of Souvenir Postals Free

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Mr. L. E. Patrick, Critterion, Oregon.

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We shall only require you to get a small club of subscribers to COMFORT for each request printed: so in sending your notice for insertion in the Missing Relatives' column, include a club of three one-year 25-cent subscriptions, or if you are already a paid-in-advance subscriber, send only two one-year 25-cent subscriptions. This amount limits the notice to twenty-two words, making three lines; if longer notice is required, send two additional 25-cent one-year subscriptions yearly for every seven words.

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Large Manufacturer wants agents to sell suits, underwear, hosiery, dresses, waists, skirts, direct to homes. Write for samples. Madison Mills, 503 Broadway, New York City.

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We Will Accept your Ideas and Scripts in Any Form—correct from the very beginning. Write to make money. Write to Now! Writer's Service, Box 31, Auburn, N. Y.

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Agents—Pair Silk Hose Free. State size & color. Beautiful line direct from mill. Good profits. Agents wanted. Write today. Triplewear Mills, Dept. G, 730 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa.

Agents—We want 100 hard workers to take orders for Buckeye Raincoats. You can easily make \$10.00 a week. Wonderful raincoat for \$1.50. We deliver and collect. Complete outfit free to you. The biggest fall season just starting. Join our big money-makers at once. Hurry! Buckeye Manufacturing Co., 31 Union Square, New York City.

"Washwhite" makes repeat orders and big profits. Catchy sales plan. Free Samples. Nacma, 21-M, 20 W. Lake, Chicago.

Agents: Big Hit: Our 5-Piece Aluminum Set is all the rage. Cheaper than Enamel Ware. Sells like wildfire. Guaranteed 20 Years. Retail value \$5.00. You sell housewares for only \$1.98. Biggest seller of the age. 9 sure sales out of every 10 shown. Others cleaning up \$10.00 to \$20.00 a day. Answer this quick to secure your territory. Div. E. X. 5. American Aluminum Mfg. Co. Lemont, Ill.

Reliable People Wanted to place Eggine in stores and appoint agents. Takes the place of eggs in baking and cooking at less than 10c doz. Package and particulars 10c postpaid. Morrissey Co., 424 Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

Agents show our made to order guaranteed \$15.00 suits real \$25.00 values. No experience necessary. Wonderful selling plan. You furnish prospects we make sale. Chicago Woolen Mills, Dept. 15, Chicago.

Agents Sell rich looking 3x68 imported Rugs, \$1 each; Carter, Tenn., sold 115 in 4 days, profit \$67; you can do same. Write for sample offer selling plan; exclusive territory. Sample rug by parcel post prepaid \$2c. E. Condon, Importer, Stonington, Maine.

SALESMEN WANTED

Traveling Salesmen Wanted—Experience unnecessary. Earn while you learn. Hundreds of good positions open. Write today for large list of openings and testimonials from hundreds of members we have placed in positions paying \$100 to \$500 a month. Address nearest office. Dept. 105-K—National Salesmen's Training Ass'n., Chicago, New York, San Francisco.

Salesmen Wanted—Reliable Men That can furnish team and wagon to travel in the country and sell old established line of medicines, flavorings, spices, soaps, toilet, conditioners, etc. Permanent work. Pay Big. Write today for free copy of "Opportunity." It tells how. Seminole Medicine Co., Boone, Ia., Box 332.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

Start Dressmaking business in your home. \$100 month. Sample lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept. E286, Rochester, N. Y.

We Have Customers who will buy from you tea aprons and dust caps in dozen lots. They also want fancy work of all kinds—Embroidery, Crocheting and Tatting. Send 20c for pattern and prices. Returned if dissatisfied. Kenwood Sales Shops, 528 S. Park Ave., Chicago.

Given To Any Woman. Beautiful 100 piece gold dec. dinner set for distributing (not selling) only 5 dozen packages. Diamond Dust Soap Powder free among friends. No money or experience needed. New Method Company, 730-732 North Franklin Street, Chicago, Ill.

Five bright, capable ladies to travel, demonstrate and sell dealers. \$25 to \$50 per week. Railroad fare paid. Goodrich Drug Company, Dept. 62, Omaha, Neb.

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Women Make Money Introducing Priscilla Fabrics, Dresses, Underwear, in spare time among personal friends. Beautiful samples furnished. Priscilla Co., Dept. 153, Trenton, N.J.

Earn \$5.00 a day distributing Guaranteed Hosiery to customers. Mill prices. All or spare time. Protected territory. Credit. O. Weber Mills, Nicetown Station, Philadelphia, Pa.

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Wanted. Men and women to qualify for Government positions. Several thousand appointments to be made next few months. Full information about openings, how to prepare, etc., free. Write immediately for booklet CG146. Earl Hopkins, Washington, D. C.

Government Pays \$900 to \$1800 yearly. Prepay for coming "exams" under former Civil Service Exam. New Book. Free. Write Patterson Civil Service School, Box J-15, Rochester, N. Y.

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Free For Six Months—My special offer to introduce my magazine, "Investing for Profit." It is worth \$10 a copy to any one who has not acquired sufficient money to provide necessities and comforts for self and loved ones. It shows how to become richer quickly and honestly. Investing for Profit is the only progressive financial journal and has the largest circulation in America. It shows how \$100 grows to \$2,000; write now and I'll send it six months free. H. B. Barber, 408, 26 W. Jackson Boulevard, Chicago.

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Patents. Write for List of Patent Buyers and Inventions Wanted. \$1,000,000 in prizes offered for inventions. Send sketch for free opinion as to patentability. Our four books sent free. Patents advertised free. We assist inventors to sell inventions. Victor J. Evans & Co., 641 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

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Ideas Wanted—Manufacturers are writing for patents procured through me. Four books with hundreds of inventions wanted sent free. I help you market your invention. Advice Free. E. B. Owen, 15 Owen Bldg., Wash. D. C.

MISCELLANEOUS

Wanted—Old False Teeth. Doesn't matter if broken. \$1 to \$12 a set. Send by parcel post. Receive check by return mail. C. Block, 717 Shubert Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

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Photoplay Ideas Wanted By 48 Companies. \$35-\$500 paid. Experience unnecessary; details Free. Producers League, 111, St. Louis.

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\$50.00 Nightly—In the Moving Picture Business on installment plan. No experience needed. Catalogue free. Monarch Film Service, 128 Union Ave., Dept. D, Memphis, Tenn.

\$20 to \$50 Nightly. Complete outfit. Machine, Film. Everything furnished on Payment Plan. Catalog free. National Moving Picture Co., Dept. C, 837 So. Dearborn St., Chicago.

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22 Caliber Rifle Free. Guaranteed safe, reliable, accurate. Sell \$4.00 pks. Sachet. Montitor Products, Freeland St., Worcester, Mass.

Wanted Boys to learn typewriting. Typewriter Free. Write for particulars. Tublin Distributing Co., Lock Box 300, Danville, Ill.

POST CARDS

Send Ten Cents for 20 Assorted High Grade Post Cards. One Free. Nichols Specialty Co., Whitehall, N. Y.

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Films developed free. High class work. Perfect prints at 5 to 7c. We do the best work in the Photo City. Remit with your order and get returns same day. Bryans Drug House, Rochester, N. Y.

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Will Pay \$100.00 for Trade Dollar 1885; \$7.00 for 1886 Quarter without arrows; \$145.00 for certain \$5.00 gold without motto. Cash premiums for rare coins to 1912. Get posted. Send 4c. Get our large Coin Circular. Mammoth Bank, Dept. 6, Fort Worth, Texas.

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Special Trial Offer. Your next Kodak film developed 5c. Prints 5c each. Moser & Son, 3123 St. James Ave., Cincinnati, O.

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Southern Farmers Are Prosperous and contented. Favored by nature with mild climate, long growing season and abundant rainfall, fruit, poultry, stock, trucking and general farming succeeds amazingly here. Little Farms in Shenandoah Valley colony of Little Planters, \$250 and up, complete, on easy payments. Good near-by markets, excellent transportation, low freight. Full information on request. F. H. LaRue, Agri. Agt., N. & W. Ry., 200 N. & W. Bldg., Roanoke, Va.

Land For Everybody! In the Swigart Tract, Michigan, you can get good land for general farming, stock, dairying, poultry, fruit, vegetables, at \$15 to \$35 per acre. Terms \$5 to \$100 down, \$4 to \$15 monthly on 10, 20, 40, 80 acre tracts. Good towns, schools, markets, roads. Excellent transportation. Write today for big booklet free. George W. Swigart, Owner, 6134 First Nat'l Bank Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

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Big Money can be made selling the Best-Phone. A new talking machine that "speaks for itself." Previous experience unnecessary. By our new selling plan the Best-Phone sells itself. Write for particulars. Chas. W. Shont Co., 146 Seventh Street, Maywood, Ill.

The Crown Jewels of England

By C. L. Chapman

SOON after the beginning of the war the English papers announced that the crown jewels would be on exhibition on a certain day and between certain hours. This announcement caused a great deal of speculation, criticism and amusement on the part of the majority of Americans visiting in London during that first crowded period before transportation could be arranged.

We in America can hardly understand the delight, reverence almost, with which an Englishman contemplates the crown jewels—the orb, the staff, ampulla, and the crowns. They not only mean royalty, but in them he sees the secret and history of the power of the greatest empire of the world, the nation on which the sun never sets. Schooled as he has been in the history of his native land, he sees the glorious occasions of the realm when these jewels were claimed, the events which their possession has marked, the state occasions the royal crown has graced. So that it is this sentiment and reverence that caused the lord chamberlain to decide to open the gates to crown jewels at the time of war the steady flame of patriotism in every Englishman's breast.

The present crown of England is called St. Edward's crown, and its shape and form date from the earliest annals of English history. Many of the stones have been used over and over again in the various crowns for centuries and centuries, for although the form has never been changed, the weight has been made less. Long, long ago the poor English kings had to stand for nine and ten hours during the coronation with a crown upon their heads weighing almost six pounds.

Perhaps the most famous stone in the imperial crown, historically, is the famous uncut ruby, glowing bright and smooth below the famous Cullinan diamond. For this ruby armies have fought, kings have been murdered, and treaties made which have lasted to this day. Don Pedro, the cruel king of Castile, murdered the king of Granada for it, and with this king's death came an end to the romantic kingdom of Granada. And a few years later, when the adventurous black prince, son of Edward III of England and ruler of Aquitaine, was mixing in the affairs of Spain and aiding Pedro against his brother Henry, Pedro in a burst of affection gave him the thing he prized above all others, the black ruby, which the English prince wore like a blazing eye in the front of his helmet all during the battle of Najera.

Upon his return to England the jewel was finally given to his son, Richard II and later appeared in the helmet of Henry V. at the famous battle of Agincourt. Its first appearance in the crown was in 1422, and it was at this time that another precious stone which is in the present crown was taken from the mace, which is a part of the coronation regalia, and added to the headpiece of the king.

This stone is the wonderful sapphire from Edward the Confessor's ring, and was supposed to have healing properties. Edward the Confessor used to stretch out his hand with the sparkling blue sapphire on his finger over the head of the

Comfort's Comicalities

Told by Prof. Taft

"I know a certain little boy," says former President Taft, "who used to bite his nails. 'Look here,' said his nurse to him one day, 'if you bite your nails like that, do you know what will happen to you?'"

"No," said the youngster. "What?" "You'll swell up like a balloon and go off pop!" "The boy believed the nurse," continues Mr. Taft, "and he stopped biting his nails at once. About a month after the discontinuance of the habit, he met me at luncheon. He surveyed me with stern disapproval. Then he walked over and said to me accusingly: 'You bite your nails.'"—Louisville Herald.

In Exalted Company

One of the members of a committee of inspection on its tour of a certain penitentiary found himself in conversation with one of the convicts. The latter was disposed to be confidential and thus unburdened himself:

"It is a terrible thing to be known by a number instead of a name, and to feel that all my life I shall be an object of suspicion among the police."

"But you will not be alone, my friend," said the visitor, consolingly. "The same thing happens to people who own automobiles."

Should Go in When It Rains

"Say," said the man as he entered the clothing store, "I bought this suit here less than two weeks ago, and it is rusty-looking already."

"Well," replied the clothing dealer, "I guaranteed it to wear like iron, didn't I?"

Cocksureness Blamed

Gen. Leonard Wood was talking at the Pittsburgh camp about the sin of cocksureness.

"Gen. Sherman," he said, "once got word during a battle that Roscoe, his favorite horse, had been killed by a cannon ball. So he sent for his servant and said:

"Go skin Roscoe."

"Why, General," said the man, "is Roscoe dead?"

"The General frowned, martially. 'Never you mind whether Roscoe is dead or not,' he said. 'You go skin him.'"

"It was evening when the sergeant returned with Roscoe's skin on a pushcart."

"Does it take you four hours to skin a horse?" asked Gen. Sherman, impatiently.

"No, General; only one hour," said the servant; "but it took three hours to catch him."—Exchange.

Double Proof

A tramp knocked at a farmer's door and called for something to eat.

"Are you a Christian?" asked the good-hearted country man.

"Can't you tell?" answered the man. "Look at the holes worn in the knees of my pants. What do they prove?"

The farmer's wife promptly brought out the food, and the tramp turned to go.

"Well! Well!" asked the farmer. "What made those holes in the back of your pants?"

"Backsliding," replied the tramp as he hurried on.—Christian Herald.

Tasty Grounds

"I often think," observed Chansey M. Depew, at the club one day, "of the ever-ready answer which our dear departed friend Mark Twain always had at his tongue's end."

"At one time, Twain and myself were walking over the golf course watching a



friend's stroke. The friend was considerable of a duffer. Teasing off, he sent clouds of earth flying in all directions. This confused him to a considerable extent, and, turning toward us, he endeavored to draw our attention by asking:

"Well, gentlemen, what do you think of our links here?"

"Well," replied Mark Twain, quickly, as he wiped the dirt from his lips with his handkerchief, "I should say they were the best I ever tasted."

Restricted Range

Marie, supple and slender, and Aunt Clara, bulky and benign, had returned from a shopping expedition, during which each had been trying to buy a ready-made suit.

At the house Marie was asked what success each had had in her efforts to be fitted.

"Jest for Fun"

"I got along very well," said Marie, "but Aunt Clara is getting so fat that about all she can get ready-made is an umbrella."—N. Y. Times.

Synonymous

A polite and elderly and absent-minded man whose wife was both talkative and high-tempered, and who had just installed a hot-air furnace in his home, was so

costed by a neighbor woman:

"How is the hot air, Mr. Jones?"

"She is very well, I thank you, ma'am," said Mr. Jones.—Life.

Her Own Affair

A story illustrating the reticence of the Scotch regarding their private affairs was told by Ian MacLaren. A train was at a railway station, when a porter put his head into a carriage and called out: "Any one in this carriage for Doun? Change for Doun! Any one for Doun?"

No one moved; and in a few minutes the train was speeding along, not to stop again for nearly an hour. Then an old Scotch woman turned to a lady sitting near her and said, "I'm for Doun, but I'd no tell that man so!"

On a Slow Train

A Kansas man says this is one of the best ones he has heard recently:

"I was on a small western railroad. The train was a little more deliberate than usual on this occasion, and the only passenger besides myself was a woman, evidently a stranger on the line. She was becoming very nervous, fidgeting about, and every time the conductor or brakeman passed she would ask:

"Aren't we ever going to get to W—?"

"At last the conductor grew tired of it, and replied rather snappily, 'Please have a little patience, madam. Why, I've been on this line three years—'

Before he could finish his sentence the woman exclaimed:

"My gracious! What station did you get on at?"

Boy Wanted

"Mr. Jones," said the boss, "I want you to put an ad. in the papers for an office boy with a bare lip."

"With a bare lip, sir?"

"Yes. I want one who can't whistle."

A New Suez Word

"Oh, war!" she suddenly cried. "Why, war?" he queried.

"Well, I just turned on my ankle, and you know what war is."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

phire on his finger over the head of the crippled and the sick and the blind and they went away cured.

Then there is an anethist which William the Conqueror wore in his helmet for good luck, and there is the sapphire which was Charles the II's favorite, and which he wore exactly over his forehead.

The second largest Cullinan, called the Star of Africa, is also in the crown. No one has forgotten the wonderful stone which was discovered a few years ago, which was so big that nothing could be done with it, and that was finally cut into five exquisite stones, each enormous, the largest of which is in the imperial staff, the second largest in the crown, and two others in the queen's crown.

This Cullinan diamond replaced the famous Kohinoor, "the Mountain of Light," which was removed to be set in the queen's crown, which is made entirely of diamonds.

The English crown has no fewer than 2,783 diamonds and 1,892 pearls in the crossed arches, and nearly a thousand lesser stones sprinkled through to give color and beauty—stones such as the ruby, the emerald and the sapphire and even less valuable ones, as a few turquoises, topazes, and opals.

The jewels are mainly in the broad band which fits over the forehead, and pearls outline the arches which culminate in the cross at the top. This space is filled in with a rich dark red velvet and a band of narrow ermine softens the edge of the gold which rests on the head.

In former centuries the crown used to be the favorite way of raising money, and the royal jewels used to be in pawn most of the time. At the time of the coronation of George IV the crown was in pawn, and was hired out for the occasion at a cost of \$35,000. The king wanted to buy it, but Lord Liverpool thought it an unnecessary extravagance. Finally they browbeat the poor pawnbroker down to \$350,000, although the crown was then valued at \$750,000, and in the celebration George IV had to march through the streets for miles wearing a five and a half pound weight on his head.

In value the crown has increased today with the addition of larger, newer stones, notably the two lesser stars of Africa and today is worth over a \$1,000,000.

The whole regalia which constitutes the crown jewels is valued at \$20,000,000, and consists of five modern and historic crowns, St. Edward's Staff, which is four and a half feet long and weighs ninety pounds, and is said to contain a piece of the true cross in the orb at the top; the royal scepter adorned with the largest Cullinan diamond, and four other historic scepters, the orb of the king and queen, the coronation bracelets, the spurs, the ampulla, swords of justice, pointless sword of mercy, the spoon and salt cellar of state.

These were the heirlooms of the kingdom, which were exhibited to remind the people of their past victories, the ancient kings and their royal history, and to spur them on to deeds of patriotism.



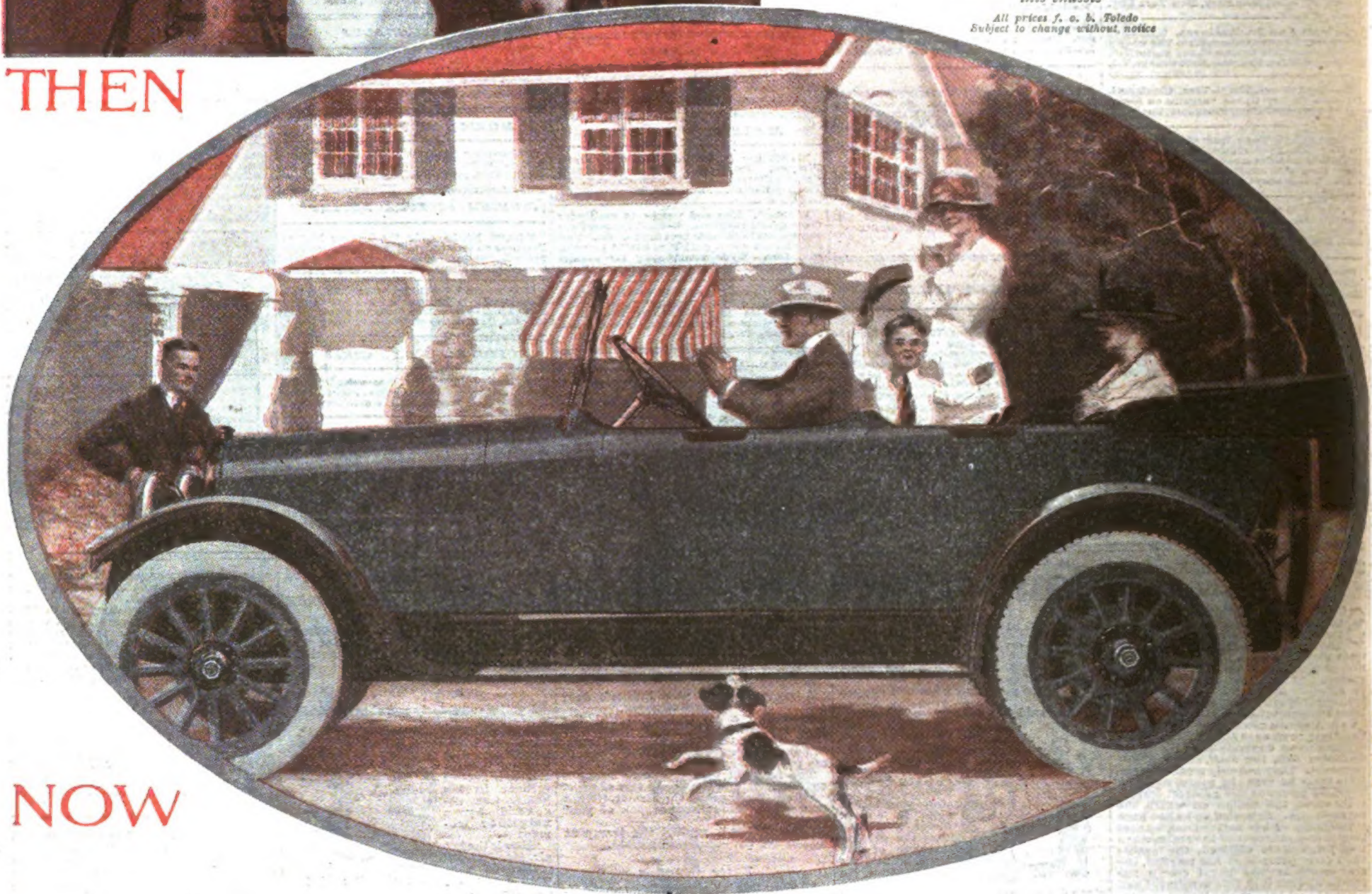
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THEN



NOW

Then—a hot, sultry day was something to be endured, since it could not be cured.

Now—there is a cure

The motor car has turned the "cross" days into days of comfort for the whole family.

And here is a car—the new *light weight* Willys Six—which will gladden the hearts of the six-cylinder enthusiasts—and of the discriminating who have not yet found just the car they have wanted.

This announces a scientific development in Sixes.

Heretofore the great problem most manufacturers had to contend with

was the all important factor of *proper and perfect balance*.

Either the car was too heavy and consequently underpowered, or else too light, and as a result overpowered.

In both cases this meant poor performance, costly upkeep and a short life.

So it is with considerable gratification that we announce what we believe to be one of the most scientifically balanced, popular priced Sixes on the market.

In a word, this means better performance, lower upkeep and longer life.

The motor is 45 horsepower. It is a wonder for work; quick as

a flash on the getaway; speedy; surprisingly economical, and develops excess power for all purposes.

Scientific designing has done *more*.

For now, by scientific designing, in the light of our great experience in building sixes, we have produced a *lighter* car without sacrificing sturdiness.

Reduced weight means additional gasoline economy, greater tire mileage and an easier car to handle.

The body design also is new. Long, sweeping, graceful lines distinguish it as one of the year's advanced models. It's a perfect beauty.

Your wife will fall in love with it on sight. Don't let her see it until you have made up your mind to buy. For after one look she'll give you no peace until you do buy.

The Willys Six is *the* Six for you.

It has greater power; lighter weight; is unusually roomy, very economical and extremely handsome.

You'll be surprised at its wonderful performance, but its price will be even a greater surprise.

\$1295—complete!

See the Willys-Overland dealer *now* for early delivery.

Catalogue on request. Please address Dept. 1116.

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